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Vol. XXIII.

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The Muhlenberg

"Literae Sine Ingenia Vanae."

Vol. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPT. 1905.

No. I.

Quatrains to the New Moon ..

Now, once again, the Mistress of the Night Awakes my slumb'ring senses to delight, And dips Her Silver Bow into the Dusk, Until it shines with purest Golden Light.

Between the Past and Future hangs the New,— The Vanished Orb dim phantomed in the Blue, The Coming Moon a spectral Circle seen;— What if the Mind its Future so well knew?

J. B. '06.

The Evening Star.

O blessed evening, once again There shines the Evening Star, And, in its ray of silver clad, Hope beckons from afar.

O Star whose crystal beauty smiles Amid the dying day, Fain would my eyes forever rest Along your shining way.

O gentle Evening Star, shine on, Who, with your kindly beams, Add lustre to the twilight gray, And fill the heart with dreams.

J. B. '06.

The Opening Address.

Reb. Dr. William Ashmead Schaeffer, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen—Students of Muhlenberg College: It is with peculiar feelings of pleasure and satisfaction that I stand before you this morning to say a few words of encouragement and congratulation. And my hope is that you may find in them something that will help you in your struggles for manhood and for a better equipment for the conflicts that await you in your journey onward, and, I trust, upward, whether you follow along the lines of one of the learned professions room.

It is said that human nature is the same all the world over and in each succeeding period of time, so that in many respects a young man entering college or returning to its halls to take up again the work dropped for a few months' vacation, is not a very different being fom one who did the same thing a generation or more ago. It is not to be wondered at then that while I face you this morning my mind goes back to other halls, in another city, where a number of boys of whom I was one, and we were nothing more than boys, met for the first time on a certain bright morning in September and then regularly every day durng school terms for, what seemed to be four long, weary years of work. As I hastly go over these days with the various occurrences, the timidity and humility of all at the beginning, the composure, as though a matter of course, with which promotions, honors and prizes were received, the almost utter indifference with which a flunk was noted, and the final rejoicing when commencement day arrived; as I go over all this in memory, the conviction is or your attention, intelligence and skill be devoted to the mechanical arts or the nerve-taking claims of the counting forced upon me that the college student needs congratulations, encouragement and strength.

The first and second of these he must obtain from without. They come through the kindly feelings, the cheerings words and the friendly acts of others. The third must be found largely within himself.

I may and do congratulate you all on your determination to secure the great benefit of a college training. I congratulate you on having a thirst for knowledge and an appreciation of the fact that you do not know everything and a willingness to sit at the feet of others who have themselves looked into books and the lives and works of men and nations, and have brought out of them things both old and new. There are men, and we sometimes meet them, who have acquired a smattering of knowledge, as it is called, who are unwilling to learn anything more. They remind me of a man I once met who told me that he had read the Bible through once, and that he knew all about it and could not be taught anything more of sacred truth.

I congratulate you in your decision to undergo your further mental training and development and to obtain, on a future occasion, your scholastic degree at Muhlenberg. These halls and spacious rooms, these magnificent buildings and inviting surroundings, to which you have come, and all of which you will enjoy and which you will in coming years speak of with no small amount of affection of your Alma Mater, these all call, indeed, for earnest words of congratulation.

It is true that the fame of Muhlenberg has not reached to the end of the earth. In the daily newspapers we look in vain for the name of Muhlenberg as having produced the best ball team among the colleges of the country. If she has a boat club to try its skill on the meandering Lehigh, I have never heard of her crew winning in some closely contested regatta. In trials of music and fleet-footedness it cannot be said that Muhlenberg holds—shall I say an honored place?

But while every sane man appreciates a sound mind in a sound body, and assuredly believe both body and mind are to be cared for and cultivated, and that rational exercise of a physical kind is a very important feature in the development of the whole man, no right thinking person can entertain the thought that the gymnasium is the whole of the college or that on the athletic field one can see its best and highest achievements. In our Bulletin I read that the curriculum of

Muhlenberg "embraces all branches essential to a liberal education and a thorough preperation for the study of the learned professions. It is designed to meet all the requirements of advanced Christian scholarship and furnish a mental training that shall best fit the recipients for success in the various vocations of life." The desire to establish a college that will accomplish all that is alone and of itself good, but to put over it a corps of men who, by their high literary attainments, their knowledge of the arts and sciences, their wide and varied experience and their acknowledged Christian character, are beyond all question fully competent to carry out such aims and purposes, must convince all who know of Muhlenberg that the assertion that "the institution furnishes superior advantages for obtaining a collegiate education," is not an empty boast.

Are you not then entitled to words of congratulation because you are here this morning, about to begin or resume your work under the fostering care of Muhlenberg?

I said that you need encouragement. As we get farther on in your journey through life and life's work the surroundings change. They often become more difficult of passage. The entrance to a celebrated chasm in a neighboring State is easy and inviting. But after a while the path runs along the narrow edge of stupendous rocks. With a lofty wall of solid rock behind you look down a great depth into the seething waters beneath, so that your nerves experience a strain, your knees grow weak and you almost wish you had not yielded to the decepitive invitation of the beautiful entrance to this far-famed work of nature.

So it is in the case of the young man who undertakes to pursue a college course. The beginning is very easy and attractive—association with educated men, membership in some literary or other society and the privilege of joining in some inharmonious shout, dignified by the name of the college yell—but as he gets deeper into the sciences and the languages of other people, ancient and modern, he finds the difficulties increasing and his nerves the victims of repeated shocks.

What is to be done then?.. Shall the would-be student give

up in disgust and despair? Shall he turn back and forsake the path that lads to such rich treasures?

That could not be done by one who has a real thirst for knowledge. It could be done indeed by one who is utterly blind and deaf to the numerous encouragements that are offered the diligent seeker after wisdom. For encouragements there are beyond a doubt. Your professors stand ready by counsel and instruction to assist and encourage all who come into their class rooms, the goal you set out to reach is, or ought to be, a powerful encouragement to persevere, even unto the end. And what shall be said of the wonderful effect upon us of the examples of men who have overcome untold difficulties and have at least attained places of honor and distinction among their fellow men?

You remember the story of Elihu Burritt, who is known as the linguist. The son of a shoemaker, he learned the black-smith's trade, but soon "evinced an extraordinary thirst for knowledge." He read and studied "everything upon which he could lay his hand "Scholarship was his pastime. He mastered his trade and was acknowledged by those who went to his shop as a first-rate blacksmith, but he also soon became proficient in the ancient and European languages and then turned his attention to the Oriental tongues.

Mr. Burritt, said one who knew him well, "furnishes a remarkable instance of what may be accomplished by perseverance in spite of the most unfavorable circumstances. A forge, of all places in the world, would seem the least favorable for the prosecution of studies demanding an unusual concentration of mind; yet, by a determined exercise of the will, Mr. Burritt was deaf to the tumult which surrounded him, and was able to accomplish an amount of study which places him in the front rank of great scholars."

Now are not the life and work of such a man an incentive to go along the highway of understanding and knowledge?

And there are many such we find them in all the professions and in every line of business activity, in the halls of the State and in the Professor's chair.

But when I speak of persevering to the end of your course, I would not have you understand me as meaning that the great

thing in your college course is just to get through—that and nothing more. There have been young men who have done that, but where is the fund of knowledge they have collected where are the real actual mental development and improvement that are more than the vocabulary of foreign words they have learned or the scientific formulae they have picked up, where the scholarship that secures them a place among men and reflects credit on their Alma Mater? Let then the examples of others, added to the kindly sympathetic assistance of your professors encourage you in the course of study you this day begin.

Gentlemen, I have said that one thing you need in the pur-

suit of your college course is strength.

"Be strong," says the divine word, and as I look back over my college days and bring to that review the knowledge gained by years of contact with men and the world I can hardly mention any class of persons who ought to give more heed to this admonition than college students. It makes no difference whether your aim now be the Gospel ministry, the legal or medical professions or the excitement and anxieties of business life you need to be strong, physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually. Weak in any one of these and what can be accomplished?

I take it that there is not one here this morning so thoroughly devoid of ambition that he does not now hope and expect to accomplish something for the good of mankind in general, and for himself and those whom God may give him in particular.

I may not be speaking to any great future inventor or scientist, or to any one who in years to come may be recognized as a distinguished theologian; but such men are not the only ones who build cities, manage the affairs of State and do it honestly, elevate mankind and prove a blessing to humanity. To know how to do things in that line of acticity you may elect to follow, and to apply that knowledge faithfully, energetically successfully, gives evidence of strength that many another man might covet.

A story I herd some years ago will illustrate my point. The work of a large factory was stopped for three days be-

cause the water from an artesian well that was necessary in the dveing department could not be had, owing to the broken condition of the pump that was used to force it into the building. A tramp came along and asked for money. He was told that if he would mend that pump he would be paid for his work. Taking a look at it, he asked for a couple of tools, and soon the pump was in working order and the water was flowing into the factory. Upon being asked how much he wanted he replied \$50. As you will readily believe, the proprietor of the establishment objected to paying such a price. But, said the tramp, isn't it worth that much to you? Here for three days you say, you have been without this water and your works have been stopped, isn't it worth \$50 to you? The owner acknowledged the force of the argument and then added: Here are paper, pen and ink; now itemize your bill. The tramp took the pen and wrote as follows:

To knowing how to	mend pump	49	50
. A		-	
Total		\$50	00

That man was strong in his particular line of work. His strength lay not in the ability or shrewhness to write out such a bill, but in the ability and application that justified it. I once knew a physician whose first attempt to set a broken bone was a miserable failure. Fortunately for the good of humanity he never made more than one attempt. To claim to be something and know how to perform in accordance with the claim are entirely different things, and he only is a strong man who knows how to do a thing whatever his line of work may be, and has the ability and disposition to apply his knowledge whenever and wherever the circumstances and the good of mankind may require.

But such strength is not acquired in an instant. It is the result of forming studious habits, taking care of one's health, laying hold of every opportunity to learn and believing it and obeying God's Word. It is the result of successfully warning against the temptations of the world, the weakness of the flesh and the allurements of the devil.

But gentlemen, let me impress upon you that this result

can be obtained if you open your hearts to God as you will open them to your professors, claiming nothing, confessing your ignorance and earnestly desiring to be helped, to be taught to be made wise unto salvation. Let Jesus Christ, who spake as never man spake, be at all times your teacher.

Let him be your helper.

Every man who has gone through college knows of the temptations to which the student is subjected and everyone whose mental faculties are not entirely gone must know that the days are evil. It is, therefore, not a pet theory, nor a fad, nor a passing impression that I am giving you, but a sound and justly needed admonition, based upon my earnest desire that you may be strong men, an honor to this honored and loved institution, a blessing to your fellow men and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ and of His Church on earth.

Go forth then to your studies, to our athletic exercises and to all the duties and privileges that await you as students of Muhlenberg College, but let it be your daily aim to be strong men, yea, even strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

Eliot's Two Types of Women.

Luther A. Pflueger, '06.

LIOT'S leading women, and it is to be noted that most of her strongest characters are women, are of two types; the pure and saintly, the Milly Bartons, Dinah Morrises and Romolas; and again others less strong in moral virtues, too weak to overcome temptation, more sinned against perhaps than sinning, women such as Hetty Sorrel, Janet Dempster and Maggie Tulliver.

There are few novelists who can more successfully than Eliot incarnate downright goodness, and not cause that moral excellence to degenerate into insipidity. In "Daniel Deronda" only is she accused by many critics of painting purity and integrity in tints and shades wearisome to the eye of the imagi-

nation. Saintsbury severely arraigns the portrayal of Jewish group of characters, and Leslie Stephen reinforces Saintsbury's opinion with emphasis. He says of Daniel Deronda, that he is too good to live. Deronda, Mirah Lapidoth and her brother may not perhaps carry their virtue to a pitch so prejudicial to health as Leslie Stephen imagines; yet it is true that to the average reader they are tiresomely good. Inher first great novel, "Adam Bede," is one of her most power-'ul creations, Dinah Morris, whom Sidney Lanier calls "that rare, pure and marvelous Dinah Morris, who would alone consecrate English Literature if it had vielded no other gift to man." Dinah, fragile yet strong, solemn but always cheerful, pure as a snow-drop, revealing Christ in the flesh as few other characters in fiction have done, is succeeded in "Middlemarch" by a character but little less beautiful, Dorothea Brooke. Dorothea with her high aspirations marries Mr. Casaubon, and too late discovers that she is bound to a narnow, self-centred man instead of to the lofty soul she had imagined. She crushed her disappointment. She lived her straitend life uncomplainingly. That moral poise under adversity consitutes her charm. I like to think of her in that scene in which she meets Rosamond Llygate-Rosamond, intensely selfish and vain. Hostile, she breaks down before Dorothea's great goodness. Though Rosamond might afterwards have spoken ill of all others of her husband's friends, she had never one word to say against Dorothea, for she had stood by her in her great need. Romola de' Bardi, the heroine of the novel by many literary connoisseurs ranked as Eliot's master-piece, exhibits more of character development than any other woman of the type under consideration. She is married, not as Dorothea to a prig, but to a scoundrel,-a scoundrel in process of evolution. Pride, "that sole alloy of her most lovely frame," twice drove her from the husband she had learned to despise, and twice her slow-growing humility drew her back to a deserted home. The second time she found herself released from the loathsome yoke to Tito. All pride is transmuted into a universal love-even Tessa, simple, childish Tessa, with her baby face, Tito's morganatic wife, is embraced in Romola's all-pervading charity.

When Eliot undertakes to depict a character of another type, she conceives not a monster, but a woman, weak and sinful, vain and selfish it may be, yet in some cases with so many womanly, lovable traits that one hesitates to class her with any others than the Milly Bartons and the Romolas. Such a one is the beautiful, the saintly, sinful Janet Dempster, the heroine of "Janet's Repentance." The pure and the evil seem to be inestricably interwoven in her disordered soul. With all her sins we yet bow in reverence before that in her nature which is pure and lovely. Janet transformed by the Saviour's touch is a Magdalen of rare sweetness and holiness. One other picture of repentance Eliot gives us, that of the stately, haughty, Gewendolen Harleth in "Daniel Deronda." This is a story of minute psychological analysis—a story of the weeks and months during which the girl revolved in her mind the probable acceptance or rejection of Grandcourtyes, even after she discovered the revolting secret of the "other woman" still debated the forbidden question-and sinned. Then it becomes a story of slow remors and bitter expiation, until Gwendolen's soul is purified as by fire, and she too takes her place among the noble creations of Eliot. Maggie Tulliver in the "Mill on the Floss,' wayward, headstrong and passionate, one of the most tenderly and lovinly drawn characters in Literature, whose prototype was George Eliot herself, is a creature of such intense and vital interest that Stephen declares "Maggie is worth a wilderness of Dinahs." Maggie with all her faults is so intensely lovable because of her still greater virtues. Hetty Sorrel in Adam Bede is quite another type. Commonplace, vain, selfish Hetty with her distracting kitten-like beauty, has no noble aspirations. We see the analysis of a little, petty soul, moved by no higher ambitions than its own ease and comfort. Could any other writer have developed and unfolded the tortures and anguish of sinful Hetty Sorrel, have dwelt upon every turning of her vain little soul, and made her story one of the great masterpieces of Literature.

It is a curious fact that Eliot's most strongly drawn characters are not saints but sinners. The interest of Adam Bede centers about Hetty Sorrel, not Dinah Morris. Gwendolen Harleth attracts attention rather than Mirah Lapidoth.

Tito Melema is more powerfully portrayed than Romola. A reason may be found in this. Eliot excels in character development, whether that development be the progression of Janet Dempster or the retrogression of Hetty Sorrel. It is the erring type of woman that offers the most fertile field for such character development. Then too just a touch of sin is needed to humanize a character. Therefore it is that a Dinah Morris or a Dorothea Brooke with all their virtue can never touch the heart as the wilful wayward affectionate, little English girl, Maggie Tulliver.

The Children of Dickens.

6. J. M., '06.

In whose life has the gentle and refining influence of friendship and companionship not entered? On whom has it not cast its influence? It brings us the love of our friends in whom we delight. It comes lik a balm to sooth the roughened paths of our daily life, and make its sometime gloomy ways more endurable.

But contrasted with this friendship of our daily life is another no less human, and whose influence is perhaps just as It is the friendship of a book, the companionship of its characters. We laugh and cry with them according as they rejoice or sorrow. We feel their hopes and fears, we live with them, for they are as real to us as the people of our every day life. To whom is Mr. Micawber or David Copperfield, Esther Summerson or Mr. Jarndyce not as real, as human as noble and as good as any acquaintance of our daily life. They came from the hands of a master spirit whose greatest power was that of character delineation. Thousands of readers have watched their varying fortunes and lived with them through the pages of their lives. The kindly and jolly Pickwick an inimitable Sam Weller are the parts of our memory and life which we will never forget, for on them has been placed the stamp of everlasting reality.

Dickens with his unequaled humor and pathos has succeeded nowhere better than in his character portrayals and not even in its most difficult aspects has the strength of his genius failed.

Adult characters with their tendencies and habits, associations and characteristics fully developed and formed are much easier to portray than children, and yet it is in his child characters that Dickens' most glorious success appears. Children with their unformed minds and habits and their untrained tendencies, not yet touched or tainted by the struggle of life, give the least hold for the novelist's description.

It seems that Dickens own sad childhood and the thought of its unhappy days made him peculiarly sympathetic and considerate of the childhood of others. He loved to portray and delineate itslife, its hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. Little Dorrt, Little Nell, Paul Dombey, Tiny Tim and Pip are some of the immortal creations of his imagination. He sought the betterment of the life of children and especially in the darkness and vileness of the city clums. It is in this light that we can best understand many of the characters and plots of his stories.

How beautifully does Dickens' portray the character of Paul Dombey, his old fashonedness, his brightness and purity of soul. With an unnatural sagacity and shrewdness the child proposes this startling question to his father.

"Papa, what is money?"

"Money, Paul. is everything."

And then comes a reply from the little old fashioned child which even the old money getter cannot answer.

"Why didn't money save my mamma?" The man is silenced by the voice of a child.

The sad and impressive death-bed of a child has grown doubly wierd and impressive under the master hand of Dickens. He has left us two such scenes, th one of Poor Jo and the other of Paul Dombey. The one a child of the streets and the other a rich man's son.

Poor Jo, ignorant neglected and degraded lies dying in a stranger's house. Home, parents, kindness or care he has never known and now the angel of death stands by his side waiting for the last sad summons. The darkness is fast closng about Poor Jo, and finally the Doctor asks,

"Jo did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowed nothink."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all."

Then comes again the question,

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir."

So repeating after the doctor the Lord's Prayer, he gets as far as, "Hallowed be thy—when the light comes, for Poor Jo is dead. Dying such a death as hundreds of heathen daily die in ignorance and sin in our sity slums.

The death scene of Paul Dombey, old fashioned, quaint and loving, is perhaps unrivalled in its kind. With the thought of an unrushing river ever present in his mind, with his kind consideration for all about him, from the lips of this loving kind-hearted little child come the words.

"Mamma is like you Floy. I know her by the face. But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go."

The river has swept on and th old, old fashion-death, has come into vogue once more.

Add to these characters the miserable Smike, the kindhearted generous souled little Marchoness bring forward noble Oliver Twist and Tiny Tim with his, "God bless us, every one," or take the sad childhood of Esther Summerson, begun in gloom and happiness. What a touch of reality there is in it, when telling of her sorrows she says, "I went to my room and crept to bed and laid my doll's cheek against mine wet with tears, and holding that solitary friend upon my bosom cried myself to sleep." It was the pcture of a sad and lonely childhood, such as Dickens could most keenly appreciate and such a one as he also delineated so truly in the dark unhappy childhood of David Copperfield.

Then finally, two of his most sympathetic and noble characters are Little Nell and Little Dorrit. Little Nell at whose death it is said Dckens himself wept, but could not prevent for as he said the story had to take its course and it was not

in his power to change it.

Little Dorrit, in whose noble unselfish life we find one of the most beautiful of Dickens' child characters, wins the sympathy of all, with her love and unselfish generosity. She stands as one of his noblest and most pathetic charactes.

Brought to us by the kindly humor and keen observation of a sympathetic master, the children of Dickens go with us through our lives, and though friends may be distant and life burdensome and heavy, yet they never leave nor forsake us, and with Tiny Tim we too can say. "God bless us, everyone." everyone."



The Muhlenberg.

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S Editorial. & J

ITH this issue of "The Muhlenberg," we enter the twenty-third year of its existence, and again a new staff makes its appearance. Though perhaps inexperienced in this line of literary work, yet we shall endeavor to raise the standard of the journal in every way possible, so as to increase its patronage, improve the literary productions that eminate from time to time from the pens of its contributors, increase the number of subscribers, and truly reflect the work done here.

We trust we shall receive the same encouraging help and assistance from the business men, alumni and friends as the

former members of the staff have. We promise you on our part to do the best that our finances and means, so conducive to a good journal, will allow.

Business Managers.

The business managers have met with fair success in their unceasing and energetic efforts, and we earnestly hope they will continue to receive generous support for the maintenance and development of our journal. Their work is not an altogether pleasant one, and frequently they meet with discouragement. We should remember that they offer their services freely and without compensation, working solely for the good of the journal.

Absence of Mr. Brown.

Mr. John D. M. Brown, of the class of 'o6, who is Editor-in-chief of this journal, could not be with us at the opening of the college term, as he is engaged in teaching Greek, French and English in the Lebanon High School, filling temporarily the professorship of principal Loveland, who had an operation performed for appendicitis.

Adbertisement.

Generous support has been given us by the business men of this city. They likewise deserve our support, and we heartily recommend that all our readers peruse the advertisements found in this journal, knowing and believing that you will find there just what you need, as every line of goods, for every condition of society, with prices suitable for all, are represented. Fair play in this as well as in every other respect should be our motto.

Dew Professors.

This new scholastic year opened on Thursday, Sept. 14th., in the new chapel of the administration building under the most favorable auspices.

The stage was occupied by the president, the Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas, and with him were the Rev. Dr. William Ashmead Schaeffer, of Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, of Allentown, and the Rev. J. J. Becker, of Lansdale. Dr. Schaeffer, whose address appears in this issue, was the speaker of the day.

The Rev. C. M. Jacobs, A. M., the newly elected Instructor

of History, and son of the Rev. Dr. H. E. Jacobs, LL. D., of Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, took charge of his department at the opening of the scholastic year. He comes highly recommended as a student of history, having specialized in that department in the University of Pennsylvania and in Germany.

Prof. Clement A. Marks, the newly elected Professor of Music also assumed the duties of his position. This is a new department for Muhlenberg, yet we are already assured of its success, as is shown by the number of those who have elected that branch of study.

Criticisms.

The twentieth century is one of criticism, of advancement and progress in the arts and sciences. This progress and advancement is mostly brought about by close competition and rivalry. Consequently honest and conscientious competition is desired in every field of labor as well as in the arts and sciences. The same is true in literary and educational development.

There are two classes of critics, those who criticise honestly, endeavoring thereby to elevate, enlighten, instruct, and further the best interests of he object in hand, and secondly those who have a selfish, ill-will for others, attempting to belittle the good and holding the weaknesses up as models in hand, thereby twisting and contorting the reader from the truth. Such are the two types of critics. For the ridiculing, the belittling, and the despising and discouraging, we have no use, but for the honest, conscientious and just we have no fear. Yea we invite friendly, helpful and truthful criticism, in order that we may learn to know our weaknesses and errors. We hope our friends and alumni will help us along in our endeavors to make this journal interesting and helpful to all.





Athletic Notes.

assembled for the first mass meeting of the season, Professor Reese stepped nobly forward and sprinkled the magic incense of encouragement upon the altar of student enthusiasm, from which immediately there sprang a steady vivid blaze of college spirit that fired every breast with the ambition to help place a winning foot-ball team upon the gridiron this fall. At once a large number of old and new men volunteered as foot-ball candidates and immediately a squad will be formed from which to select a team. Nor will the squad be lacking with respect to coaching; for they will be under a staff of three able coaches: Prof. Reese, Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Bachman, physical director.

And not only is it the desire to see a selected number of men, out each night for practice; but it is the duty, and it should be the pleasure, of every student to come out constantly on the new athletic field and cheer and encourage the players, and thereby show the Board of Trustees and the Faculty of the College our appreciation for the perfect athletic field which they have so kindly presented to the student body, that upon it they may win laurels and constantly carry the "Cardinal and Gray" on to victory. To get a good team verybody must come out. We must work with a vim and all work together. All prejudices and ill-feelings must be forgotten. Fine team work should be our highest aim and not individual honors.

The entire student body should cultivate a foot-ball atmosphere around the place. Let the constant talk be upon the improvement noticed in the team. Don't eulogize some other team or some outside players fine record, but constantly help the good work along by praising our own team's good qualities and forget their short-comings.

Below is the schedule of the games so far arranged. There are prospects for more. At first glance they may appear not

formidable enough for a college to play; but we must remember that we are yet in embreyonic athletics and must learn to climb the ladder of fame gradually.

The schedule:

Oct. 7. Easton High School at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 14. Perkiomen Seminary at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 21. Albright College at Myerstown.

Oct. 28. Allentown Prep. School at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 4. Kutztown Normal School at Muhlenberg.

No. 11. Moravian College at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 18. South Bethlehem High School at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 25. Centennary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown, N. J.

As a parting injunction we wish to say that the sun is just rising on Muhlenberg athletics. We have the Faculty with us, a magnificent new athletic field and gymnasium, fully equipped, with a competent director so by all means be loyal and buy a season ticket for foot-ball, the admission for all the games at home, for the bargain price of \$1.00. Or as was suggested be still more loyal and either buy several tickets yourself or else sell as may as possible to your friends.

When the next edition of the "Muhlenberg" is issued we hope to be able to give a good account of our team.

New Students.

HE scholastic year opened on September 14th with an increased number of new students, and all classes have received accessions. The larger attendance makes bright the future prospects of the College. The hopefulness of the outlook is still further enhanced by the growth of the Preparatory School.

G. Joseph Mueller, of Lancaster, formerly a student at Muhlenberg, has returned for his Senior year. Arthur T. Michler, of Lafayette College, Easton, enters the Junior class. The following men are the new accessions to the

Sophomore class: Morris W. Krause, of Kempton, and Alfred M. Stump, of Maxatawny, come from the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown. James W. Anthony, of Aquashicola, and H. S. Paules, of Slatedale, enter from the East Stroudsburg Normal School. Fred L. Coleman, of Lebanon, prepared at the Lebanon High School.

The following men are the members of the Freshman class. From the Allentown Preparatory School are Floyd Eichner, of Freemansburg; William K. Huff, of Schnecksville; Ralph R. Rudolph, of Allentown; Roger R. Rupp, of Macungie; Jesse L. Stettler, of Reading; Harod Shoenberger, of Siegfried, and John E. Albert, of Mannen. From the Allentown High School come the following Allentown students; James H. S. Bossard, Allen W. Butz, J. Warren Fritsch, George B. Hamm and Robert T. Kline. Rufus E. Kern, of East Greenville, and Edgar V. Nonamacher, of Bedminster prepared at Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg. Charles E. McCormick, enters from the Bethlehem Preparatory of Allentown, School, Francis H. Smth, of Pottstown, from the Hill Pottstown; Walter E. Sandt, of Philadelphia. from Germantown Academy; J. C. Schuger, of Alburtis, from the Keystone State Normal School; Dallas G. Green, of Little Gap, from Fairview Academy, Chester; H. Rhodes, of Gouldsboro, from School of Lackawanna, Scranton; Benjamin L. Grossman, of Catasauqua, from Catasauqua High School; Fred J. Wilt, of South Bethlehem, from the Central High School, of South Bethlehem; Peter N. Wohlsen, of Lancaster, from the Lancaster High School, and Charles A. Laubach, of Nazareth, from the Nazareth High School; Harry G. Bender, of Allentown, from the Allentown High School takes special work in the Freshman class.



"Intra Muros."

UMMER vacation is over and the students all hale and hearty have again returned to their studies.

This year chapel service will be held from 9.40 to 10 so as not to inconvenience non-resident students.

Karkau, 'o6, enjoyed a three weeks' stay at his home in Lansing, Michigan.

Goas, a member of the class of 1907, will enter Princeton this fall.

Mueller, 'o6, who entered the Freshman class at Muhlenberg in 1902, but who passed his Sophomore and Junior years at Franklin and Marshall, has returned to complete his course.

Brown, 'o6, is at present engaged in teaching Greek, French and English in the Lebanon High School. He is filling the vacancy causd by the illness of Principal Loveland, who has undergone an operation for appendicitis at the Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia.

Barba, '06, spent his summer vacation in touring through England, Ireland and Scotland.

Gerberich, '07, a special student in the scientific course has entered the University of Pennsylvania to study medicine.

Wessner, who had been a member of Class of 1906, will take a course in Dentistry at U. P.

Rudy, 'o6, and Mueller, 'o6 held positions at the summer Chautaugua at Mt. Gretna.

Smith, 'o6, was a conductor on the Kutztown-Allentown traction company during vacation. One day the car jumped the track with the greatest detriment to Billy and his trousers.

Smith, 'o6, sold a bed-spring to a Freshman.

Freshman-"Smith, something's wrong with your spring. It won't fit my bed."

Smith—"That's strange. Your floor must be crooked."

Dr. H. (lesson on Moses)—"What did the voice say that proceeded out of the burning bush?"

Schock '07 (after reflection)—"Oh, yes, 'The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Dr. H. informs Lauer '07 that Hannah was Samuel's mother. A few minutes later Lauer informs Dr. H. that Hannah's son was David.

Dr. O.—"The Anglo-Saxon throws the effects of the Roman language off itself just as the duck throws water off its back."

When grape-pie turned out to be "hare"-pie Wohlsen '09, failed to relish it. He never heard that boarding-house pie can grow whiskers occasionally.

The Freshman class organized last week by electing Francis Hobson Smith president, John Albert vice president, Edgar V. Nonnemaker, secretary, Chester H. Rhodes, treasurer, and Dallas G. Green monitor.



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Aluhlenberg.



Vol. XXIII.

120. 2.

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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

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No. 2.

The Poppy.

In a corner of my garden, Once a poppy came to view; Pansies, roses smiled around it, But on it no flower grew.

When the roses blushed in glory In the splendid month of June, Still the poppy stood unfinished Like a hymn without a tune.

In the later days of summer,
When the roses blushed no more,
And the pansies lost their beauty,
Many buds the poppy bore.

One by one each bud unfolded,
In the sunlight shook its head,
Creamy white were all its petals,
Fringed with pink, and morning red.

Now the rose-stalks stood beside it, All their former radiance dead, And the pansies sighed around it For their beauty that had fled.

So, some lives no outward beauty
To the world in youth display,
While the others shine around it
And grow fairer day by day.

But, when youth and spring are over, And the summer grows apace, And there creeps a dark'ning shadow Over each, once lovely face,

Then the inner beauty rises,
And an outward beauty grows,
That is calm and all-subduing,
And o'er all its splendor throws.

н. н. к., 'об.



6. J. M. '06.

E was lolling listlessly in the hammock for the day was boiling hot. Since early in the morning the thermometer had slowly but surely been climbing upwards, and now it swayed and danced and boiled above the the hundred mark in the shade. He was on the hotel veranda, but even here not a breeze was stirring. The only sound heard through the stifling and oppressive aid was the hum and buzz of insects, with now and then the occasional chirp, chirp, chirp of a lonely cricket.

Suddenly through the quiet and deadness of the afternoon air came the long drawn out wail from the whistle of a departing train. The shriek of the whistle seemed to linger in the air, and from the silent hills came hurtling back an echoing protest as if complaining of the disturbance of their repose.

It seemed to him as if this shriek was the cry of the genii of the past, calling out from their hiding place, to bring up visions of by-gone events. As he lay there in the hammock memories of the past arose in his mind, thoughts of mingled They passed before him in swiftly pleasure and sadness. moving and varying succession, but in them all there was one unchanging note, now of joy and again of pain, which never altered. It was always the same sweet vision. It never passed from view though time and seasons changed. It was always a happy joyous golden haired little figure. He saw her in the thoughts of his high school days, he felt her presence in the pictures of his college years. It was always the same memory of tender grey eyes, and a sweet young face crowned by a golden halo. Divine hair it was, such as he had never seen elsewhere; and a voice-ah when did its sound not thrill him through and through. Those years in the past seemed ages as he looked back upon them. There seemed to be years of alternate hope and despair, joy and sorrow, full of changes and happenings, and yet through them all there ran the one

unaltered fact that his devotion never faltered, nor did his purpose ever fail. The little God had shot early, but his aim had been true.

And now as he lay here pondering it seemed that the aim of his long years of waiting was lost, and all because of one miserable letter, which he had written in one mood and she received in another.

What a shock it had been to him when he received her answer. It was so unexpected and sudden, that before he had fully grasped its intent and could reply, she had left for parts unknown. He did not know that another note, which had followed the first, was even then lying unopened at his boarding house. He remembered little since the reception of that fateful answer. It had left him half mad, and everything had seemed a blank to him for hours afterwards.

He had finally rushed off to his haunt of the school day vacations. He wished to recall the happy days he had spent here when Betty was by his side, and all the world seemed glorious and happy. He followed their former walks. He tried to revive the happy pictures of the past and exorcise the ghosts now haunting his mind.

He was dozing from the effect of the heat, and seemed to be back in the days when he first met Betty. He could hear her voice; he was by her side and all was well—when suddenly the dream vanished. He was still in the hammock with nothing changed but, no—the reality of the voice had not disappeared for he heard the same accents which had so often thrilled him before.

It was Betty, but from where he lay he could not see her at the hotel entrance.

He did not see her at dinner, although he searched the entire dining room with eager glance. It was some hours afterwards that he started for a stroll. He chose one of the paths which seemed particularly sacred to her memory, for along its shady coolness he had often in by gone days sauntered with Betty by his side, and now he wished to recall those mocking, and tantalizing visions of the past. As he passed along, suddenly he became aware of some one coming down a path at right angles to the one on which he was on, and soon to his

eager gaze appeard the form of Betty. She was before him before he could think of anything to say.

"Ah—Good day, Be—, Miss Ellis," he finally stammered.

A flush mantled her cheek and acknowledging the greeting she passed on.

She left him there, with mingled feelings of anger and love surging through his mind. Angry because he felt that he was misjudged, and yet despite it all, feeling that his love had not been diminished nor altered. He felt himself held on all sides by the meshes of an invisible net, which however, he was powerless to break. He was all the more determined in his purpose to win Betty, but like the fabled Hydra the more difficulties he overcame, the greater seemed those that remained.

* * * * * *

He was left, a solitary figure, standing on the platform as the train pulled out. It had been a glorious day for a picnic, to which he had been tempted to go, partly by the beautiful weather and partly by the delusive hope that Betty might relent. He knew that she was going to picnic with a party from the hotel, and tre faint hope that perhaps the fates might be propitious, lured him on.

But the day had dragged on without even a glimmer of hope. He had caught occasional glimpes of Betty during the day, but had not the heart to speak to her.

Now as he stood on the platform he felt sure that she was somewhere in the Park, for he knew that she was not on the last train which had just left. He turned in his quest for the missing Betty into one of the numerous woodland paths, and as he passed along its way, there came to him, floating through the soft evening stillness, the sound of that loved and long familiar voice. It came with melodic sweetness bearing those beautiful words:

"I'm coming! I'm coming, and my head is bending low,

I hear the angel voices calling-Old Black Joe."

It seemed to him like a melody from another world, ringing its silvery tones through the cool dark arches of the woods. It brought back memories which roused all his old mad longing for her. Soon he saw her coming, her arms

filled with ferns and flowers, appearing like the apparition of an angel wandering through the silent domain of the sprites and elves.

She started and colored when she saw him, but continued on her way. He walked by her side in silence for some time and then with a rush.

"The last train has gone, and we will have to get a team at a farm house and drive back. I'm sorry, but I suppose we will have to go together.

"Did you miss the train too?" she asked without glancing at him.

"I saw that you were not on the last train and although the others thought you had gone earlier, I felt that you were still here, and so I stayed back."

She made no reply to this for some time but walked by his side, nervously breaking the stem of a flower. To all appearances she was calm and collected, but he walking by her side felt his heart beat so tumultously that it seemed as if his breast would burst.

A team was secured at a farm house after a slight delay, and they were soon on their way to the village. The sun had set and in the dusk there stretched before them the long silent reaches of the road. The chirp of crickets, the screech of grasshoppers and katydids and the twitter of birds were the only sounds disturbing the stillness of the air. The stars began to come out one by one, and ever and anon they would hear from the far distance the hoot of an engine whistle softened in the quiet evening.

His love and desire for Betty returned to him with renewed strength. All the hopes and fears of the past surged through his mind as they drove along under the silent star light. He longed to speak of his love, of his life, but he dared not. He had spoken once and she had not answered, and now she must be the first to yield.

The air was growing cool and the wind blew sharply over the open fields. He saw that she was trembling and thinking it was due to the sudden change in the atmosphere he drew the lap robe about her. As he placed the robe around her, he felt her tremble and saw a tear glitter in her eye. She hastily wiped it away but not before he had seen it. How he longed to speak and comfort her, but still he did not know what was passing through her mind.

She was broken down by the thought of all his kindness and devotion in spite of her rebuffs. She too had felt the force of an all-compelling love. It had grown on her in spite of herself. She had tried to force it down, had fought against it, but all in vain. And now she knew that her last fight was ended and surrender must come. The flutterings and strugglings against the bars of the cage were weakening. She was now ready to yield to him the full and unrestrained love such as only a strong and noble woman can give.

Thus torn by conflicting emotions they sat there silently, listening to the creaking of the buggy and the pounding of the horse's hoofs. The moon was slowly rising before them. It was in its first quarter and gave but a feeble light. Suddenly he saw another tear stealing down her cheek and the sight of it caused all his resolutions to vanish.

"Betty," he faltered trying to take her hand, "I cannot bear to see you cry. I know I was a brute to force myself on you. But Betty, I loved you and I love you still. Ever since I first saw you, your image and presence have never left my thoughts. It has followed me through all these years, and the love of you has been more to me than my life. But if my presence is hateful to you, I will leave you here at the village and never again return to your presence."

He watched her for awhile as she sat silently by his side looking at the passing fields. Then making a gesture as if to stop the horse he was arrested by a motion of her hand.

"Betty," he said, "What shall it be, go or stay?"

And whispered in the dim moonlight softly came the answer "Stay."



In Ocean Voyage &

Preston A. Barba, '06.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward.

-Byron.

T was high noon on a hazy summer's day, and on the wharf were gathered a great throng of wellwishers for those who, in but a little while, should be borne away to distant lands. The passengers were all on deck waiting for the final moment, their eyes lingering on their friends on the quay below.

What an infinite variety of expressions and what shades of emotions flicker over that sea of up-turned faces! There stand a party of men and women with merriment expressed in their every movement. They have just showered Godspeed and rice on a happy pair in whose ears the rich chords of Lohengrin's Wedding March have not yet died. Yonder stands a youth pale with the shadows of a mighty city, in whose eyes shines the light of eager anticipation for the time when he too shall sail the seas and tread the lands of song and story.

Everywhere are the tear-stained faces of fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers whom the uncertain and unaccountable conditions of life will soon separate from those most dear to them.

Now the great cables are loosened, and, accompanied by a loud cry of farewell together with the fluttering of handker-chiefs and flags, the "Astoria" slowly wends her way down New York harbour, past the Goddess of Liberty, who, with her up-lifted torch, seems to announce a final benediction over her wandering sons, and then out into the silent sea. Gradually the land vanishes from our view until we strain our eyes to see the blue hils of own native land fade into the hazy horizon of a summer's afternoon.

It is now that one is first overcome by the significance of an ocean voyage; now, that that strange something which even the simplest experience and the wisest of us cannot explain, comes to us, binding us to the land of our birth and leaving on our souls a feeling of sorrow and regret.

Before us extends the vast expanse of bright blue ocean glistening in the glorious rays of sunshine. How beautiful it is, and yet how awful! Even now, beneath that placid bosom it may gently nurse those forces which in a short time will break forth into a wild and raging tempest, for who can analyze the mysterious nature of the sea? Now it is gentle as a lamb, and next it becomes a roaring lion; now it is constant, then fickle; obedient, and yet a monarch supreme; once it breaks its foamy crests on the rough and icy rocks of northern climes, then it kisses the golden sands of the sunny south, and wafts on its bosom the delicate odors of the orange-blossom and pomegranate. On it rolls, grand and sublime, fathomless and boundless, yea, the very symbol of Eternity itself. Nowhere else is man so easily lost in revery and meditation on the mysteries of Life. Whether he gazes upon the great piles of clouds lit by the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, or whether he watches the white-crested billows roll on and on until they die on unseen shores, nowhere does man so truly realize the grandeur of the universe and his own infinitesimal littleness.

Thus we might continue with our sea reveries, but man is a social animal, and we are soon engaged in friendly intercourse with those around us. What a varied gathering it is! Here is a corpulent old son of Erin who is making a farewell visit to the fair isle that gave him birth. There are a bevy of school marms, young and not so young, whose feverish love for literature and art has enticed them to dare the perils of the sea. Here also is an aged priest whose purpose it is to visit his father's and mother's grave amid the scenes of his childhood; and there are also a number of bonnie Scotch lassies who will spend the summer months among the broom and heather of "dear old Scotia's hills." Among such interesting personages and engaged in various diversions, do we while away the long monotonous hours.

After several days we miss the accustomed faces, and upon inquiry we are informed they have succumbed to the inevitable sea-sickness. But we have willed to overcome it. We at least shall not be victims, for have we not a sure preventive in Byron's verses:—

> "The best of remedies is a beef-steak Against sea-sickness; try it, sir, before You sneer, and I assure you this is true, For I have found it answer—so may you."

We repair to the dining saloon, and there attempt to demolish a rare and juicy beefsteak. I say attempt, for before we have completely confiscated it, we feel (it is no longer a matter of the will) we should rather be on deck, and no sooner on deck, we think we shall be more comfortable leaning over the railing.

Blessings on the head of the man who invented the ship's railing! As we lean over the railing and vacantly gaze down into the yawning waves, those selfsame waves which in our reveries have kissed the perfumed shores of the sunny south, I say as we lean over that railing, there come to our minds those appropriate and introspective words spoken by King Lear:—

"Down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below."

But that climbing sorrow will not down. Higher and higher climbs that sorrow, until (hiccough)!!!!it loses its equilibrium and falls into the murky depths below. The sea again resumes its poetical values, we become more optimistic, and we find ourselves at last enrolled among the great staff of contributors to the Atlantic, and are happy to find our contributions heartily accepted.

The voyage is drawing to a close and each day brings us nearer to the land of our dreams, the land, where in our early years we wandered, lingering over its mouldering ruins and loitering about its literary shrines.

Nine days we have been tossed about but tomorrow we shall see land. All is bustle and excitement. We rise at four o'clock and with unconquerable curiosity rush to the deck. There in the cold gray dawn rises the rocky shore of Ireland,

with its craggy precipices and bold promontories jutting out into the sea.

Truly it is the Emeral Isle! Its very rocks seem to be covered with the most verdant vegetation, and together with the foamy breakers dashing high against its rocky coast, and the din of innumerable sea-gulls, it is a sight never to be forgotten. We sail along that rugged Irish coast and up the Firth of Clyde. On each side stretch the broad and fertile fieds of Scotland dotted with the neat little thatched cottages of the thrifty peasants. Nearer and nearer we approach. A new world with strange peoples and strange customs is unfolding itself before us. Now we are sailing up the Clyde, for miles lined with its world-famous ship-yards. Presently we pass the precipitous hill so finely commanded by Dumbarton Castle, where William Wallace, that bravest of Scottish chiefs, was so foully betrayed six hundred years ago. Now we are at the Glasgow piers themselves, and here, my gentle friends, after we have passed that fearful institution known as the custom house, we bid you all farewell on your respective journeys.





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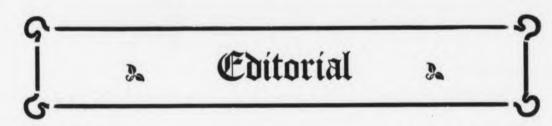
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Contributions to "The Muhlenberg"

Students are requested to contribute literary articles, dissertations, stories and poems to this journal. All material submitted will receive due consideration. Short stores are especially desired.





ND runs seldom score a touchdown in the class-room.

It's a wise Freshman who knows that he is green.

Freshmen are not the only ones who should be seen and not heard.

No one ever got a swelled-head by trying to make room for more learning.

It's a wise fellow who knows when to keep quiet.

The fellow who can make a respectable flunk is an unknown quantity.

Playing football is the nearest some fellows ever get to studying Geology and Astronomy.

If Darwin had seen some of the Sophomores, it would have strengthened his theory of the origin of species.

Some fellows should get a revised version of themselves.

The New Staff.

The publication of The Muhlenberg has been attended with unfavorable circumstances this year. One of the business managers left the institution and the work of soliciting the advertisements devolved upon the remaining business manager, who, however, proved equal to the occasion successfully looked out for the financial side of the journal. Furthermore, two vacancies among the associate editors had to be filled, so that here again the work was handicapped. As the editor was unable to take charge of the first number, Mr. Krauss, 'o6, was selected to act in his place and performed the task assigned to him with credit. The editor hereby wishes to acknowledge his appreciation of the work done by the pro tem. head of the staff. We have seen fit to make several changes in The Muhlenberg this year and have tried to adapt to our needs the principles of modern journalism which is materially altering the Twentieth Century college publication.

A Word to Our Alumni.

Last year the business managers were greatly hindered in their work by the failure of the alumni to pay their Muhlenberg subscriptions promptly. Some responded at once but the majority delayed, and personal letters had to be written before the money was forthcoming. We urge you to give your Muhlenberg bill prompt attention when you receive it.

The New Athletic Field.

Every son of Muhlenberg should be proud of our new athletic field. It is one of the finest in the state and is thoroughly up-to-date. Much labor and money was expended upon the field to get it into its present condition and further improvements will be made so that nothing will be lacking to make it a model in all respects. This season's football games will be played upon it; one has been played already, the game on October 7. The attendance at that game was encouraging and we hope that this interest in our collegiate sports will continue to increase.

Our Lecture Course.

What proved to be a very enjoyable event took place Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8 P. M. when Prof. Hugh Clark of the U. of P. opened our fall course of lectures by addressing a large and cultured audience of Allentonians and students on: Musical History as a part of General History. In his introductory remarks Dr. Ettinger called attention to the pleasant relations which have always existed between the two institutions and expressed the wish that these relations might be strengthened by the speaker's presence and address.

Dr. Clark said that while music is the most universal of the arts yet his remarks applied with almost equal force to poetry, painting and sculpture. Taking three examples from history he showed that the Greeks attempted to make art do what religion should have done; that in the church of the M. A. the function of worship was usurped by the introduction of art and that the troubadours used it to aid immorality disguised as chivalry.

These misapplications of art, however, are far from showing that art does not have a proper place in the education of a people. Evil is apt to result if the moral is left out of any training. Art is neither moral nor immoral and we must not expect it to impart moral teaching. Since however its foundations are truth and sincerity its cultivation is bound to be productive of good results in an age when undue emphasis is place on intellectual training and the emotion aside of man is almost entirely neglected.

Features of the evening were the reception after the lecture and the music by Klingler's orchestra.

The other lectures of this course are the following:

Friday, October 20, at 8 p. m.

Rev. W. A. Lambert, of Allentown. Subject: "Father Heyer."

Friday, November 3, at 4 p. m.

"The Lehigh County Historical Society." The speaker will be announced in the city papers.

Friday, November 10, at 8 p. m. (Luther's Birthday).

Rev. T. W. Kretschman, of Buffalo, N. Y. Subject: "Education and Reformation."

Friday, November 17, at 8 p. m.

Rev. George Drach, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Council. Subject: "Foreign Missions.

Friday, November 24, at 8 p. m.

Prof. John Duncan Spaeth, of Princeton University. Subject: "Emerson."

Friday, December 8, at 8 p. m.

Rev. F. N. D. Buchman, of the Luther Hospice, Philadelphia. Subject "Dangers to a young man in a great city."

Athletic Notes *

HE football season at Muhlenberg was opened on the new athletic field of the college on Saturday October 7. The opposing team was Easton High School, and proved to be a hard proposition for our men who had been practicing as a team for only a week before the game. An accident to quarter-back Breidenbach in the beginning of the contest also greatly handicapped and weakened Muhlenberg.

The game began at 2.30 before an interested crowd of spectators. Muhlenberg won the toss and decided to defend the western goal. At the kick-off the ball was stopped near the centre of the field, Stump falling on it. By the line plunging of Smith and Miller the ball was slowly but steadily advanced to Easton's 30 yard line where it was lost on downs. Then Easton by hard work pushed back the collegians to the centre of the field. Seeing that Muhlenberg's line was almost impregnable, the visitors tried end runs and made a number of good gains. Then by a "fake-kick," Zellers made a 50 yard run for a touchdown. Had Breidenbach been able

was not worked very quickly. Easton's interference was fine in these end runs No goal was kicked. At the next kick-off Miller got the ball and advanced it rapidly to Muhlenberg's 15 yard line where Muhlenberg recovered the ball by fine defensive work. It was lost on downs, however, and then F. Heck by a brilliant end run of 15 yards scored the second touchdown. The third and last touchdown in the half was made by Easton after the timekeepers had called tme. The referee failed to hear the men and consequently the touchdown counted, although it really wasn't earned by high school.

In the second half, Breidenbach was taken out of the game and Lauer put into his place. The team braced up and played a much better game than in the first half. The work of Stump, Coleman and Marks on the line was excellent, and Miller and Smith made noticeable gains through high school's line.

Near the beginning of the half, by a number of fumbles, the ball was in the hands of Easton at one time and then in Muhlenberg's possession. At last Easton got the ball on the opposing line. End runs were tried again with some success. It was then that F. Heck scored the only touchdown in the half. Then the ball was pushed backwards and forward near the centre of the field, Muhlenberg frequently reaching Easton's 40 yard line. Here they lost the ball and Easton carried it to Muhlenberg's 45 yard line; two end runs were stopped by two brilliant tackles made by Nonamaker and the ball was recovered. Miller plowed through the high school line and our team reached the 30 yard line when they lost the ball on a fumble.

Considering the disadvantages under which our team had to play, and that this was the first game with a comparatively new team, the result of it, though a defeat, was encouraging.

The following is the line-up:

Muhlenberg.			Easton H. S.
Nonamaker	L.	E.	
Marks			
Bittner			

Schock	C.	Warner
Stump	R.	G White (Williams)
Coleman	R.	TA. Heck
Butz	R.	E E. Smith
Breidenbach (Lauer)	Q.	B Creveling
		B Zellers
Miller R.	H.	B Thomas (F. Heck)
Bender L.	H.	BNoll (Gies)

Referee: Singmaster—GETTYSBURG.

Umpire: Raub—LAFAYETTE. Timekeepers: Bittner, Sitgreaves.

Linesmen: Kaubau, Cyphers. (Editor.)

Cheer up! Hurrah! Don't freeze up on the first defeat! We have four reasons to rejoice. First, that we are defeated and thereby were shown our weakness. Second, that in the game we learned what an impregnable line we have from end to end. Third, that we have the voluntary assistance of a new and able coach. Mr. Singmaster, a former Gettysburg veteran will now take charge of the coaching and having observed our weaknesses and defects will endeavor to correct our faults and weld together a winning team. Fourth, that in this time of low ebb of college spirits we have a member of the Faculty, Prof. Reese, who is continually working with might and main to keep up the interest in the team which at times is on the verge of flagging.

Our faithful professor is constantly urging the players to come out both for the regulars and the scrubs. He has backed the project to secure new suits for the team, and as time goes on will do all in his power to get other necessary outfits, while every evening he is regularly upon the field, encouraging the players, and directing plays in the manner which his experience as a former Lafayette player has enabled him to do.

As a parting clause. Don't forget the Perkiomen Seminary game on our home ground on Saturday, and again don't forget the season tickets.

(Athletic Editor)



Intra Muros *



AST-"The Mayor's Reprimand."

Present-Hard work.

Future—Flunks.

Dr. W. (The Freshmen in disorder) "Order! order! we are still in the land of Canaan."

Krauss 'o6. (in German): Es war so fiel schlechtigkeit in der Welt.—"

Reiter '06. "The Republican party must have been ruling at that time.

Prof. R.: "Where is the knee of a horse?"

Nonamaker '09: "Above the ankle"

Bittner '07 (on the football field): "I only have one ankle and yet you fellows want me to come out."

Sterner 'o6 to Dr. W.: "Doctor is it healthy for man to be hungry?"

Dr. B.: "Mr. Sterner what is Theism?"

Sterner 'o6: "Theism is a study about God."

Dr. B. (misunderstanding): "Well it dosn't hurt if you did study it by heart."

Prof. R.: "A horse had originally how many toes?"

Schlauger '09: "Had seven toes."

Dr. E.: "Is it a great loss to us if God sees fit to call us into another world?"

Barba 'o6: "It just depends upon what world we are called to."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Rudh put your finger on that equation right in front of your nose."

Rudh '08 reaches to the top of the board.

Dr. B.: "Your nose isn't that big."

Mueller '06: "Oftentimes two souls are beating in one."

Barba 'o6: "Oftentimes they are beating each other.'

Ritter '06 (in English): "Ye men that have wives."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Smith what is religion?"

Smith: "It is that which covers everything."

Ritter '06 (having a chew in his mouth): Doctor don't make me recite so long, I am tired."

Mueller on the eve of the lecture carried the office cat out of the chapel.

Dr. W. (in translating German): "Go out and astonish the natives."

Sterner '06 "Doctor don't you think they are astonished sometimes?"

Dr. E.: "Mr. Smith what is an atom?"

Smith: "An atom—is an invisible substance—in the ether which helps to bind things together."

Dr. E.: "Then it is a sort of invisible glue?"

Some of us can improve upon our behaviour in the reading room.

Oct. 10.—Barba dreams of snakes. Brown sees one in the breakfast food.

Smith's recitation in Ethics—"Three-fourths of a man's life is conduct." Yes sir. Yes sir. Yes sir. No sir. Yes sir. Yes sir. No sir. Yes sir. No sir. No sir. No sir. Yes sir. No sir. No sir. Yes sir. No sir. No sir. Yes sir. Yes sir. No sir. Yes sir. Yes sir. No sir. Yes sir. Yes

Literary Notes &

HE past summer has been productive in several new plays by our rising American playwrights. Mr. Gillette has written "Clarice," a new comedy. Augustus Thomas has brought before the public through John Drew, "De Lancey," a drama strongly tainted by Shawisms. Clyde Fitch's latest play is "The Toast of the Town" and George Ade's, "The Bad Samaritan.". It is noticeable that the American dramatic output for the year exceeds the English. A. W. Pinero has written nothing new and J. M.

Barrie and Bernard Shaw are still at work on their new plays.

To those who are interested in select Continental literature, we recommend a perusal of a comparativly new magazine, "Tales," which publishes some of the best stories of Europe each month. Russian, Spanish, French, Italian and German literatures are represented. In August number is a short story by Paul Heyse, author of "L'Arabbiata."

One of the most noteworthy books of the year is Dr. Mitchell's "Constance Trescot.' It is a novel dealing with the Reconstruction period of American history. The latter part of the book is strangely at variance with the former part, and seems to indicate a problem novel. The outcome of the story is unsatisfactory and disappointing.

A great literary failure was the first and, let us hope, the only novel by the greatest of all our living poets, Algernon Swinburne, "Love's Cross-Currents." Mr. Swinburne is a fine poet, but a poor novelist. It is to be deplored that he attemped the publication of this novel, for it has evoked much unfavorable criticism and some harsh words anent the Pre-Raphaelite school.

By far the most poetical and the most beautiful novel produced this year is Robert Hitchen's "Garden of Allah." The scene is laid in the Great Desert, the garden of oblivion," and one almost forgets his surroundings when he reads the magic words that seem to breathe the very air of the great Sahara. "Perhaps silence is the most beautiful voice in the world," says the author, and we feel like saying the same words when we read the book.

Gexchange Dept. 2



LARGE number of our exchanges have failed to put in an appearance as we go to press. We hope that with this month we may again welcome all our old friends to our table.

The Dickinsonian is to be congratulated on its desire to

strengthen its literary department. Let us never forget that while the athletics of a college demand due recognition in its journal, they should not be given such undue prominence as to reduce literary material to a minimum.

The Midland contains an interesting article, "The Corn Carnival," the rival of the Mardi Gras and of the flower parade of Pasadena. It is graphic and well written in style, and of more than local interest.

The Harrisburg High School Argus presents a neat appearance. It is especially to be commended for its breezy personals. It contains several short stories, but it must be admitted that they are crude in the construction of plot and lacking in literary style.

The exchange column of *College Chips* is of unusual merit. It criticises with fairness and in the spirit of helpfulness. This is as it should be.

The article on "Thoreau" in the Forum shows careful thought. The writer makes it more than a collection of facts. He criticizes and quotes as well as narrates. Let us have more material of that type. "By the Fireside" in the same journal is a well written story. The plot is it true is slight, but there is a delicious charm in the style.

The State Collegian is much improved in appearance by its attractive cover. We would suggest, however, that more attention be given to literary material. The journal contains little but athletics and locals.

We are pleased to welcome the *Junto* the publication of the Easton High School, to our table. It is an excellent journal.

"Time is but the stream I go-a-fishing on." - Thoreau.

"There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted."—Thoreau.

Did anyone ask for a man with one tooth who wanted to bite holes in doughnuts?—Ex.



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Muhlenberg

November, 1905

Vol. XXIII.

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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Nov. 1905.

No. 3.

The Sun Worshipper.

WAS twilight in the Western sky, And slowly through the darkling shades, Came murmuring nature's parting ode. The dying sun lay in the west, A crimson stain upon it spread And round it clouds with purple tinge, As glowing from the evening light The mighty forest monarchs stood, Through glimmering dusky aisles below The sounds of faltering footsteps rose; And from the forest solitude To stand in fading gleam of sun, There came a hoary, grey-haired man. Then while the fading sunset's glow Upon the highest tree tops shone, He prostrate on his face there fell, Low groveling in an abject fear To see his god thus dying.

Some Aspects of Scientific Method

Reb. W. A. Lambert, A. M.

(Part of a Lecture delivered in the College Chapel, Oct. 20, 1905.)

the foundations of the Christian religion, on the other hand profound scientists have found no conflict between Christianity and the scientific work, or have by deeper study of science been forced back to an acknowledgement of the possibility of religion and Christanity, or to a recognition of the inability of science to destroy the foundations of these. The most radical have been unable to discover a substitute for Christianity that will satisfy the needs of man.

The reason is simple. Scientific method is a tool for the investigation of facts; its purpose is the discovery of truth in all departments. Of itself it is perfectly neutral, saying nothing of the truth or falsehood of anything but furnishing the means by which truth or falsehood may be tested.

A same scientist will not claim that scientific method will give him truth. At best it will enable him to approximate truth. In so far as he is a pure scientist he remains, on subjects beyond his immediate field of investigation, an agnostic, and in his own sphere a seeker after truth. Not of choice, but of necessity he accepts blessing's eternal search after truth rather than perfect truth itself.

This will become evident when we examine scientific method in more detail. Apart from other elements, it consists in the use of induction and deduction. Deduction argues from accepted truths to other truths. Induction argues from accepted fact to more or less general truths. Pure deduction can be found in mathematics and in logic; elsewhere it is more or less mixed with induction. Pure induction is found only in classification, it is not a means of direct investigation.

Now, an ideal scientific method must perfectly combine in-

duction and deduction. In its classification it must be absolutely accurate, in its deductive logic inerrant. This of itself is an impossibility for a finite mind. Inerrancy belongs only to the Infinite. But imperfect induction and faulty deduction cannot give us final truth—and the history of science shows conclusively that such final truth has not been reached anywhere.

When we examine the presuppositions of the scientific method, we will be still more struck with its limitations. fore induction can begin, we must have fact, and those facts observed and recorded. The ideal method would require that these facts again be accurately observed and faultlessly recorded, and that every fact be so observed, the induction must be problematic. Again, ideally, the induction, is based upon all the facts to which it applies; actually, a very few facts, often a single observation, suggests an induction, which is afterward tested by facts similarly classified. This is not only an actual occurrence, but an absolute necessity; for no mind can at one instant hold before it all the facts of any one given class, even if all were known. The induction is therefore imperfect, and vitiated by being tested after a prejudice in its favor has been established; by the inability of man to observe inerrantly and to report his observations accurately.

Deduction demands first principles to which it may be applied. Without axioms we can do nothing in mathematics, or in any science. These axioms are not the result of induction, but are larely intuitive, and accepted without proof; proof is impossible and unnecessary. But what has been accepted as an axiom may be disproved by some fact or group of facts. As long as it is not disproved, an axiom is accepted on faith. Not only the fundamental truths of religion, but those of philophy and science as well are matters of faith, not of proof.

The source of these fundamental truths, except where they are intuitional, as in mathematics, lies in some authority, of which we may personally be unconscious. By demonstration and experimental observation of the facts illustrating our fundamental truths we deceive ourselves into the belief that we have examine! and adopted them for ourselves. We have in

fact only gone through a process outlined for us, the outcome of which was foreknown. Or if we are not persuaded, it is because we rely upon another authority appealing more strongly to us, whose experiments we reproduce, and so persuade ourselves that we leave accepted his position independently. Freedom from authority is very largely self-deception. We choose between authorities, give our faith to him whose work we can best follow, whose logic agrees best with our own, until in time we become authorities to others. Real freedom from authority is as rare as the original departures in science, philosophy, or even in practical mechanics.

The ideal scientific method is impossible for men; the actual scientific method works with facts, which we observe very largely as we are told to by some man or other; with fundamental truths which have been formulated for us by some authority. Neither in our observation nor in our principles are we entirely free. We cannot rely upon the method, which is merely a tool, to give us solutions of problems which lie beyond its reach. Logically it cannot affect a man's faith, because a man's faith presents to scientific method the fundamental truths with which it must start. This explains on the one hand, why men of recognized scientific ability, rigidly applying the scientific method may reach entirely different results; it brings to light, on the other hand, the inconsistency of those who think that science lies only with those who accept on faith our series of unproved fundamental truths, while they ignore or ridicule those who accept on faith a different series of equally improved but also equally undisproved fundamental truths.

The scientific method with all its imperfections is the best means of investigation at present at our disposal. We need not be afraid of applying it rigidly in every field of investigation; but we do need to be on our guard against those who make claims for the scientific method which are false and imply absolute impossibilities, namely, perfect freedom from authority, perfect proof of fundamental truths, and perfect mastery of the infinity of facts. He who makes such claims is a dogmatist of the very worst type, be he scientist or theologian; only he may in our day be found more frequently a scientist than a theologian.

South Ireland A-Foot

Preston A. Barba, '06.

he rolling hills of South Wales have faded from our sight as we are borne over the rough waters of St. George's channel. All through the long, weary hour of the night we have tossed about in our stifled berths anxiously awaiting the morrow when we shall tread the green shores of the Emerald Isle. With the first streaks of rosy dawn fast dispelling the gray and cheerless clouds, we seek the deck, and there, shivering in the cold clear airof morning, we eagerly watch for the first speck of land. Now a faint outline appears on the vapory horizon, gradually it grows on our sight until we clearly see the bold features of the rocky coast against the roseate morning sky. A little longer, and we sail between two rugged promontories into the calm waters of Queenstown Harbor.

The harbor presents a most interesting sight indeed. Here are anchored the great Atlantic ocean liners, and here may be seen the most varied collections of sea vessels, from His Majesty's "ocean greyhounds" to tugs and whale boats. On the quay are gathered seamen from all quarters of the globe Here are military officers in brilliant uniforms, captains, jolly barefooted tars, ragged fishermen, and here among them all may be seen the sad faces of emigrants. This is the principal port through which the emigrant leaves his beautiful but stricken land. Often he is penniless and barefooted, and perhaps nothing with him but a small port of shamrock, or a tiny mountain songster in a little wicker cage, to transport him back to his own Irish mountains and heather-clad moors. But the Irishman never nurses his grief and soon smothers his troubles with anticipations for the future. There is a story of an emigrant and a trunk merchant which will illustrate the happy-go-lucky Irish spirit: "Pat," said the merchant, "you're going to travel; will you buy a trunk?" "A trunk," answered Pat, "and begorra for what?" To put your cloths in, of

course." "An meself go naked is it? Och! sure its took up I'd be if I did that".

We leave Queenstown harbor and, after a short sail up the romantic river Lee, arrives at Cork. Cork is beautifully situated on the Lee—

The pleasent Lee, that like an island fayre Encloseth Cork in his divided flood.

It is an ancient town and preserves many of its old characteristics. It was founded towards the close of the sixth century by Lohan, now known as St. Fin Barre, St. Fin Barre founded a monastery here, which was the prominent seat of learning not only of Ireland, but also of Western Europe. The most interesting features are its narrow streets, its irregular houses, and the mark t place, where there is an interesting confusion of unkempt women, scraggy grey donkeys, and huge hampers filled with fishes. A few minutes from the market place and we are in the shadow of St. Anne Shandon's tower, which contains the famous Shandon bells. As they chime their liquid notes across the old town we recall the verses of our schooldays:—

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shadon bells—
Whose sounds so wild, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spell;
On this I ponder, where 'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee".

The people are gentle, yet charmingly witty and vivacious, and above all extremely courteous. The young ladies with their deep blue eyes and the delicate accents of their Irish brogue possess charms which no bachelor, however hard of heart, can resist. Even Edmund Spenser wooed, won and wedded one of these charming creatures, of whom he writes thus:

"Tell me, ye merchant daughters, did ye see So fayre a creature in your towne before; So sweet, so lively, and so mild as she, Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store? Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright, Her forchead yvory white, Her cheeks lyke apples which the sun hath rudded, Her lipe lyke cherryes charming men to byte."

However much we should love to linger in old Cork we must hasten over the lowlands to Blarney Castle, once one of the strongest fortresses in South Ireland. The castle was built around the middle of the fifteenth century, and with its wall eighteen feet in thickness; it must have been utterly impregnable before the days of gun powder. Today the principle remaining portion is the massive tower one hundred and twenty feet high. But it is not its historical value, neither is it its picturesque appearance that makes Blarney Castle so famous, and draws people from all quarters of the globe. It is a certain stone set in the wall of the tower just beneath its battlement. It is supposed to have been a stone used by the ancients as a talisman. The word Blarney means erin' talk," and is said to have originated at the court of Elizabeth. MacCarthy, an Irish chieftain who resided at the castle, was commanded to take tenure of his lands from the Crown. He always promised to do so with beautifully selected words and flattering speech and never more. occasion the Queen, after hearing another of his smooth speeches, remarked,

"This is all Blarney; what ever he says he never means."
"It is this Blarney stone that—

"Whosever kisses
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent.
"Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,

Or become a member of Parliament."

Shall we not also kiss this wonderful stone which can impart such gifts to mortals; which will ever after move our lips in fervid eloquence; and which will give us graceful speech and persuasive tongue? We climb the winding stairs and at last reach the parapets of this ancient tower. There, overhanging a precipice of one hunded feet, is the interesting stone. Near it is seated a bevy of young ladies patiently waiting for someone to take precedence. Spurred on by eager anticipations for the wonderful gift which will be bestowed upon us, we recline on our backs, and with the assistance of two

other pilgrims, bend far out over the precipice, and succeed in osculating the stone with such an emphatic smack as cause all the young ladies to sigh. To console them we remark that after all there is not much pleasure in kissing a cold, gray stone.

From Blarney we walk over the desolate undulating hills to Coachford, a tiny whitewashed village such as might have been Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." Here we find ourselves comfortably located for the night.

With the early morning we are on the road and after an eight mile walk along the lonely country road lined with stone walls and now and then a little straw-thatched hut, we arrive at Marcroom, a typical Irish town of considerable size. Here Admiral Sir William Penn, the father of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, was born. Here also for centuries after the introduction of Christianity, the bards continued to hold their meetings. In the market place is an interesting congregation of peasants with their donkey carts filled with cabbages, carrots, pigs, geese, and what not. The old women wear long black cloaks with hoods almost completely hiding their faces.

As we leave Macroom the scenery becomes wilder and more beautiful and finally the road leads us along the low, sedgelined Inchigeela Lakes. We meet an Irish rustic on the road who kindly asks us to ride on his cart. We are not loathe to accept and are soon engaged in frendly conversation. Our generous friend proves a most interesting person, intelligent, and possessing a good voice. To our great pleasure he sings us some old Gaelic songs which he has acquired from fathers by tradition, and as their low, plaintive notes, tinged with melancholy, die on those wild Irish moors, with no other accompaniment but the gentle sighing of the winds as they pass through the slender rushes of the Inchigeela Lakes, we are at once transported to the ancient days when along these very hills roamed the hoary Irish bard, garbed in his sable robes, his eyes glittering with an unearthly fire as he sings and with master hands strikes on his harp the deep and doleful chords that bespeak the sorrows of his dying race.

We soon alight at the humble hut of our friend, and here with all the generosity of the Irish heart, the good housewife spreads us our simple meal of bread and milk. In the shadows of the deep hearth glow the dying embers of a peat fire; from the rafters above it are suspended some choice flitches of Irish bacn; the only floor of the hut is mother earth herself, but was there ever such bread and milk? Surely noble hearts do not only beat under jewelled breasts! We are refreshed and pursue our way with new zeal and interest. The long, country road winds on before us until it loses itself in the distance, and we pray so may our lives wind on peacefully and quietly into the sunny maze of the future.

Now we are at Ballingeary, "the place in the wilderness," only a small village, but interesting for its college instituted for the sole purpose of reviving the Gaelic tongue and its vigorous literature.

Another long tramp brings us to the Irish mountains in one of whose deep valleys lies the lonely lake of Gongone Barra. One cannot conceive of a scene of sterner grandeur wilder beauty, and of more intense solitude than this desolate valley encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains towering to the height of eighteen hundred feet. The sun had already set as we and our Irish guide wandered through the silent place. The calm waters of Gongane Barre were reflecting in last gleams of a glorious sunset such as may only be seen in Ireland and which Turner declared unsurpassable. The rugged profiles of the mighty mountains against the roseate western sky, the murmurings of numerous torrents and cascades, and the shadows ever growing darker, present a scene altogether lovely. There on the placid bosom of the lake lies a little island, and thus the poet has sung of it:—

"There is a green island in lone Gongone Barra,
Where Allna of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to the lake, from their home in the mountains;
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning."

On this little island but a little over half an acre in extent,

was the hermitage of St. Fin Barra who lived in the seventh century.

"A little lowly Hermitage it was, Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side Far from resort of people that did pas In traveill to and froe."

In the centre of the island and near a holy well, there still remains a quadrangle of rude masonry, in whose walls are eight small cloisters or praying stations. In the middle of the enclosure is a large cross. Here on the feast day of St. Fin Barra and St. John the Baptist pilgrims still congregate to do homage.

We wander on in the gloomy splendor of twilight into the seluded green Valley of Desmond. The Desmond family were once a prominent Irish family. Thomas, heir of the family, too eager in the chase, was overtaken by night and had to seek shelter in the cottage of a dependent. Catherine, the beautiful daughter of his host, incited such a passion in him that he married her, and by his inferior alliance he degraded his family and alienated his followers. Today there are no traces here of the proud Irish chieftain, or his clan, more than a few tiny huts along the hill-side, and all is silence save the murmuring of the brooks as they wander from their mountain home.

We spend the night at Gogane Barra, and the following morning, armed against the ravages of hunger with some coarse hearth bread provided by a rosy-cheeked Irish colleen, we soon find ourselves at the entrance to the Pass of Keiman-eigh. Keim-an-eigh is the Gaelic for "the path of the dear." The Pass is a deep defile of about two miles in length, between lofty cliffs of the wildest character, and it is just wide enough for a road and a rushing mountain brook. The gray cliffs partially covered with the prickly gorse, the purple hue of the heather among the carelessly strewn rocks, and to add to the gloomy grandeur of it all, a drizzling rain, unite to show us nature in its grandest garb. Here there is nothing to betray the hands of man. We continue on the lonely road at the feet of these rocks and at length again find ourselves among the green fields of the humble peasant whose hut

netles so closely to the mountain side and so unobstrusively that it may hardly be seen.

A little further, and the waters of Bautry Bay burst on our view. We watch the tide as it breaks its foamy crest on the rugged cliffs, and receding, leaves them scatterd with the soft, brown sea-weed. Now the road loses itself among the mountains, and then again the wide expanse of sea spreads itself before us. Again the lofty mountains, sterner and more rugged than ever enclose us until we come to Glengariff village whose sole livelihood is apparently gained by entertaining travellers.

The arrival at Glengariff brings another day to its close and in the morning with the careful attention paid us by our host we are again prepared for a day on foot. We leave Glengariff and its beautiful harbor, studded with many islands, glistening in the bright morning sun and continue on our mountain road winding in and out along steep precipices and deep valleys until we are in the very heart of the Irish mountains. Each succeeding panorama surpasses the last until we fear Nature will outdo herself. Everywhere stretches vast expanse of everlasting mountains, their lofty crowns hidden in the great gray clouds. The solitude is impressive. No sign of humanity may be seen anywhere, save the green fields of the farmer far in the valley below, and his tiny hut noticeable only by the curling motion of the thin blue smoke against the dark shadows of the mountain as it ascends heavenward. Now we descend and pursue our way along the low road, drinking in the sublime creations of Nature.

Surely Ruskn correctly terms these awful mountains as the "great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars."

One moment the sunlight plays on the mountain side lighting the heather and yellow gorse with a strange confusion of purple and gold, and then again it hides itself among the dark gray clouds, leaving the deep ravines with their lichen-covered rocks in unconceivable gloom.

Thus we continue until we arrive at Kenmare, a dirty, straggling little Irish village, where after some time we succeed in securing lodging for the night. Another day shall

see us at Killarney, the fairest spot on Erin's Isle.

. A few long miles along black, miry peatbogs, some mountain cimbing, and a sudden turn in the road brings to our view one of the most beautiful scenes in Europe. There, far in the valley below, studded with dark green islands like emeralds on their bosoms lie the blue waters of fair Killarney encircled by the purple-hued mountains, surmounted by the cloudcapped Turk and Mangerton mountain peaks. Here all nature seems to dwell in silence and solemnity. Even the wayward brooks and the numerous cascades tumbling down the rocky mountain side and hurrying to join the fair Lakes below, cease to murmur and their echoes die on the rippling water. The silver stretch of crystal water, girded by the greatest variety of foliage, among which glistens the glossy leaf of the arbutus, native only to Ireland, and beyond, the majestic mountains, their sides arrayed in ever-changing hues, presents a scene than which nothing could be more lovely. It is too intensely beautiful, and we turn our eyes to scenes where Nature has been less prodigal. The day is well nigh spent, and night already draws her sable garments over the beautiful garden spot. A cool walk through a shady glen with occasional glimpes of the silvery lakes glistening through the dark fir groves brings us to Killarney village. I soon find myself seated in a spacious armchair before a pleasant open fire, and here, my gentle readers, weary and footsore we shall end our journey, for Biddy has just brought me my "tay and hot wather," and if you permit, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine in?"





The Muhlenberg.

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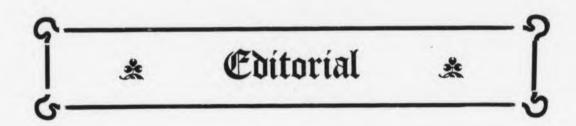
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Contributions to "The Muhlenberg"

Students are requested to contribute literary articles, dissertations, stories and poems to this journal. All material submitted will receive due consideration. Short stories are especially desired.





he fellow who is always kicking at others should kick himself occasionally.

It's the fellow who "roots" to the extent of twenty-five cents that counts at football games.

Freshmen and Sophs should be civilized on Sunday, a least.

It would improve some fellows to come out on the athletic field and have their rough-edges smoothed.

The lectures were scheduled to be heard by the students, not to be heard of by them.

The only advantage in keeping late hours is, that the bed won't be worn out so quickly.

Anent Our Library.

We have a good library, but how few of us take advantage of the treasures there offered us? We could spend an hour a week very profitably in merely seeing what books the shelves contain and becoming acquainted with these mute yet helpful companions. Each one should number some books in his list of friends. There is beauty in a printed page as there is beauty in a painted picture.

Our Athletics.

This year's athletic record of Muhlenberg is one of which we need not be ashamed. In view of the fact that this is practically our first football season in two years, our record has been exceptionally remarkable. We had to start with a new team, men who hadn't played together before, some, who never took part in a football game, and out of this melange, as it were, produce an eleven worthy of the college. Starting with a defeat, the men worked steadily and faithfully until now we have three victories, one tiegame and only two defeats as the result of the work thus far. Prospects are very bright indeed for a more glorious season next year.

Athletic Notes &

sized crowd of rooters and loyal supporters, our gridiron warriors tore up Perkiomen's ranks at will, but failed to score through an unlucky play near the goal line. The whole team showed up well. Coleman, Miller, Nonamaker, Schneller and Albert always made good gains, while Stump was the particular star of the game in tackling, with Albert and Coleman close seconds. Perkiomen played a clean, persistent game, but at no time did they threaten our goal. The line up:

Muhlenberg.		Perkiomen Seminary.
Nonamaker	L.	EFetter
Schneller (Marks)	L.	T High
J. Bittner	L.	G Kratz
Schock	C.	Melchoir
Stump	R.	G Arnold
		TForcey
		E Bobb
		B Nicholas
Miller (Capt.)	R.	H. B Cole
		H. B Griffith
Smith	F.	B (Capt.) Lehman

Referees, Singmaster, of Gettysburg, and Lutz, of F. & M. Time of halves 15 minutes. Linesmen, Bert Perkiomen; Karkau, M. C. Timers, Christman, Perkiomen; Shimer, M. C.

Defeat 6-23.

Sat. Oct. 21, the team journeyed to Myerstown and tested their strength and skill with Albright College. Our fellows started out with rush and scored a touchdown in five minutes. Albright then tried her luck and it took fifteen minutes for her to score. The score stood 6—5, our favor, when two of the worst kind of fumbles were made, presenting Albright with two unearned touchdowns. Disheartened our fellows allowed them to score again in the second half. Miller and Schneller gained the most ground, while J. Bittner was all over the field in tackling. The entire team show up well and but for the two fumbles stood a good chance of winning.

Muhlenberg.		Albright.
Nonamaker	L.	E Smoyer
		T Brown
		G (Helwig) Dunkelberger
Schock	C.	R. Kelchner
Stump	R.	G Gensemer
Coleman	R.	T Hoffman
Albert	R.	E (Act Capt.) Wallace
W Bittner	Q.	B Wanner
Miller (Capt.)	R.	H. B J. Kelchner
Butz	L.	H. B Merkel
Smith	F.	B Isenberger

Touchdowns Isenberger (2), Brown, Wallace, Miller. Goals from touchdown, R. Kelchener 3, Smith Referee, C. Kelchner, Albright. Umpire, Singmaster, Gettsyburg. Linesmen and timer for M. C. Marsh and Breidenbach, Time of halves 20 and 25 minutes.

Victory 5—o.

Wednesday, Oct. 25, we played a return game with Perkiomen at Pennsburg and wiped out the o-o score of the former game. Each team was confident of winning but the "Cardinal and Gray" had the upper hand all through the game. The team played great ball when they held Perkiomen on the one yard line. As in the former game, Miller, Schneller and Coleman tore great holes in their line. The whole team

played well on the defensive, while little Albert mas	de the best
tackle of the game when he nipped a promising en	d run.

Muhlenberg.			Perkiomen.
Albert	R.	E.	Bobb
Coleman	R.	T.	Forcey
Stump	R.	G.	Arnold
Schock	C.		Melchoir
I. Bittner	L.	G.	Kratz
Schneller (Marks)	L.	Т.	High
Nonamaker	L.	E.	Fetter
W Bittner	Q.	В.	Nicholas
Butz	L.	H.	B Grimth
Miller (Capt.)	R.	Н.	B Cole
Smith	F.	В.	(Capt.) Lenman
75 1 1 C 1 11 T	2.0		Dealman Muhlenberg

Touchdown, Schneller Referees, Bachman, Muhlenberg, and Hyde, Perkiomen. Linesmen, Marsh, M. C.; Bert, Perkiomen. Timers, Karkau, M. C.; Kase, Lafeyette. Time of halves 20 and 25 minutes.

Victory 31-0.

Saturday, Oct. 28, the Allentown Preps. journed to our camp to see how our foot-ball machine was working. After scoring a touchdown on them in the first few minutes of play the Preps. braced and played exceptionally well for so light a team. They could not stand the pace however, and when the return came in they had lost 31-0. At first Shalter made some pretty end runs for the Preps, but our fellows soon braced and nipped all in their end runs in the bud. It is only fair to the Preps to say that after Shalter had his ankle injured in the second half their team was Considerably weakened. Nonamaker and Albert ran the ends in great styles and as usual Miller, Schneller and Coleman plowed the line, while Smith ran 65 yards for a touchdown. Albert, W. Bittner and Coleman made fine tackles with the rest of the team not far behind in this respect.

Muhlenberg.		Allentown Prep. School.
Albert	R.	E Smith
Coleman	R.	T Haler
Stump	R.	G Freeman
		Bechtold
Schneller (Marks)	L.	G Tryon
•		T Lentz
Nonamaker	L.	E Schantz

Breidenboch	Q.	В.		Shalter
Miller (Capt.)	R.	H.	В	Snyder
W Bittner				
Smith				
	-			

Touchdowns, Miller (2), Smith (2), Schneller. Safety, Nonamaker. Goals, Smith (4). Referee, Singmaster, Gettysburg. Referee, Jacobs, U. of P. Timers, Prof. Kunkle, Prep. Mr. Berkemeyer, M. C. Linesmen, Morning Prep.; Karkau, M. C. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes. Forfeited Game, 6—0.

Saturday, Nov. 4, Kutztown Normal lined up against the Varsity on the Muhlenberg field. As usual, Muhlenberg played listlessly at the beginning and allowed the Normal to score. Then, however, we went at them with a vengeance and carried the ball the entire length of the field in seven minutes. It was at this point that Kutztown did the "babyact." When Smith went over for a touchdown they tried to steal the ball and claim it on a fumble, and though the referee was there and saw it was no fumble, Kutztown disputed the touchdown and left the field at the end of the first half. Smith kicked the goal. If any one had wished to kick, Muhlenberg could have disputed Kutztown's touchdown. These are the facts in the case. Muhlenberg was holding Kutztown within five yards of the goal. It was Kutztown's third down, they fumbled and one of their men got the ball but was downed a foot from the line when the referee blew his whistle. Notwithstanding this, the player crawled across the line, Muhlenberg never raised an objection. Kutztown's actions in this game were unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanly. It is to be regretted that the second half wasn't played, as many of those who saw the game, said that Muhlenberg would have scored at least twice in the next half and Kutztown would have done little.

Muhlenberg.		Kutztown.
Albert	R.	E Gross
Coleman	R.	T Aid
Stump	R.	G Brennan
Schock	C.	Rapp
J. Bittner	L.	G Holtzman
Schneller (Marks)	L.	T McBride
Nonamaker	L.	E Shore

Breidenbah	Q.	B Bagenstose
		H. B Ely
W Bittner	Q.	H. B Snyder
Smith	F.	B O'Donnell (Capt.)

Touchdowns, Smith, Ely. Goals, Smith, Bagenstose. Umpire, Springer. Referee, Singmaster. Time of halves 25 minutes

G-Alumni Notes &

e greatly regret to learn that Rev. Revere F. Wieder, D. D., LL.D., 69., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has suffered an attack of paralysis so that he cannot use his right hand and can hobble only a square at a time. He is however slowly improving.

'70. Rev. Wm. K. Frick, D. D., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin was elected English secretary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America, whose sessions recently were held in Milwaukee.

'74. Hon. M. C. Henninger, of Allentown, Pa., is chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Lehigh County.

'75. Hon. James L. Schaadt and wife, of Allentown, Pa., have returned from an extended European tour.

'76. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, of the college Faculty, is one the translators of the works of Luther edited by Dr. J. M. Lenker.

'77. Rev. Wm. J. Miller, D. D., of Greensburg, Pa., now is President of the Pittsburg Synod of the Luthran church.

'78. The bright little son of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Herbst, of Allentown, Pa., met a shocking death in an automobile accident.

'78. Prof. Oliver G. J. Schaadt, is a member of the faculty of the Groff Preparatory School of New York city.

'79. The case of Sarah Culp, assignee of Charles Culver, against M. F. S. Keck Association, of Alliance, was opened in the Easton Court yesterday before Judge Scott. Former District Attorney E. J. Lichtenwalner, of Allentown, appeared

as council for the plaintiff and former District Attorney Parke H. Davis, of Northampton county, for the defendant. Mr. Lichtenwalner, made an eloquent plea for his client and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for \$104.95. After the verdict was returned Judge Scott complimented Mr. Lichtenwalner upon his excellent speech for the plaintiff.

The Keck Association is a beneficial organization. Culver was a member of it and held a policy which provided that the organization was to pay his funeral expenses upon his death. He died in Jersey City in November, 1904, but the association did not contribute towards the expense of his funeral. The defense alleged that the agreement was violated by Mrs. Culver not notifying the association of Culver's death, as was required by the contract. It was alleged that Mrs. Kulp is not the legal assignee of the deceased.

Allentown Chronicle and News.

'80. At the annual banquet of the Pennsylvania German Soiey held in Rajah Temple, Reading on the evening of Oct. 27, Governor S. W. Pennypacker, Congressman I. P. Wanger, Frederick P. Unger, Reginald Wright Kauffman and Dean George F. Ettinger responded to toasts. Dr. Ettinger treated "Our Pennsylvania German Wives and Sweetharts."

'80 Robert Steckel is interested in a mining company in California.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal school, was one of the teachers at the last season of the New York Chautauqua.

'84. John M. Dettra, Esq., is one of the leading members of the Norristown bar.

'84. Prof. C. Ernest Wagner and wife returned from their summer outing in Europe, shorly after the opening of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

'85. Francis G. Lewis, Esq., succeeds Dr. H. H. Herbst, '78, as President of the Board of Control of the Public schools of Allentown, Pa.,

'87. Milton Kuehner is now in the employ of Ray Ritter, music dealer, of Allentown, Pa.

'89. Rev. Elmer O. Leopold is now a resident of Allentown.

'90. Rev. I. B. Ritter has moved from Emaus, Pa., to North Fourth street, Allentown.

'90. Hon. A. J. Yost, Mayor of Allentown, Pa., has been granted six months leave of absence in order to travel for his health. A letter recently received from Albuquerque, New Mexico, states that his Honor has gained seven pounds in weight.

'91. We are greatly pleased to meet Rev. and Mrs. Milton J. Bieber, of Binghhampton N. Y. at the meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society held in Reading, October 27. Rev. Bieber is the enthusiastic and successful Home Misisonary of the General Council and is at present looking up the Lutheran interests in the New England States.

'92. Hon. A Stanley Ulrich, of Lebanon, Pa, the father of Paul S. Ulrich of'92, died early in Fall. He was for many years a Trustee of Muhlenberg and a loyal friend of the cause of education.

'92. Leo Wise, Esq., has succeeded Francis G. Lewis, Esq., as City Solicitor of Allentown, Pa.

'94. We regret to announce the death of the mother of David A. and Samuel P Miller, of the Allentown Morning Call.

'96. The magnifient new house of worship of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Allentown, Pa., of which Rev. George A. Greiss is the very popular and successful pastor, has been completed and dedicated. It is without doubt the handsomest church building in Allentown.

'96. Rev. J. J. Schindel has moved from Coplay, Pa. to south Fifth street, Allentown where he is occupying a new home.

'98. Last Summer Rev. William A. Billheimer, of Youngswood, Pa., lost his life in trying to save a young woman from drowning.

'98. Rev. Wm. E. Steckel is now located at Marietta, Pa., where he is pastor of a flourishing Presbyterian congregation. He is still a loyal son of Muhlenberg.

'99. Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman, is now the head of the newly established Lutheran Hospital for young men in Phil-

adelphia. The verdict, the right man at the right place.

'99. Since the last reports of "Our Alumni" were printed Dr. Wm. A. Hausman, Jr., and Miss Mary Repass, the youngest daughter of Rev. J. A. Repass, D. D., were married. Dr. Hausman has opened an office at the corner of Hamilton and Howard streets.

1901. William P. Fetherolf is engaged in school work in Daggett, California.

1901. Rev. G. Keller Rubrecht, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Nora H. daughter of Mrs. Sarah Brobst, of 232 North Thirteenth street, Allentown, Pa., recently were married in the chapel of Christ Lutheran church by Rev. Charles M. Jacobs, assisted by Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman, of Philadelphia.

1901. On the twenty-sixth of October, Rev. Edward J. Wackernagle, of Elizabethtown, Pa., and Miss Bertha, daughter of Mrs. Margaretta Strountz, of Philadelphia, were married in the latter city.

1902. We wish to congratulate Lawrence H. Rupp, Esq. of Allentown, Pa., upon the splendid manner in which he passed the examinations of the State board.

1903. At the end of the last scholastic year, Charles Webb stood second in a class of 118 in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

1904. Warren F. Acker, recently gave a very successful organ recital in St. Paul's Lutheran church Allentown, of which he is the organist.

1904. Charles A Haines is taking a course in science at Cornell University.

1904. Horace Ritter has resigned his position at Susquehanna University and has entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mount Airy.

1905 A reception was given Rev. Charles H. Bohner, pastor of Ebenezer Evangelical Church, last evening in honor of the tenth anniversary of his admission to the holy ministry. Many of his parishners attended and participated in the celebration.

Addresses of congratulation were made to the pastor and his wife, both of whom were raised within this very congrega-

tion, Revs. C. K. Fehr, T. L. Wentz, Aug. Krecker, B. F. Bohner, P. E. and I. F. Heisler.

Dr. Fehr also spoke and in behalf of the congregation presented the pastor with a substantial purse.

Elegant music was furnished by the Ebenezer Orchestra and the ladies who were primarily the promoters of the affair formed a Ladies' Chorus and sang "The Glory Song."

Following this entertainment the ladies prepaired and served a nice luncheon to which all did justice.—Allentown Chronicle and News.

1905. It has been estimated that only about three per cent of the men of America the regular attendants of the various churches of the country. How to reach and save the great number of non-church-goers is a burning problem demanding solution at the hands of all earnest Christians. For the purpose of getting the views of different men of all walks of life, Rev. Charles H. Bohner, pastor of the Ebenezer Evangelical Church, Turner street near Seventh, recently wrote letters to fifty gentlemen asking them three questions: First, Why are not more Allentown men members of the Church? Second, Are the churches of Allentown really doing the work which the church of Christ was founded to accomplish? What are the most helpful features of church life to-day? A large number of interesting and suggestive replies were received from all classes of men ranging from the professional to the laboring man. Taking these replies as a basis Mr. Bohner will preach a series of sermons on "Why Men do not go to Church," in Ebenezer Church beginning with next Sunday evening. He has announced the following topics: October 15, "The Faults of the Pulpit"; October 22, "The Faults of Society." The services will begin at 7 o'clock. Ebenezer Orchestra will render selections and the friends of the congregation Chronicle and News. are invited to attend.

1905. George E. K. Guth is one of the enterprising Proprietors of the Lafayette Hotel, Allentown, Pa., that has been entirely renovated and refurnished.

1905. Claude G. Shankweiler, Allentown, Pa., is a senior in Princeton University.

Intra Muros &

B

arba 'o6: "Es ist nur ein Barba."

Karkau: "Gott sei dank."

Sterner '06: "Doctor does Hell only last seven

years?"

Dr. B.: "Eve was taken from Adam in the form of a rib."

Schatz '08: "Does a woman then have one more rib than a man?"

Prof. R. Don't fool with Umbenhauer, he might explode Mueller 'o6: "Love is a tickling under the heart that can't be scratched."

Dr. W.: "Reiter should eat Quaker (town) oats."

Dr. E.: "Which book is before the primer?"

Smith 'o6: "The first I guess."

Rev. J.: "The home and seat of bluffing is the college."

Seyler '08 is laid up with typhoid fever.

Dr. O. (discussing ghost stories): "It is said that there is a house in Montgomery Co, where murder occurred and that ever since a stream of blood is running down on the outside wall."

Mueller 'o6: "Perhaps it is paint running off the roof."

Dr. W.: "We have this statement in the New Testament by whom?"

Rhodes '09: "Herodotus."

Prof. R.: "What shape is the heart?"

Albert '09: "Heart shaped.

Smith 'o6: "How you do marry, beware you young men: The wise never tarry too long."

Ot. 25, Ritter speaks of the "geometrical affinity" in Philosophy.

Dr. E.: "How do you decline duo?"

Hamm '09: "Duus, dua duum."

Dr. E.: "Don't do us in that way."

Dr. B.: "Smith, why is a rainbow semicircular?"

Smith '09: "Because it is the shadow of a projection of the earth."

Krause '08 (to Prof. H.): "Prof. will you please show me where Apollo is located on the map."

Wohlsen '09 (standing in front of Y. M. C. A.): "Hello Michler.

Michler walks over.

Wohlsen '09: "What did you think of that girl I had out to the game. Wasn't she a peach?"

Dr. W.: "Why are you late?"

Umbenhauer '08: "It's those women of the cleaning committee, they pry into all the things I have in my room."

Dr. W.: "Yes they have plenty of work to do to clean out the stalls."

Dr. E.: "Jupiter would hardly have taken prize in a moral shokw."

Barba 'o6: "Rudy, are you going out star-gazing this evening?"

Rudy 'o6: "No, I had my STAR gazing on Saturday and Sunday."

Wohlsen' oo: 8 A. M. "I am going to reform now."

8 P. M. Seen in Company with "Umby," Smith & Co. on Hamilton street.

Midnight. "Pete" returns.

Dr. Lear has begun a series of talks to the students on "Social Evils."

The new students were matriculated by the Dean on Monday, Oct. 30. On the following Wednesday the men were admitted to membership in the literary societies.

The Press Club has been reorganized, and the following officers have been eleted: President, J. D. M. Brown '06; Vice President, E. T. Horn '07; Secretary, W. Deibert '07; Treasurer, W. Schock '07.

The Junior Class elected the following Ciarla staff: Editor-in-Chief, Deibert; Business Managers, Shimer, Breidenbah; Artists, Muhler, Marks, Peters, Lauer, Bittner; Sub-editors, Ettinger, Kuhns, Horn, Mauch, Nickum, Boyer, Hering, Schoch.

Literary Notes.

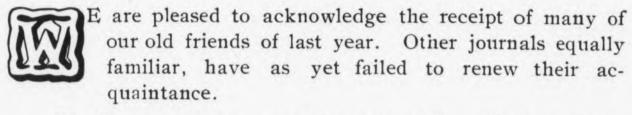
owever much the friends of Keats may endeavor to inaugurate a Keats revival, efforts seem destinued to fail, for the latest volumes added to the library of the dreamy author of Endymion were received with little enthusiasm by the literary 400. The October "Century" contains interesting articles on the Brownings and on Shelly.

Judging from the present dramatic outlook, Prof. Brander Matthews' recent assertion that the drama will gain precedence over the novel during the twentieth century, doesn't seem to be lacking in verifying proof.

Will literary tortures never cease! Now Shaw, the notrious, announnces that he is preparing a new play, "Major Barbara," that will put "Man and Superman," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" into the shade. Oh, Mr. Shaw! there is a limit and you have reached it.

In the "Independent" for October 26, 1905, is an excellent poem,—rather Shellyan, it is true, but fine nevertheless—by Theodore Roberts.

Gexchange Dept. 2.



The Sorosis contains several good articles. That on Jane Eyre is interesting and earnest, but rather amateurish. Few books have been more praised and more condemned, and justly so in each case, than has Charlotte Bronte's great masterpiece. We can hardly agree with the writer that Miss Bronte yielded to popular demand, and her sympathy with her heroine in marry-

ing Jane Eyre to Mr. Rochester. In Vilette she refused to bless Lucy Snow in a similar fashion—Lucy Snow, who even more than Jane Eyre, was the creature of her inmost heart and love.

Appreciative and well-written character sketches of Shakespeare's "Brutus" appear in the *Red and Black* and the *Sorosis*. Brutus the dreamer, the idealist, the patriot, "open, honest, knightly and chivalric," not the scoundrel, the rogue and the base conspirator some have lately discovered him to have been.

Stories in which Pennsylvania German life and character are portrayed, are few, and those few too frequently do violent injustice to the strong virtues of the Pennsylvania German. The Sketch Book and the Red and Black contain reviews of Mrs. Helen R. Marten's books, "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid" and "Sabina." Even though the dialet be strained they are stories of the Pennsylvania German of real merit.

Lovers of Milton will appreciate the article on "Lycedas" in the Sketch Book.

The Red and Black has good literary material, but there is so little of it.

The *Mount Holyoke* is always up to the standard. The Commencement address by Bliss Perry, "On being academic," should be of special interest to College students. "College Athletics" is a strong plea for sound physical training, not only for the few on the teams but for the mass of the students as well.

The Delaware College Review is an attractive journal. The October number contains a well written story, "A Casket at Eventide."

The College Folio and College Breezes would be decidedly improved by more literary material.

The Hill School Record is one of the most attractive and well-written of our exchanges. The fiction is clever—two stories, "In a College Dormitory" and "His Best Story," decidedly so. "The charm of Byron's poetry" is an excellent article.

TWICE TOLD TALES.

There was a young man took his ease.

He thought "I'll do as I please."

"I'll pass sure enough."

But the exams. were tough,

And his marks were a long list of D's.—Ex.

"Now Mabel, cautioned her mother, you mustn't sit out on that cold bench to-night without anything around you."

"I wont mother" promised the dutiful daughter, "George will attend to that alright."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE WILLOWS.

On the river
Where the quiver
Of the May time sunshine lingers,
There the willows,
By the shallows,
In the ripples dip their fingers
As a band of dreaming pilgrims,
In a fountain bathe their fingers.

Lithesome, slender,
Leaflets tender
Gently floating on the stream,
Feel its blessing,
Soft caressing,
As a face within a dream,
As a half-f rgotten sweetheart
Lingers in a lover's dream.

Drooping willows, By the shallows Shallows of the peerling stream.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Papa—"What time is it down there?"
Daughter—"Just ten by the clock, papa."

Papa—"All right! But don't forget to start the clock again when Willie leaves "-Ex.

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Muhlenberg

December, 1905

Vol. XXIII.

\$20. 4.

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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

VOL. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., DEC. 1905.

No. 4.

When Memory Wakes.

(On reading Maeterlinck's Immortality.)

HEN Age has quaffed the mellow bowl,
And the golden sun of Life has set;
When locks are gray and eyes are blear,
And ears no more the linnet fills
With songs that gush from Nature's breast;
When all the sky is dark and gray,
And winter's lights are burning low,
Then Memory wakes; and she and I
We wander o'er the long lost days,
And down the valleys of the years.

Ah, Memory sweet! with her I roam
Again to view the fairy lands
Of days when all the world was young;
Again to be a care-free lad,
To live again the sunny hours;
To glow with youth's ambitious rage,
And on aspiring wings to climb
The lofty peaks of star-crowned Fame;
To feel the murmuring stream of love,
Arising, thrill my youthful breast;
And oh! in Memory's halls to meet
The loved forms of long ago,
And there to hear the gentle voice
That oft has soothed our childish woe,
And there to touch the tender hands,
Long since turned to primeval dust.

When Memory, gentle guide, has led Me through the hazy dales of yore, And kindly Death at last dissolves This feeble frame, must we then part? If Memory and I dissevered be, Must I, unfettered, sail alone The unbound Sea of radiant Light? What rapture then eternal Life For me unknowing and unknown?

The Christmas Dawn

M.

song, sung to still the restless tossings of a sick child, re-echoed through the silent house. Softly it stole along the quiet halls and found its way through the deserted apartments. It came like the carol of a heavenly chorus, but tuned by a mother's love and compassion.

It was Christmas eve, and the hour of midnight had long since passed. Without, it seemed as if all the elements had arisen in their rage and might, to defy the coming of another day. Since early in the evening the snow had been falling unceasingly, whirling round the church tower in foaming, dashing eddies, and hurling itself spitefully against the gleaming clock face. It hid the grime and filth of the city beneath its kindly mantle and strove to bury the belated wayfarers under its weight. Drop, drop, drop came the ceaseless drip of water from the eaves. Fall, fall, fall, came the never-ending snow. Interminable as the hours to one on a bed of sickness, and endless as the passage of time. Slowly as the hours passed, they were tolled out by the clock in the tower. No other sound rose above the noise of the elements save this hourly reminder of man's mortality.

The hour had again been tolled by the bell and the sound muffled by the falling snow penetrated the chamber of sickness. She had been dozing with the child on her arms, but the clang of the bell caused it to stir uneasily and she resumed her singing.

The room was but dimly lighted by a shaded night lamp, which gave the different objects a solemn ghostly appearance. In one corner of the room it revealed the little iron crib; in another the neglected playthings, while the character of the room's occupancy was still more plainly shown by the baby garments here and there in evidence.

Opposite to her there was a "Madonna of the Goldfinch" trimmed with evergreens. Further down there was a "Holy Family." They glowed in the subdued light of the lamp as the shadows chased each other across the room. In the dim wierd light they seemed almost human.

She had been watching them, and the scent of fresh pine brought to her a vivid sense of the past. The pictures seemed strangely human and in the flickering light, changed and grew into ever-varying fantastic forms and shapes. As she rocked the child and felt the restless little body in her arms, her gaze would wander to the pictures before her. Like human companions they recalled the events of other times and other scenes. She was re-living her girlhood days, and the wind moaning and howling without seemed to tear away the dark veil of years.

They were pleasant memories in which she indulged, recalling the days when she and Richard first met, the days of their youth when they had not yet been tried by the crucial test of years. Through the long dim vista of years these times seemed far, far away, and strangely unreal.

Ceaseless watching and waking had now left her weary and exhausted. The sight of the little fevered form in her arms, and the feeble wails of the child seemed to tear her heart strings. It had been a long and bitter struggle against the enroaching advance of death, and now—now on this holy Christmas it seemed as if she had lost. The grim angel was standing at the door.

The clang of the bell in the tower again rang out. It was nearly dawn and she could see that the storm was still raging. Suddenly she heard the distant sound of closing doors and stamping feet, softened by the intervening space. A short interval, and then the echo of ascending footsteps.

He looked tired and wan as he stood in the doorway, but all sign of wearness had left her face. The light drew a golden sheen from her hair, and to him as she sat there holding the child she seemed more glorious than any Madonna.

"Ruth, you are tired and worn out, let me take the little one."

He crossed to her side, and lightly imprinted a kiss on her forehead. She yielded the child to him unprotestingly.

"How has he been this evening?" he questioned anxiously.

"I have failed to get him to sleep, and the doctor said that unless he slept before morning, all hope would be gone."

She crossed to the cot and began to fix it, then she seated herself on the window seat. He could see her face silhouetted again the faint grey of the dawn without. A face grown more dear to him with the passing of year. But now it held an expression of unutterable sadness, the weariness of the soul. He had spent the night in pastoral care at the bedside of sickness and death. He had seen the power of the dread angel, and had felt the fear of its might. It was familiar, and yet so unfamiliar. For death is one of the things to which we never grow accustomed. And its nearness now seemed to crush him.

She, dry eyed and tearless was gazing out into the gloomy dawn. Her mother's love could not quench the fear lest she lose the precious soul which had grown into her life. She had prayed so often, and now it seemed she could no longer do so. Already she felt the bitter pangs of separation, but the thought of it fell on numbed and unfeeling senses.

The drop, drop, drop, of the water from the eaves still continued; the fall, fall, of the snow did not cease. The hands of the clock moved slowely onward, and the coming of the angel of death seemed inevitable.

But finally the restless tossing and moaning of the child ceased and its quiet regular breathing showed the presence of healthful sleep. He laid the child gently in the crib and then crossed to where she was seated gazing out into the storm. His arm stole round her; and then the fountains of her pent up grief were opened. Long and silently she wept and he did not try to stop her. It was a relief from the tense strain of the past days.

"Ruth," he finally said, "God has been good to us. He has give us back a precious life. I seemed to feel tonight that our prayer would not be unheard at this glorious Christmastide.

And God has heard us."

She made no reply, but sitting there in the silent morning, they were as souls reunited by the test of fire. To them, as the joyous sound of Christmas bells rang pealing through the air, there came anew the old time message of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

The Music of Edgar Allen Poe

Luther A. Pflueger, '06.

EXT to the love of purity the kindred love of beauty has done more than aught else to elevate the human race. The divine instinct for the beautiful manifests itself in all art-in painting, in sculpture and in statuary. It is revealed in poetry, and in that more exquisite poetry, music. With Edgar Allan Poe, however, in a sense in which it cannot be said of any other author, they are not merely akin but one. His verse is "married to music of the most alluring charm." The lingering sweetness of his lines haunts us-we scarcely know why. Poe himself tells us that this wonderful melody is not produced under a species of "fine frenzy"-of the "ecstatic intuition" in which poets are supposed to revel. Could we see the poem in the making there would be disclosed many "discarded fancies, painful erasures and interpolations" before the finished product is turned from the loom of the artist's brain. The music of Poe's verse is in part due to the fancy and poetic feeling that pervades it, but still more to its mechanical structure. He revised and restill more to its mechanical structure. He revised and re-revised, keeping ever in mind his theory that poetry is a thing of beauty-of harmony of sound. His meter in youth was at times lame and halting enough, but later he became a master of versification whom not even Tennyson could excel.

Somewhat of Poe's music is due to his meter and his elaborate system of rhyming. He employs not the stately

iambics and the regularly recurring end rhymes of the school of Pope. He originates stanzas peculiarly his own. But whether he writes in iambics, trochees, anapests or dactyls, he is bound by no law never to vary from his adopted model. He throws in or cuts out a syllable at pleasure and this aids in imparting a melody to his poetry which that of the classical, severely correct earlier writers never attains. The rhymes and double rhymes in places expected and unexpected, the repeated words and phrases, lend additional music. Rhyme and meter combine to render these lines from Annabel Lee almost magical in their sweetness.

"For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride, In the sepulchre there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea."

One of the well known devices of music is the refrain. This Poe uses in several of his compositions. In no other is there more marked effect than in "The Raven." The sonorous, orotund, ever repeated "Nevermore" is in keeping with the gloomy setting, and throws its morbid coloring over the whole poem.

The old Saxon poets made use of alliteration, never of end rhyme. Alliteration has ceased to be a law of poetry, but it is still frequently employed. Poe made use of this device perhaps, more often than any other American poet. What a delicious melody it imparts to his lines! What a charm it gives to this verse!

"Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

It must be confessed that all poets sometimes in their search for beauty and finish of style sacrifice sense to sound. In this transgression Poe was the cardinal sinner. Discord was painful to him. He loved the euphony of alliteration. He loved romance and harmony. These were the Moloch to

which he offered up that higher beauty, sublimity of thought. The sacrifice detracted from his value as a poet, but improved him as a versifier. For the sake of the same initial letter or syllable he writes of the "lolling lily," the "Sybilic spendor" of light, of "The pallid bust of Pallas." For the sake of resonance and meter he writes.

"Round about a throne where, sitting (Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen."

The word "Porhyrogene" is not utterly ill-suited, yet plainly chosen for motives of euphony. The alliteration of the following lines from "The Raven" is beautiful, but there is a complete surrender of sense for the fascination of sound.

"Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore."

The idea of a "stately Raven," if such there be, is totally opposed to "many a flirt and flutter;" and the "saintly days of yore" are convenient merely to fill out the line.

It is a source of perpetual pleasure to see with what exquisite skill Poe conforms sound to sense. When he speaks of the death of Lenore there are the long, solemn vowels: "Ah, broken is the golden bowl—the spirit flown forever!— Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;"

Again the words seem filled with soft, liquid, Italian consonants. George E. Woodberry says "In his verses sonorousness counts independently of its relation to the meaning of the words, and the poems seem at intervals to become merely a volume of sound, in which there is no appeal to the mind of all, but only the stimulation of the feelings as by the tones of an instrument." In "The Bells" this is preeeminently true. When Poe speaks of the "sledges with the bells" all is short vowels, quick movement and lightness of touch. "The loud alarm bells" usher in harsh consonants and gutturals. They can only "shriek and clang and clash and roar." In the tolling of the bells there is a "muffled monotone" in which the long o sound predominates. The refrain adds to the effect. In "The Coliseum" there is a befitting stateliness and grand-

eur of movement. Powerful is the majesty and volume of these lines:

"Vastness! and Alge! and Memories of Eld Silence! And Desolation! and dim Night! I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—Oh, spells more sure than e'er Judean king Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane! Oh, charms more potent than the apt Chaldee Ever drew down from out the quiet stars."

All poets, except Walt Whitman, agree in this, that music and rhythm are qualities they cannot utterly afford to slight. Poe may have erred in laying undue stress on them at the expense of other essentials. But we must give him credit for this, that he is the most musical of poets. The melody of "The Raven," "The Bells," "Ulahume," "Lenore,' and others will ever given him a place in the gallery of great American poets.

A Glimpse of Macbeth

Ø. €. R., '06.

It is full of restless passion, eager desires, and the punishments attendant upon those human ambitions. The play is noted for its rapid action which never slackens throughout the entire movement of the different characters. The dramatic poet has a suitable setting for the opening of the play. The first scene is an open place upon a desolate plain, destitute of human beings, where three witches are seen

"that look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are o' it."

They are heard to say that they will meet Macbeth upon the "blasted heath," and in unison their voices shriek, "fair is foul, and foul is fair," which may be considered the keynote of the play. The second scene is a military camp busied with the life of the soldier. What a change of scenery, of place, and of the characters. As Macbeth enters, uttering the refrain of what the weird sisters said, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen," our interest is at once aroused, and our expectations are excited, for the witches each hail Macbeth by his own title and the ones he will hereafter assume. He starts with much surprise, but as he seeks to question them, they vanish into air, and pass away in the same manner as Macbeth's eager attainments will end in oblivion and be no more. Macbeth's blind confidence in what he heard on the heath is heightened and intensified by the fact that even before he reaches the King after the battle, he is met on the road and hailed as the Thane of Cawdor. He is assured of this promotion. He places his trust in the deceptive speech of the witches, and already his covetousness is made manifest,

"Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor; The greatest is behind."

The witches are the first to drive into crime this general who is mighty in battle, this soldier who is glorious in renown. Macbeth had not an evil nature at all, but he was noble at the opening of the play and yet he is subject to human frailties, and when his ambition was appealed to, he was carried away because he yielded to the tempting voices, because of the inviting circumstances and the flattering promises of advancement which immediately crystallize into the secret wishes of his mind.

How suddenly the friendly relatins between man and man are reversed for as "the gracious" Duncan express his misplaced trust in the Thane of Cawdor, in almost the same breath he reposes unlimited confidence in the loyalty of Macbeth. On this assuption of the king's implicit faith in Macbeth and his "black and deep desires" when he hears that Malcom is Prince of Cumberland, it can be truly said, "Stars, hide your fires."

In such a short treatment of Macbeth only a few points can be touched upon in relation to Lady Macbeth. She does not originate the idea of killing King Duncan. It is already in Macbeth's mind, but she fear his nature, lest he be "too full o' the milk of human kindness" and thus wavering, lose courage in the last moment. True, she, as his wife, is ambitious and she would desire to see him king, so she pours her "spirits into his ear."

They prepare to receive their guest, King Duncan, but what a preparation it is! It recalls the outward show attendant upon the return of Agamemnon by Clytaemnestra. Duncan arrives and his speech is sweetly poetical.

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses,"—

For here Banquo says the "temple-haunting martlet" builds her nest in the nooks of the castle walls and "heaven's breath smells wooingly here." But alas! within the palace walls were two persons whose hearts were full of uncleanness and crime, who have murdered their guest in mind before he has arrived.

The action up to the murder of Duncan and after it, is very quick and does not allow Macbeth to stop, but he is borne on irresistibly until he find it necessary to murder the grooms, Banquo, the country people and lastly to "murder sleep."

Many writers enlarge on the knocking at the gate in Macbeth, while there is also a knocking in other plays, as, in Othello, but in Macbeth the porter delays so long, while the other action has been so rapid and hence the knocking at the gate here is given the more weight. This means very much, for what was done in secert will now be proclaimed and the world will know of it. Macbeth makes a serious blunder when he discloses that he murdered the grooms. This causes Lady Macbeth to faint.

Macbeth now is king, but he is in a very perturbed state of mind and in the banquet hall his fears rise to his mouth and his tongue gives utterance to them before the assembled guests. His wife, in her reserve of mind, apologizes for her husband. As the ghost of Banquo rises in Macbeth's seat he is very much terrified so that the guests depart, and leave the hall. Again he visits the witches and with what seem to be indubitable evidence of Macbeth's continuance on the throne, he departs again much stronger and more resolute and he will

fear no one for "none of Woman born shall harm Macbeth" neither should he be vanquished until Birnam wood move against him.

The scene where Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep is a terrible one, for she moves about as though not seeing yet understanding that all her efforts are futile to wash away the stain of blood from her hand, or her mind. She is a victim of the evil desires of her husband. Macbeth is strong to the end, just as Richard III will not give up hope, so they both fall as a punishment to their inglorious wickedness.

Macbeth becomes furious as he says,

"lay on, Macduff;

And damn'd be him that first cries, hold enough!"

Ah, but Macduff is prepared, for his venomed remark will be felt by the body

"I have no words,--

My voice is in my sword"

And the adversary falls at his feet which brings "newer comfort" to the people of Scotland.

The lesson in this play is that temptation is a subtle, crafty passion which will lay hold on any person, even though he is much honored, is valiant and good, for it strikes at his weakest point and will grow, so that the tempation will,

"Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's In deepest consequence.—"

New Moon.

The new moon is a silver bark
That sails the twilight seas,
And moves toward the gates of day
With Westward-blowing breeze.

The Muhlenberg.

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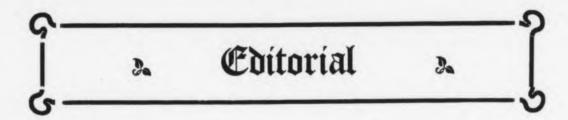
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Contributions to "The Muhlenberg"

Students are requested to contribute literary articles, dissertations, stories and poems to this journal. All material submitted will receive due consideration. Short stories are especially desired.





OME fellows think they should have a whole week to give thanks.

There should be another Thanksgving Day after the exams.

There is too much unsuppressed freshness in some Freshies.

The amount of gray matter in some fellow's brain is as great as the amount of coffee in boarding-house nectar.

Some fellows are so mathematically inclined that all the results of their work are circular.

In the chemical laboratory some get precipitates, others get precipitated.

When some fellows discover a vacumm in their knowledge boxes they proceed to pump in "hot-air" to fill the void.

The grace of resignation is still being displayed by life insurance managers.

The Awarding of the Muhlenberg M.

For the first time in three years, the Muhlenberg M. for meritorious work on the gridiron was awarded by the Advisory Board. During these years there was practically no team at the college and consequently no man was given the letter for football prowess. This year the M's were presented by Prof. Reese at a special meeting of the Athletic Association and each winner of the M was greeted with a rousing cheer when he stepped forward to receive the reward of his athletic endeavors. We trust that the M will be an incentive to greater undertakings and harder work on the part of the men to make more glorious the record of the season just ended. It can be done, and we feel sure it will be done. Those who won the M this year are: W. Bittner, Schneller, Schantz, '06. Breidenbach, J. Bittner, Schock, '07; Coleman, Stump, '08; Albert, Butz, Miller, Nonamaker and Smith, '09.

The Kindness of Messrs. Shankweiler & Lehr.

Several years ago some students who were connected with the Athletic Association bought football goods for the team to the amount of fifty-four dollars at Shankweiler & Lehr's. This bill was never paid, but this Fall the firm announced that they had concelled the debt and relieved the association from paying the amount. We feel greatly indebted to Messrs. Shankweiler and Lehr for this kind action and generosity. We appreciate what they have done for us, and hereby publicly acknowledge our gratefulness.

The Lectures.

On Nov. 3, Dr. John W. Jordan, Librarian of the State Historical society was introduced as the speaker of the afternoon by Dr. Ettinger. The object of the address was to arouse more interest in the local county historical society. In his remarks Dr. Jordan dwelt principally upon Wm. Penn's life and how he came into possssion of that tract of land "which today has a greater value than all Great Britain had at the time of the transfer" and in closing the speaker called attention to

the important part a society for historical research would play in the celebration of the coming centennial and said: "every citizen of Lehigh county should assist in maintaing an historical society for making these proud facts known. Some can give money, others books, some time." The membership should include women and the aid and co-operation of the press should be carefully cultivate a society carried on in this way must cultivate the spirit of loyalty.

Because of Rev. Kretschman's inability to be present on the 10th of Nov., Prof. J. Duncan Spaeth, of Princeton University gave the students and friends of the college a treat in the shape of a talk on Benjamin Franklin. He pointed out that comon sense was a characteristic of all of Franklin's work and altho he had no deep preliminary training his achievements in science were most important. The novel explanation of storm movement, the drawing of lightning from the clouds and allaying the waves of a storm at sea by means of oil simply illustrate the point.

In religion he also differed radically from the New England stock from which he came. Religion became a practical morality for him and he submitted self help for dependence on divine help, summing up his ideas along this line in the maxim: "God helps him who helps himself." Leaving the theological atmosphere of New England he journeyed to Philadelphia where tolerance and a practical way of looking at life opened up a better sphere for his activity.

We are not disappointed when we expect to find the same practical strain running through his literary work. He was perhaps the first American writer to secularize literature. At sixteen he began his life as a writer by contributing to "The Courant," a publication of which his brother was proprietor.

His "Poor Richard's Almanacs" and his "Autobiography" are his chief works. They are noted for their clear and interesting style, for their refined humor and wit and for their terse maxims.

In spite of Franklin's many great qualities he cannot be counted one of the great writers. He acquired his clearness of style for material advancement in newspaper work and, having acquired it, he devoted it merely to writing on material things.

Rev. George Drach on Nov. 17, addressed us on the subject, "Foreign Missions." First of all he pointed out that our obligation to carry on Foreign Missionary work lies in the brotherhood of man and the command of God. Then the cost in money and men was discussed and from this an estimate of the value of Foreign Missionary work for the heathen and for the supporters of the same was given. And last of all we were given a glimpse of the bright outlook for Foreign missionary work in this century by comparing present achievements with those of the early church.

K.

Athletic Notes &

Muhlenberg 11. Slatington A. A. 5.

HIS year's team made a very strong finish of the season by winning from Slatington II to 5 on our new grounds on Saturday, Nov. 11. Muhlenberg kicked off to Slatington who came down the field at a lively clip and aided by the sluggish playing our our men scored a touchdown but failed to kick the goal. The 'Varsity then took a brace and scored two touchdowns. One in the first and one in the second half. With the exception of a fine end run by Albert, line plunges were best means of gaining ground. The team showed the best defensive work of the season when they lost the ball twice near Slatington's goal and immediately held them twice for downs. Our line men played an exceptional game and every one deserves especial credit for charging and tackling. As usual, tackle back formations and Miller through the line gained many yards while Smith ran the ends well on a quick formation play.

The line up:

Muhlenberg		Slatington.
Albert	R. E.	Slavin
Coleman	R. T.	Fritzinger
		Bacchus

Schock	C R. Williams
J. Bittner	L. G Wassum
Schneller	L.T Beebe
Lauer	L. E O'Rourke
Breidenbach	Q. B Roper (capt.)
(Capt.) Miller	R. H. B Hunt
W. Bittner	L. H. B Williams
Smith	F. B Evans

Touchdown, Miller (2). Slavin. Goal from touchdown, Smith. Referee, W. Sigmaster, of Gettysburg. Umpire, H. Singmaster. Timer, Karkau, '06. Linesmen, Ruth and Albright. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

Freshmen 12. Sophomores 10.

Saturday, Nov. 18th the annual affair for supremacy took place between the rival lower classes. Though the Freshmen carried off the laurels the Sophs made them work for all that they got and only the inability to kick goals prevented the Sophs from tying the score. But for stupid playing and miserable fumbling the Freshmen would have scored oftener. The game started out with the Sophs kicking off to the Freshmen, who advanced it to the centre of the field and there lost it on downs. The Sophs were wise and only plowed the line and in a short time went over for a touchdown. Again '09 received the kick, but fumbled on the kick off and Weaver fell on the ball for the Sophs on about the 20 yard line. From here it soon went over for another touchdown by Stump.

Again '09 received the kick, but the time they braced and played good ball. On a fake kick and double pass to the full-back Smith ran 80 yards for a touchdown and then kicked the goal. The first half ended '08-10; '09-6.

In the second half the Freshmen braced and held the Sophs. for downs at the goal line. They pushed the ball to the centre of the field and then Capt. Miller smashed through the line and ran half the field for the second touchdown. Smith also kicked the goal. The joy at this in the Freshman camp knew no bounds.

Both classes showed up well and deserve a great amount of credit. The Sophs, had a great line plunger in Stump and a good quartette of players in Stump. Coleman, Paulles and

Rudh.

For the Freshmen, their line held well for its weight and experience but their ends were kept on the anxious bench and didn't get a chance. The entire back-field played well, especially Smith and Miller.

The line-up:

Freshmen. Sophomores.
Nonamker L. E Schatz
Rupp L. T Rudh
Rudolph L. G Weaver
Kline C Umbenhauer
Wohlsen (Green) R.G Krause
Bossard R. T Paulles
Albert R. E Deibert
Butz Q. B (Capt.) Kuhl
Bender L. H. B Stump
Miller (Capt.) R. H. B Coleman
Smith F. B Keiter

Touchdowns, Miller, Smith Keiter, Stump. Goals, Smith (2). Referees, Prof. Reese and W. Wieder. Umpire, Hoxworth. Timers, Kaukau, '06, Schock, '07. Linesmen, Brown. '06; Breidenbach, '07. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

The editor wishes to state that a mistake of the printer appears in the line-up of the team in the last Muhlenberg. He has Marks down as having played in every game as a substitute to Schneller at Left Tackle. Marks played only in the first game.

It is with extreme pleasure that we can say that the past season, considering all things has been a very successful one to Muhlenberg's team. Four victories, one tie and two defeats is very encouraging for this the first organized season in foot-ball. What will be next year? Everyone is predicting a great season. Hurrah.

Basket Ball.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association last week the following elections were made: Manager Basket Ball, F. A. Reiter, '06. Assistant Manager Basket Ball, Lauer, '07. Manager of the Track Team, Karkau, '06. Assistant Manager Foot-Ball, Breidenbach, '07.

Intra Muros &

回

R. E.: "What is the meaning of the lepus (hare)" Smith 'o6: "Somekind of a disease."

Dr. E.: "Well yes with some fellows at this season of the year."

Dr. B.: "What effect did Christ's walking on sea produce upon the disciples?"

Smith 'o6: "They were marvelled."

Romberger relates a story to Ritter: "Where is the joke in that?"

Romberger. "I swallowed it."

Krauss 'o6: "In birds and animals the male attracts the female. But in man the female attracts the man."

It is Tuesday night, Nov. 28th. The rain is descending in torrent. "Too wet, too wet, to woo" says the owl. "No," says the Drey Senior "not when you are in love.," So he puts on his coat, takes his umbrella and rambles off into the night bound for Sei-ders-ville.

Bittner '06 (the fat man fighting): Doctor the beef trust is fighting.

Freshman (speaking of the party which a girl held in his honor): "Yes and she had decorated everything with maroon and grey; the ice cream even was colored with those colors."

Grossman '09 delivered an address in Hebrew at the presentation of the Turkey to Dr. Wackernagle.

Sterner (to Krauss): "Your honor (system) is wanted in the office."

Dr. E. (in Ethics): "To deliberate upon such an unimportant question as to which shoe to put on first would certanly indicate that something was wrong—Yes—either wheels or vacuum."

Dr. B.: "Joshua was of the tribe of Ephraim."

Rudolph: "Wasn't he an Isralite?"

Dr. B.: "Through what organ of body does the mind act?"

Smith: "The eye."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Sterner."

Sterner: "The heart."

Horn '07, spent Thanksgiving in New York.

To hire-Sophomore's wisdom for exams.

Dr. W.: (to Freshman nurslings) "Gentlemen don't come into my room as into a nursery."

Dr. O. (in Psychology): "Why may the mind refuse to work?"

Nickum: "Well-it may have the tired feeling."

"He, she and it are relative pronouns"-Freshman.

Coleman, Rudh and Deibert spent Thanksgiving with Umbenhauer '08.

Dr. E.: Suppose you were called upon to explain to a proniscuous audience the functions of a consul what would you say? Romberger: "I don't think I'd say much."

Barber: "Doctor can a sane person speak idiotic (idiomatic) German?"

Dr. A. "What sort of a basis must we have for Ethies?" Ritter: "A voluntary basis?"

Students are requested to eat in the assembly-room so as not to contaminate the air and attract the flies.

Deibert o8. The heart crusher is in full sway at Reading;—claims 26 in that city.

Rudh, o8. At Reading (after the show): "Gee, fellows, she was heavy.

The literary societies have selected their debating teams for the inter-society debate. Enterpea's debaters are: Luther A. Pflueger. '06; Arthur T. Michler, '07 and John D. M. Brown, '06. Sopbeonia's debaters are: August C. Karkau, '06. Preston A. Barba, '06 and J. Myron Shimer, '07.

Autumn.

On leaves of golden-brown and red The year lies down to rest, And glorious light around his bed Comes crimson from the West. G-Literary 2.

HE swarming of the White Bees" in the December "Century" is one of Dr. VanDyke's most musical and lyrical poems, a valuable addition to modern poetic literature. It is refreshing to read such a poem "in these untuneful times."

Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" has had unprecedented success in New York. It is rare that continental drama is welcome so heartily in critical Manhattan.

We are getting an overdose of Shaw and Shawisms in these days. Let's have some new excitement. Even Shaw is becoming stale; a revival of Ibsenism would be a relief to our surfeited appetites.

One of the most entertaining works not the best known that the year has produced is "Miss Bellard's Inspiration" by William Dean Howells. With but six characters he has woven a delicate tale of love and unconventionality that is pleasing and much more palatable than such books as "The Orchid" or "Mrs. Esssington."

Christmas.

The stars that gleamed on Christmas long ago Still shine upon the earth with silver glow, The Babe that then within the manger lay Has turned the darkness of our life to-day;— Far greater, brighter than those stars is He, Resplendent in His great humility. May every Christmas teach us all to be More lowly in our hearts, and more like Thee, O Christ! Who by Thy birth and sacrifice, Hast opened to Thy world Thy paradise.

J. Exchange Dept. 2.

HE annual foot-ball season has been the motive power in the production of four or five good stories. "The triumph of the Quixotic" in the Red and Black and "The Spectator on foot-ball," in the Hill School Record are perhaps the best. The college of Charleston Magazine and the Purple and White also contain clever stories of contests on the gridiron.

The Red and Black for November is a decided improvement on the previous issue. We commend the subduing of the vivid red tints of the cover.

The College Folio criticises harshly but its own literary material is scanty and very mediocre in quality.

"Enchantment in "The Tempest"," in the Schuylkill Seminary Narrator is a well-written and interesting article, dealing with the enchantments and unrealities of Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest."

College Chips overdoes the historical element in its October issue. Two of the articles, however, "The separation of Sweden and Norway" and "The trouble between Austria and Hungary" are timely and interesting.

The Perkiomenite would be improved by more literary material. One such article only it contains, "A lesson in Shakespere," and that not by an under-graduate.

For literary excellence and variety, few of our exchanges are the peer of the *Mount Holyoke* Though "College Types" treats of the eternal feminine, no masculine reader will fail to appreciate it. The "types" seem so thoroughly familiar. With the author we say of our sister students:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety."

Seldom has it been our pleasure to read a more clever story than "Mrs. Hawkin's stove." With its vague suggestions of the supernatural the mind reverts to Hawthorne. Surging memories too of Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" there are. The little man with garments all dripping, the portent of storm and flood seems almost the prototype of the less romantic, shiftless Jake Dillon whose approach the demon stove regarded as a signal to rival the furnace seven times heated.

The literary notes of the Blue and Gray are excellent. The short article on "Fenwick's Career" by Mrs. Humphry Ward, now running in the "Century" will be of interest to book lovers.

The personality of Longfellow as revealed in his poetry in *The Sorosis* is an appreciative article. The author shows how Longfellow's great sympathetic nature goes out in tenderness towards the children. "How full of understanding of a child's heart does he seem in these lines:

"Oh, little hearts that throb and beat With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desires."

The Junto is breezy and full of life.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges for the first time: Blue and Grav of Friends' Central School; College of Charleston Magazine, Charleston, S. C.; The Argus from the Shelton High School, Conn.; Blue and Gold, of Darlington Seminary; Crimson and White, of Pottsville High School and Mercersburg Academy News, of Mercersburg.

TWICE TOLD TALES.

"Silently one by one in the infinite note-books of the teachers blossom the neat little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors." Longfellow-adapted.—Ex.

Rachel was up-stairs dressing for the party, while !Ikey, her escort, waited in the parlor. Finally growing impatient, he called out:

"Are you ready yet, Rachel?"

"Not quite," Rachel cried, "Shall I wash for a high neck or a low neck?—Ex.

LAMENT.

High in the golden noontide of our joys, Came one who gently led my love away, Forbidding me to follow. On they went Beyond the sunset bar of mortal day, While in the hopeless midnight here I stray.

REPLY.

Though thy beloved now has left thee lone, And all the world is dead at once and drear. List in the leaves the newborn breezes stir, And soon another morning will be here With rosy-tinted dawnings of bright cheer.

-Stanford Sequoia.

There are meters of accent And meters of tone, But the best of all meters Is to meet her alone.—Ex.

Miss K. (while engaged in reading the line-up of a school team from near her home.) "My! they've got wrong initials for every one of our boys." Miss B.—"Oh my, those are not the initials of their names; those letters denote the positions that the boys play."—Ex.

November Quatrains.

The Wizard of the Autumn weaves his spell, Resistless, through the Forest, Field and Dell, Transforming all the Leaves to copper gold. And whisp'ring to the Summer Flowers, "FAREWELL."

No Hand can stay his Incantation dread That charm the World till all its Grace has fled, And banish from the Groves the Nodding Flowers, And leave the Trees with all their Verdure dead.

Ah! Autumn Days, when Nature slowly dies, Within your Fleeting Hours what Sadness lies! And, when we see the Meadows Green no more, What Tears Unwept comes thronging to our Eyes!

_'06

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Muhlenberg

January, 1906

Vol. XXIII.

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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JAN. 1906.

No. 5.

A Dream of Youth.

DREAMT again of youth's mad love,
Of perfumed winds that blow,
Of mystle and of lavender,
And roses bending low,

Of shady groves and velvet lawns, Of hidden dewy dell Where all the day the robin pipes His lay of love to tell.

'Mong scenes as these again I roamed, A maiden by my side; Her eyes were soft as falling mist Her lips the roses vied.

Her cheeks divine the summer kissed, Her hair the sunbeams bind, But oh! beneath her bosom soft Was winter's icy wind.

I weep nor sigh, but o'er my soul
There creeps a death like chill;
Now trees are bare, and hushed the birds,
For me 'tis winter still.

W. E. H., '06.

The Drunken Passenger

Howard H. Rrauss, '06.

road for a number of years. Our train left Silverspring at 12.05 A. M. every night, with a good sized crowd but on Wednesday night of Christmas week, we pulled out of Silverspring with an unusually large crowd on board, many of whom had been celebrating in the city. The weather was intensely cold, and while it caused revelers to imbibe more than an ordinary quantity of "Christmas Cheer," it also kept them from feeling the effects of it until they got into the warm and closed cars.

Among the crowd was a particular noisy and quarrelsome party of half a dozen young men from Big Pond, who had gotten on just before the train started. We hadn't noticed anything peculiar about the men to distinguish them from the rest of the crowd, except from the fact, that the leader of them was as fine a specimen of physical young manhood as I had ever seen, fully six feet high, well built, and to every appearance a trained athlete. Big Pond was about forty miles from Silverspring, and nearly every passenger had left the car, which was in the rear of the train, by the time we had gotten two-thirds of the way out. Some of the party had fallen asleep in their seats, and much of the hilarity had ceased.

The leader of the party, however, was in a quarrelsome mood and began abusing some of his companions in such a manner that the war of words would speedily have led to a fight unless checked. They finally got so noisy and profane in their launguage that I left my place in the rear of the coach, and going to the forward end of the car where the party sat, I cautioned them sharply about their conduct and told them plainly that if it did not stop, I'd put the whole party off between the stations. This had a quieting effect on them with the exception of the leader, who just about intoxicated enough to be mean, profanely informed me that if I or any one else

laid a hand on him we would be going about minus a portion of our anatomy in a minute. I paid no attention to him thinking it nothing more than the idle talk of a drunken man.

We made the last stop before reaching Big Pond, and had an eight mile run before reaching that station, which was through a heavily wooded section, where the road curved considerably. I was standing at the rear of the car, facing towards the front, when I saw my scowing friend get up from his seat and walk towards the front of the car. He disappeared in the vestibule, and I thought he had gone into the smoking compartment, when I felt a sudden slacking in the speed of the train, and in another minute or less we were at a complete standstill.

Having heard no signal at all from the engineer, I rushed out on the platform to see what the trouble was, and to my surprise found that our car was standing alone on a curve in the road and in the darkness of a heavy growth of timber. My first thought was that we had broken loose from our train, and my second thought and the one that I started to act on at once was that the "Express," that made no stops was only fifteen minutes behind us, and if I didn't flag her at once there would be the worst kind of a wreck.

I rushed back into the car again, picked up my lantern and one of the redlights from the rear platform, and was just about to spring out into the darkness when I was seized by the collar and pulled violently backwards into the car and over the rear seats.

Recovering myself by an Herculean effort, I got on my feet and faced around to see who had treated me in such an unceremonious manner, and found that it was the young giant who had caused the commotion in the car a short time before. The light of madness was now gleaming in his eyes and features. "Where are you going now?" he demanded, "I am going to flag the express that's right behind us, you drunken fool. And if I had time enough I'd beat some of that whiskey out of you; but I can attend to that when I come back," I said. I was thoroughly angered by this time and ready for anything. He replied with a torrent of profane expletives and informed me that "I wasn't going to leave the car until he said so; that he

had cut our car from the rest of the train and had uncoupled the air brakes and thrown the lever that disconnected our car from the rest of the train.

A tremor of fear passed over me, I looked hastily at my watch and saw that the limited would be due in five minutes, I made a spring for the door but he was to quick for me, We grappled and fought our way back into the car. The other occupants of the car were all in a drunken sleep and oblivious to everything that was going on. I was somewhat of an athlete at that time but I was no match for the lunatic.

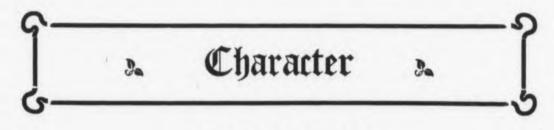
After rolling around on the floor with him for a minute or so my head struck on the edge of a seat frame and I lost consciousness. When I regained consciousness which couldn't have been more than two or three minutes from the time I struck my head on the seat, I found myself bound hand and foot with a couple of straps across two seats, where the crazy man got the straps from I never knew, but he was sitting on the back of a seat opposite me, handling a nasty dirk knife and watching me.

When I opened my eyes and looked at him, he said: "I've got you now all right, and I'm going to cut your heart out in four minutes, and let you look at it—then I'm going to make you a new heart out of some of this pretty plush on the seats, put it in you and turn you out of the car. You've got a bad heart, and you'll never be any good until you get another one." I was thoroughly scared. I realized full well that morally and spiritually I needed some change, but I wasn't anxious for it by that method. I said nothing, but kept my eye on the knife, and wondered what time it was, what had become of the express, and whether our own train crew in front had discovered their loss.

My captor sat looking at me for a minute or two, just about the way a cat watches a mouse, and suddenly jumped up with a yell, he began flourishing the knife over me, and making passes at my left side with it. I thought my time had come. He made as if to plunge his knife into my heart but only gave the blow sufficient force to penetrate my clothing and then withdrew his blade, chuckling with delight. After this performance with the knife he walked up the car trying to wake his companions, but he could awaken only two of them. One of them when he saw what he was up to, seized the red lantern, rushed to the door, ran up the track, and stopped the on coming train. The maniac meanwhile walked up and down the aisle singing at the top of his voice for a few minutes and then stopped in front of me again. I knew the final moment had come at last. He raised his knife high in the air and just as he was about to plunge it into my side two shots were fired through the door, and my would be murderer fell with a bullet in each arm, and into the car rushed my conductor and two others of the train crew, now the thoroughly sober companion of the drink crazed youth, who had left the car in fear.

It seems the companions had informed the conductor of the on coming train. The operator at a little signal station between Big Pond and where I was, had seen our train passing without any rear lights and suspecting something was wrong, notified the first telegraph office on the other side of the trouble and the "Express" had been flagged just in time.

The young man was unconscious from the effects of the two shots, and we hurried him back to Silverspring to the hospital. It was several weeks before he was able to leave the hospital, but I afterwards heard that he had fully reovered and was never afterwards known to have taken a glass of liquor.



A. T. Michler, '07

by the actions and thoughts of great men. From the earliest Civilisations down to our own, there have been those who occupied the pre-eminence among their peoples.

In the earliest times, we find among such as these various distinctive qualities which placed them in the front ranks of their time. In Biblical History the names of Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, etc. are fully known, whilst in secular history, the names of Phillip, Ceasar, Napoleon, Wellington, Cromwell Washington and others are quite familiar to every school boy. We call these men great but what caused their greatness? We find their names within the pages of history, whilst others, possibly just as truly great, are unknown and we ask why? These questions naturally arise in the minds of the thoughtful observer and might well engage our brief attention, for we all, only too often, are picturing to ourselves in fond and idle fancy, our future greatness.

Such men, as mentioned before, acted and thought in a distinctive manner in the times in which they lived. They excelled in their various callings. In their relations among men, they were felt. Their times were moulded by them. Their posterity experienced the results of their life. History felt the throb of their activity and the world was influenced by their great accomplishments.

We stand aside, and in beholding their actions, wonder. In looking upon them as individuals and recognizing something in them distinctive, something attractive, we honor them. But it is the individual in his relation to the objects accomplished whom we especially reverence and which calls forth our admiration. Such qualities are what men commonly call character. But can we call these qualities character in the deepest sense of that term? Is character the mere natural qualities which distinguish one individual from another? Some would have us think so. All men in all ages, whoever possessed character, certainly possessed natural qualities which distinguished them from others, but our term character covers far more than mere natural, endowed, ability. These qualities we find in all men, some in greater possession of them than others. But these natural qualities, as such, have become almost common place. They are the common possession of us all. It is by this means that men have a so-called personality. Surely this cannot be the WHOLE of what is meant by character. Such men, as before considered, truly possessed natural ability, but where, you ask, is the distinction between them. Some we say have natural ability only, while some had natural ability plus moral virtue and still others posessed natural ability plus

Moral virtue plus deep religious instinct. This and this alone is character.

Moral virtue, of itself, fails to constitute character. Here again some consider that those rules of conduct which go to make up, very largely, the moral world can be summed upunder the one term character. Character consists not of an isolated virtue. It consists not of mere ethical principles. It is composed of closely related parts. Those moral principles which aim to teach us our duty toward man, together with inherent natural ability form the two important sides of the triangular form, character. On the contrary, character means vastly more. It embraces natural ability, moral virtue, and religious instinct. Religious instinct is the great part of man which rounds out and completes the form character. Without this he only has a part of his character developed. It is the great keystone which binds together the two great stones in the arch of true character. Without this important element, the other two suffer and character is but partial. Further, it differs in its very nature, for while natural qualities in themselves have to do with those abilities which go to make up the personality, and moral virture has to do with our duty in relation to fellow man, religious instinct has to do our relation to our Divine Creator as well as toward The Divine element therefore, in character is man. important and necessary. Remove this element and the key-stone of character is gone and true character is wanting. And as the term character means "to engrave" so is he, who has true character engraved, not only with natural ability and moral virtue, but with the image of the Divine One. by whose means alone true character is formed.



Dickens and Eliot Compared.

Luther A. Pflueger, '06

RITERS of fiction—among these there is at least no dearth in numbers, no present indications that There ever will be. Yet among them all "but few have written that which will long remain—they have founded no monuments more enduring than brass." They who write the most popular novels of the day, will for the most part in a century hence be entirely forgotten. Some names will endure, for the books emanating from those who bear them carry the impress of a greatness that will appeal in ages to come. Among English novelists are two, the highest in rank, Charles Dickens and George Eliot, their writings in style and quality widely differing, interesting largely different classes of readers, but each reflecting human life so well, each portraying universal thought and emotion, directed not to one period but to all, that their works cannot but live.

In contrasting the novels of these two authors, one of the most important features to be considered is the construction of the plot. The simplicity of plan of the old Greek drama will by no means satisfy the present taste. There is an almost bewildering complexity of structure in much of modern ficton. And yet the incidents of the intricate plot, these tangled skeins of life, must be so interwoven and interrelated that one flawless woof may be the product of the author's loom. A strong plot there should be, interlaced perhaps with the events of the subsidiary under plot; and these two should combine to form one perfect whole.

Some, at least, of Dicken's works are well planned. The "Tale of Two Cities," a story of the French Revolution, is one of his most perfect in construction. The main plot, the story of the Manettes, and the under plot, that of the Defarges, are skillfully united in the vortex of the Reign of Terror. In the latter part of "Oliver Twist," depicting life among London thieves, the plot is good. Again in the second half of "Dom-

bey and Son," dealing with the loveless wedlock of Mr. Dombey and Edith Granger the interest is sustained throughout. But in the plotting of most of his novels it must be confessed that Dickens was a partial failure. Considering the manner in which he usually made his plans how could it be otherwise? Writing, as he did, serials for magazines, his outlines were usually framed for only a few numbers in advance. Under this mode of treatment is it surprising that his novels are somewhat discursive and rambling, that at times the incidents of the story bear no relation to one another? Observe for instance the "Pickwick Papers" with scarcely an apology for a plot, or "Nicholas Nickleby" written with the purpose or reforming the nefarious Yorkshire school system. Into the latter are interwoven so many experiences of the worthy Crummless, LaCreevies, the Petowkers, the Lillyvicks, the Browdies, and what not, that unity is completely destroyed. "Oliver Twist" was begun with the purpose of an expose of the Charity and Workhouse systems, but Dickens changed his mind and determined to describe life among the lower strata of the criminal classes of London. To show how little attention Dickens gave to the framework of his novels this incident is related. After his death among his papers a part of a plan of one of his works was found. Referring to one of his leading characters he has written: "Shall I kill this man or shall I not?"

George Eliot on the contrary was a most conscientious and painstaging worker, collecting historical material with the greatest accuracy, and carefully planning her works before attempting to write. In 1860 with her husband, George Henry Lewes, she made a three months tour of Italy spending considerable time in Florence. While there she conceived the idea of writing an historical novel, the scene to be laid in Florence, and the time to be that of Savonarola. In order more fully to prepare herself for the difficult task of describing life among the Italians, a people foreign and almost unknown to her and at a period four hundred years before her time, she revisited the city in the Spring of 1861 and spent seven weeks there with the purpose of becoming familiar with Florentine life Florentine characteristics and modes of expression. Dur-

ing her visit and for six months subsequently, she read all available material on the life and times of Savonarola. Finally by January 1862, after nine months of labor, she was ready to write.

Notice how well many of her books conform to the laws of unity, as an example take her most popular work, "Adam Bede." Observe how the whole story is made to revolve about the fate of unfortunate Hetty Sorrel, how the vain silly girl is drawn into an illicit love that proves her ruin, ruin from whose consequences there is no escape, how all leads up to the climax, the murder of her unwelcome child. Again in "Romola" there is one all pervading theme, to which all detail is subservient, the slow advancing soul ruin of Tito Melema. Her plots however are not always, indeed not commonly so simple as this. "Middlemarch" is intricate enough, a main plot, three under plots, so tangled and complex, that many objections have been raised against the book on this score. There is however a redeeming unity in the plan, the soul progress of Dorothea Brooke.

Another requisite of a good novel, scarcely subsidiary to the plot, is strong delineation of character. In this particular much may be said in praise of Dickens, and much in blame. He is particularly happy in describing child life. How delicately and faithfully he has portrayed little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop," Paul and Florence Dombey in "Dombey and Son," Jo in Bleak House" and Tiny Tim in "The Christmas Carol." Many also of his other characters are real and vivid in their presentation. Not all are so perfect. Some are faulty-faulty either because colorless, or else too highly colored. His heroes have a tendency towards the angelic, and his villains towards the super-diabolic. The faibles of men, their peculiarties and ridiculous traits made a far deeper impression on him than the commonplace. Frequently he followed some odd individual about the streets of London for days that he might incorporate him into one of his novels and his works bear the trace of his love of the abserd and the unusual. Many of his characters impress the reader as being caricatures of real men and women, bordering at times very closely on the grotesque. "The Old Curiosity Shop" is a curiosity in more senses than one. Little Nell is placed among companions weird and improbable. Again in the "Nicholas Nickleby," it is claimed that the representation of the Yorkshire schools is the basest slander. Bad enough they undoubtedly were, and the teachers ignorant and brutal. It was not to be expected that in schools in which youth were boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages—living and dead." as Wackford Squeers card informs us, all for the munificent sum of twenty guineas per annum, life would appear in roseate colors to the unhappy children consigned to these institutions. Bad as conditions were it is hardly conceivable that they could have been so loathsome as so graphically described in Dotheboys Hall.

Dickens is sometimes a good limner. Eliot, in drawing her leading characters at least, is better. She lavs bare the immost soul, and every fleeting thought, every impelling motive, every shade of passion and feeling, may be seen as ripples playing on the surface of the standing pool. Dickens is observant, but the physiological predominates. Eliot also is observant, but the psychological is uppermost,-even to a In the portraval of Gwendolen Harleth the heroine of "Daniel, Deronda," the psychological is particularly evident. The mixed motives that repel her from marriage with Grandcourt, yet irresistibly constrain her to enter into that wedlock for which she has so strong an aversion, the slow growing hatred and loathing of her husband arising in her tortured breast, the fierce longing to be free from the galling marriage yoke, and the intense pride that will not let others know what she suffers, that impels her to draw the mask of gayety over her wretchedness; all are pictured with marvelous vividness and fidelity.

In her descriptions of children, when she has attempted them, she has like Dickens been singularly successful. What else can excel the children in "The Mill on the Floss?" Maggie Tulliver is one of the most finely drawn characters in Literature. Perhaps she is so largely because George Eliot herself is the prototype of Maggie. Recollections of her own childhood figured largely in the presentation of the chil-

dren of Dorlcote Mill. She and her brother Isaac were such chums as Tom and Maggie in their childhood. With Isaac she had roamed the meadows, fished in the brook, wandered by the canal gazing at the barges, messengers of the outside world. In several other novels also she has given us a portrait of herself with modifications; and these self-likenesses are among her strongest characters. George Eliot looks forth under the guise of Gwendolen Harleth, of Romola, and of Dorothea Brooke in "Middlemarch."

Eliot with a power never surpassed has represented in her earlier novels rural life in her native Warwickshire. We become acquainted with stolid, easy-going country people, not much bothered with the progress of the outside world, barely conscious that there is progress, calmly accepting the religion of their forefathers, yet dimly comprehending what that re ligion stands for, petty, almost sordid in their thoughts and aims: and nevertheless by Eliot's inimitable power invested with the deepest interest.

A third element contributing immensely to the popularity of an author lies primarily in the writer himself, in his sympathy and feeling for his fellows. Has he a heart beating with universal love; and has he the power to transcribe and reveal that love on the printed page? That power Dickens had above all others. We seem to see his great heart going out in tenderness to those in misery, comforting and cheering those in the darkness of gloom, bearing hope to those in despair, rejoicing in the joy of others and weeping for their pain. Evil he hates, and makes us hate it with him. In all his feelings he carries us along. We laugh at his humor, weep over his pathos, and are intensely wrought upon by his passion. It is this human touch that appeals to us, that has done more than anything else to make Dickens the most popular novelist of the past century. Who else can write such inimitable humor, so genial and true, and not a trace of bitterness in it; sometimes too broad, but again delicate and playful. Then his pathos, here and there just a touch, but sometimes sustained throughout whole chapters. What a wonderful chapter is that in which he describes the death of Paul Dombey! Next to the departure of little Nell nothing in fiction had ever

touched the public mind so deeply. Tragedy and passion also are to a high degree evident in Dickens. Fierce hatred and its outward expression in deeds of violence, pride, jeal-ousy, the gamut of human emotions is subservient to his facile pen.

In Eliot's works also, humor, pathos, and dramatic power are not lacking, but Eliot's humor in popular estimation falls far below that of Dickens. It is not so obvious, only here and there a trace. It lies beneath the surface. It is sometimes so subtle, that unless sought for it is liable to escape notice. You will find it if you look, but it will not thrust itself in your face. In her early works the humor is sportive and delightful, and she gives us that original wit, Mrs. Poyser. later life was saddened, largely by ill health. There are no more Mrs. Poysers. Instead she becomes one of the most somber of writers. Eliot's pathetic powers, though again inferior to those of Dickens, are by no means commonplace. In making this general statement, "Adam Bede" should perhaps be excepted. The wretched lot of Hetty Sorrel is powerfully written. Her search for her gentleman lover, Arthur Donnithorne, as described in the two chapters "The Journey in Hope" and "The Journey in Despair" can hardly be excelled in pathos. In the field of the human passions she falls in no respect behind Dickens. She is particularly successful in describing the conflict of motives and feelings that can torture the human soul. In conclusion it may be said that Dickens takes first rank in humor and pathos, and stands high as a dramatic writer. He excels in those qualities that endear him to the general reader. Eliot excels in strength of plot, insight into human character and depth of thought. Taking all qualities into consideration, Eliot is by critics generally conceded to be the greater of the two; although Dickens is the more popular. They bear much the same relation to each other as the American poets Lowell and Longfellow. Lowell is the greater poet, but appeals deeply only to the intellectual; and Longfellow, though not so great, is very pleasing, and will ever be held in higher estimation by the masses.



University Annexes for Women

201. J. D., '07

T is no longer necessary to discuss the value of a college education for woman or the intellectual ability and physical capacity of women for such an education. These are questions settled decidedly in womens favor. The question which now confronts us is by what method shall women attain their higher education. Of three prevalent methods, namely separate education, co-education, and co-ordinate education, I purpose to show that the last method is one to be preferred.

Co-ordinate education is the type of education given by universities having a separate college for women as well as colleges for men, the college for one sex having the same courses, methods, and admnistration as those for the other, and each having a faculty and board of trustees of its own. Students of both colleges share alike the advantages of the university and, on graduation, both receive the degrees conferred by the greater institution. Because these separate colleges for women were annexed, as it were, to the universities, they are frequently called annexes.

Co-ordinate education, however, must not be confounded with what is commonly styled the annex system, in which the annex is in some measure subordinate to the college for men. The amex system, though still xisting at some institutions, is merely a transition stage of co-ordination.

Co-ordination had its origin in England. Females were excluded from English universities until, in 1869, six young women, desirous of securing a university training, met at Hitchins, near Cambridge. Here they received instructions from the proffesors of Cambridge, who encouraged them in this new undertaking in every way possible. Soon new college buildings, known as the Newnham College for Women, were erected at the University, thus firmly establishing co-ordination in one of the leading universities of the world not long

after came the opening of Lady Margaret and Somersville Halls at Oxford, and a few years later, Queen Margaret College at Glasgow University.

In a short time the method reached our own country. There were only a few great institutions open to women and in these co-education prevailed. Where women have a choice of either co-education or separate education, other things being equal, they will uniformly declare themselves in favor of separate education. Most separate colleges for women, however, are merely technical schools and do not develop that complete and forcible type of womanhood so requisite in our day. For these reasons several of our great universities adopted co-ordination. The five co-ordinate institutions in America to-day are Newcomb Memorial College at Tulane University, the College for Women at Western Reserve, Radcliffe College at Harvard, Pembroke Hall at Brown, and Barnard College at Columbia.

Co-ordination, besides securing numerous advantages of both co-education and separate education, has advantages possessed by neither of these methods. It is as cheap as co-education provided the number of students is sufficient to employ two teachers for the leading studies, as is generally the case. It develops the masculine part of the boy and feminine part of the girl as does separate education, for in ordinary relation the two sets of students are distinct. In social relations the sexes, however, are not separated. The method is sufficiently like co-education to discipline the element of forcefulness which women, whose life is to be more and more public, should have, and also to develop the nobility and chivalry of the young men. The annex is more easily administered than a co-educational school, since there is no tendency to intimate relations between the sexes. Thus co-ordination promotes a high and broad scholarship. The co-ordinate school offers a strong comprehensive course and inspires women with the university spirit, not to be obtained at a separate institution. Coerdination secures to women the strongest teaching posible. strength of a college must necessarily lie in the strength of its teaching force. It is evident that Barnard, as an integral part of Columbia University, can far more easily employ a firstrate faculty than can an independent college for women.

Co-ordination also furnishes by far a greater number of teachers in proportion to the students body, than does either of the other methods, thus greatly enhancing the opportunities for individual work.

Though probably not the ideal method in female education co-ordination has secured to women a recognition of the right to the best training which the colleges of the United States and England can provide. This right secured, the world will anxiously await the result. The old superstition, that women will usurp the place of men and that consequently the result will be disastrous, need not be feared. The only result possible is, that it will bring the world so much nearer that much desired goal, the perfection of mankind, the time

"When comes the statlier Eden back to men."



The Muhlenberg.

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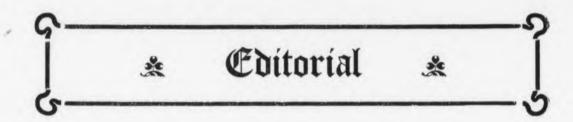
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Contributions to "The Muhlenberg"

Students are requested to contribute literary articles, dissertations, stories and poems to this journal. All material submitted will receive due consideration. Short stories are especially desired.





EW Year resolution are fashionable just now.

A little Allentown now and then won't hurt anyone, but too much Allentown is likely to cause flunkitis.

Some fellows wouldn't care if vacations continued forever.

That fellow has nerve who eats two pieces of boarding-house pie.

The fellow who is always shooting, as a rule never hits anything.

Soon we'll hear the chronic-kickers giving their ideas on basket ball.

It's excusable to be eccertric if you're a genius, but the majority of us are not extraordinary individuals.

The Seniors are coming in on the home stretch

Basket Ball Prospects.

The advent of the basket-ball season at Muhlenberg is here. For several years our institution has not been represented by a team although the last team which Muhlenberg had, distinguished itself and won many victories, defeating some of the strongest college teams in the State. That there is material here, the class games have shown us. Now we must organize the five that will uphold our Alma Mater's fame in basket-ball; and, not only that, we who do not take part in the contests inside of the basket-ball cage, must be loyal to our team, loyal to the men who are putting forth their best efforts to reach or even to pass the high mark set by the Muhlenberg's basket-ball warriors of the past. And we need the support of our alumni too, for the financial part of the season is one that can not be overlooked. On the sale of season tickets much of the financial sucess will depend, and consequently, we hope that there will be a ready response from our alumni, when approached on the ticket question. We can't have a team without money, nor can we hope to win games if we have no support.

The Craze for Fiction.

Novels, novels everywhere. Novels of all kinds, from the philosophic of Shaw dissertation to the sane realism of William Dean Howells. The book store and public libraries are flooded with a deluge of fiction which the eager populace devours ravenously and then clamors for more; "Philistinism" everywhere, to use a Matthew Arnold phrase. This octepus of modern fiction has enveloped even the student world with its sinuous arms and to-day, in leiasure moments—and other moments too— the students lolls dreamily in his room absorbing the latest romance. No longer does he travel with Balzacthrough the studios and mansions of Paris or the brilliantly lighted Palais Royal, or follow the fortunes of Dumas' musketeers The unsurpassed realism of George Elliot, the polished satire of Thackeray, the inimitable humor of Dickens, the fascinating romanticism of Fielding have little or no charm for him. This is a dangerous tendency. We seem to be drifting farther and farther away from good fiction. Let us stop and consider before joining the mad rush for modern fiction.

J. Athletic Notes &

HE inter-class series in Basket Ball for a silver cup is now being played. The first game took place on December 8th. and the Juniors lost to the Sophs. A well played and closely contested game by the score of 23-16.

The line-up:

'07	'08	
Peters (Capt.)	F Coleman	
	F Kuhl	
	C (Capt.) Deibert	
	G Keiter	
Marks	G Stump.	

The second game on Wednesday afternoon Dec. 13 resulted in a tie. Sophs 11, Freshmen 11. The contest was hard fought and replete with brilliant playing throughout.

The line-up:

'08		'09
Kuhl	.F	Bossard
Coleman	.F	Smith
Deibert (Capt.)		
Stump	.G	. Albert
Keiter	. G	Miller

Friday afternoon Dec. 16th the Juniors lost to the Freshmen by two points. After playing a game unmarred by dirty work and full of pretty plays the final score came in 18-16.

The line-up:

'07		'09
Peters (Capt.)	.F	Smith
Breidenbach		
Schock	.C (Capt.) Rudolph
Marks		
Lauer	.G	Albert

Right here it should be stated that the Senior team has agreed not to compete for the cup and has withdrawn from the series.

Now for a Winning Track Team.

The Athletic Authorities are pleased to report the engaging of Mr. Fink of Reading as track coach for the coming season. Mr. Fink has always had a successful career as a track trainer and at the Hill School, Phoenixville and Reading High Schools has turned out winning teams. He comes to Muhlenberg with the same determination to turn out a winning team and with the hearty co-operation of the track men he will succeed.

Trainer Fink's great aim is to send a winning quartette to the Intercollegiate races on Franklin Field next Spring.

What would this mean for Muhlenberg boys if the "Cardinal and Gray" would carry off the laurels? Therefore everybody out and report for duty.

Intra Muros &

Dr. E. "What is conscience?"

Hoffman: "It is the inner part of a man."

Dr. E. "So is his liver."

Dr. H: "(in exams.): "As I have some work on hand I will leave you to your own devices."

Barba (inquiring about No. of questions to be answered): "How many Dr?"

Pfluger: "Dr. did you say dog's affection is based on his stomach? At my boarding house I never fed the dog and yet he remembered me when I came back.

Dr. H.: "Well he had you by odor and association."

Dr. H.: "Socrates was not at all pretty. He was a little red headed bandy legged-bald headed chap."

Rudolph: "Dr. they say a woman can best reach a man's heart through his stomach. Maybe his heart is in his stomach."

Dr. W.: "Your philosphyis yet immature. Let it ripen a little before you send it out.

Fegley comes into German half an hour late.

Dr. W.: Die Voegel fluegen langsam."

Dr. O.: "How many sentences are in that paragraph?"

Rupp: "Three."

Dr. O.: "No only one."

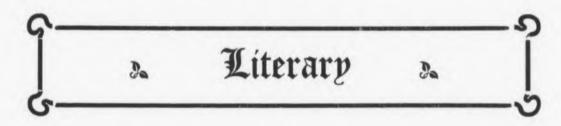
Rupp: "I thought so."

Dr. H.: (to Krause): "Do you know what a horse is in Greek?"

Deatrich an ex-member of 'o6 now a student at Bucknell was visiting here.

Dr. E.: "You may learn to love by courting but you cannot love by order of court."

Dr. H.:(happening to come into the freshmen's room as Senior Karkau is giving them the first insight into college life): "Are you manager of the show?"



EORGE E. Woodberry, well known to us by his "Men of Letter Series, is the author of a new book "The Torch" in which he developes his characteristic independent theories on poetry.

He considers poetry not merely as an art, but values it as a teacher of moral wisdom. The technical, the philosophical, in terperted in beautiful language is to him the all-important.

It is said that no American critic since Lowell has so completely inherited this noble idealism in poetry.

Henry Van Dyke's new poem, "The Telling of a Dream," in the January number of Harper's Monthly, though not nearly as rhythmical and less poetical in expression than his "Swarming of the White Bees," is well worth reading.

The December Critic contains an interesting poem "There's no Place like the Old Place," which has won encomiums from such men as Bliss Carman. Althought it echoes Walt Whitman's barabaric chant and "yawp" it abounds in many happy expressions.

The George Bernhard Shaw craze is still raging. Are we incapable of being nauseated? The latest response of Shawism to the public's demand is Shaw's Cashel Byron, which serves as a vehicle for the dramatic abilities of Jim Corbett, the exchampion pugilist.

Rosmersholm, perhaps the most disastrous, and yet most poetic and extremely emotional of Iben's Drama's will be staged with Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske as "Rebecca."

Exchange Department.

HE Buff and Blue (Gallaudet College,) is one of the best of the exchanges we receive. It is almost of magazine proportions, and all departments are well represented in its columns. "The Man Behind the Camera" is an interesting account of the author's personal experiences and difficulties in obtaining the much desired snap-shots of famous people, and incidentally reveals the peculiarities of the Takahiras, the Cassinis and the Hales; the unwilling victims of the camera fiend. "June" is a story instinct with childhood and child life. It is George Eliot who in one of her essays inveighs against novelists on account of the dignified, the poetic and utterly unchildlike speech so many of them engraft upon their children. But June is a child "as is a child," one that makes us think of our own happy, care free years of the dim past; one that awakes in us that feeling closely akin to home sickness, when with passionate longing we yearn and long that we and all things else be restored as they once were in the days of our childhood.

The Sketch Book comes to us with its usual dainty appearance, a welcome visitor from our sister college. The story "Patty versus Men" is altogether too slangy to be pleasing and does not ring true. More agreeable is the excellent article on "King Arthur."

"Animal Partnerships in *The College of Charleston Magazine* is graphic and vivid. This story of animal "firms" cannot fail to be of interest to all lovers of zoology. "The Cat in the Hall" calls for mingled praise and blame. The conversation is good and the style not bad; but the plot is extremely crude; and there is a decided tinge of the melo-dramatic.

"Moonlight" in *The Roanoke Collegian* is a beautiful poem. The whole paper presents an attractive appearance.

The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine contains two articles of interest, one of history on "Catherine de Medici," and the other of travel, "The City of Canton." This latter is so vividly written that it yields more than a suspicion that the author was an eye witness.

Literary taste in *The College Student* (Franklin and Marshall) is an article of the stamp we like to see. It is well written and forensic.

The Maryland Collegian may not have a very attractive cover, but there is some good material within it. The collection of storiettes is an unusual feature for a college magazine; but it is to be commended if not overdone.

All Seniors and others interested in Socrates should read "A Day Off" in *The Courant*. Socrates goes to a banquet and gives some excellent reasons for marrying the amiable Xantippe. He says: "And so, I who am desirious of getting along with men and associating with them, got this woman, for well I knew that if I could control her, I would have no trouble in dealing with all other people." Apparently marrying a wife to reform her was not unknown in those days.

The Hill School Record outdoes itself in its Christmas number. Perhaps the articles of most interest are "When Barnum Breaks Camp" and "The Iron King."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Judge (in court room): "Sheriff, make that young man go out if he can't stop that noise." Burglar: "Your honor, I have lost my overcoat." Judge: "People lose whole suits in here, and don't make that much noise."

-The Roanoke Collegian.

"Non paratus" dexit freshie
Cum a sad et doleful look
"Omne rectum," Prof. respondit,
Sed scripsit "nihil" in his book.

-The Courant.

A TRAGEDY (in four acts)

I Cram

II Exam

III Flunk

IV Trunk

-College Breezes.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER

An artist prayed for a model true Of the Virgin's color, the heaven's blue, And in his dreams his vision met A God sent flower—the Violet.

-Georgetown College Journal.

IN NOVEMBER

For the brightness
Of the morning,
When with joy the hearts o'erflowing,
For the darkness
Of the gloaming
When thro' life's dark paths we're going;
For the blessings
And the sorrows,
That have made a year of living,
For the sunshine
And the shadows,
Offer him a heart's thanksgiving.

-The Buff and Blue.

ANSWERED

Up o'er the fields came the lover
And the sun lit his path from the West
His heart and all nature were singing,
And he laughed as he went on his quest.
Down o'er the fields went the lover
And his face was o'ershadowed with woe.
To the question he'd asked his beloved,
She'd said gently, but finally, No.
The earth was all darkness before him,
The sky was all clouded and gray,
And the lover with heart deeply wounded,
Wended silently homeward he's way

-Mercersburg Literary Mazazine.



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Jebruary, 1906

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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

VOL. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., FEB. 1906.

No. 6.

The Singer with the Golden Lyre.

J. B., '06.

Wilt thou not come at my behest,
O singer of the golden lyre,
And touch the strings to give me rest,
And stir to life hope's dying fire?

Wilt thou be silent with thy song
When Nature's voice is hushed in
sleep?—

Ah singer, do not tarry long, For even now, I sit and weep.

Thou canst bring back for me those days
When birds were glad on soaring wing,
If thou wilt but some rambling lays
Of summer with thy music sing.

Oh singer, come, thy strains repeat,
And in thy hand thy lyre now bring.
Oh come, let me no more entreat,
And turn this Winter into Spring.

The Madness of Cordelia.

M.

T HE Misses Wims lived on a fashionable side street. Tis true, that in itself the street was an unpretentious one; but then it cross-

ed the boulevard on which the town's elite made their residence only a short half square from the Misses Wims' home.

To the Misses Wims this prox-

imity to the fashionable section seemed to give their own home an added air of aristocracy, and incidentally of course some of it was also imbibed by themselves. Their house though small, appeared to hob-nob quite sociably with its more pretentious neighbors, and to the Misses Wims it had the true blue blood tinge of exclusiveness. Some slight deficiencies it did have, such as the lack of a marble carriage block or gravelled drive way. But then after all such things are mere trifles.

The younger of the Misses Wims, Cordelia, had social aspirations. In her more youthful days she had once loftily outlined her policy of life. "I am going to be a lady, with plenty of servants and money." And to this statement she had tried to live as consistently as possible. It had been the one abiding and unchanging theme of her entire life. Many a dollar had been spent to maintain her ideas of social respectability but somehow or other all things seemed to have conspired together to bring disaster on her efforts.

Since her brother's death many of Cordelia's expectations of conquests had vanished. Good reasons they had for it too, since the wherewithal was gone. During her brother's lifetime his existance had been rendered throughly miserable by the ambitious and nagging temper of Cordelia. She had by her violent and ungovern-

able disposition driven him from home, and he had taken to clubs like a duck to water. It was even whispered that at times he would come home in a cab late at night and be helped to the front door by the cabman. Evidently the clubs had disagreed with him, or perhaps he had a naturally weak constitution easily effected by the night air.

Two weeks after the brother's obsequies accomplished amidst a portentious display of flowers mahogany coffin and a numerous train of cabs, Cordelia took sick. Whether it was remorse for the ill treatment of her brother or chagrin and disappointment from the loss of her highest hopes, would be hard to say. Her temper had not been improved by the change in her state of health. It rather seemed to take on a sharper and more cutting edge. Added to this came the knowledge that her sister Rosella intended leaving her, because of her temper and because financially they were no longer able to maintain their present home.

It was some time since her brother's death, and Cordelia was well on the way to recovery. She was seated before the gas grate in which the asbestos log crackled and sparkled. Her coiffure showed by its somewhat disheveled condition that she had just arisen. The clock on the mantel-piece showed the hour of nine and from

below stairs came the gentle clatter of dishes.

"Rosella," she called petulantly, "is breakfast nearly ready?"

"Yes, it has been waiting for some time." came the quiet answer.

Cordelia now leisurely descended the stairs and entering the dining room waited for breakfast to be served. The repast was almost finished when Cordelia querulously asked, "Why don't we have oranges for breakfast?"

"You know," remarked Rosella cheerfully, "that the Doctor said you shouldn't eat them."

"You don't care if I get anything that I want or not," Cordelia retorted sharply. "What difference does it make to you? Your own selfish welfare is all that concerns you. Ever since our poor brother died you have been different."

Rosella said nothing. But she thought of how the said poor brother's life had been rendered unbearable through the whims and fancies of Cordelia. How she had driven out of his life all that was best and noblest, and how all her own prospects had been sacrificed for the sake of Cordelia. But now that their brother was dead and Cordelia's temper growing worse rather than better, Rosella was determined that they must separate No other course was possible.

After her last statement Cor-

delia burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing and moaning, and with this usual ending of all her outbursts of anger she rushed from the room.

It was through such behavior on the part of Corlelia that Rosella finally determined to break up what might be called their home. And especially since their brother was now dead for whom alone she had remained thus long with Cordelia. Of late, Cordelia had become more irascible than ever, and her outbursts of passion more violent and frequent. The idea of Rosella's leaving seemed especially to incense her.

Rosella," she demanded angrily that afternoon, do you still intend breaking up our home?"

"You know what I have said about it," replied Rosella, "and I am fully determined in my course."

"What do you care for our home," Cordelia fairly shrieked. It makes no difference to you that it will be broken up, that all we have worked for these many years will be lost."

"But what would we do with this big house, and how could we keep it up" continued Rosella.

"Oh—Oh—All these years gone for nothing," Cordelia would moan, walking up and down the floor. At times she would shriek like a mad person and again moan and wring her hands.

The very thought of her lost

illusions and disappointed hopes seemed to madden her. They had been her chief aim and purpose in life and now they danced before her as delusive, tantalizing phantoms, all the more valued because they were vanishing from her world.

The daily program varied but little from this, Rosella's friends had repeatedly advised her to leave Cordelia for fear she would harm her in one of her spells of madness.

"No, I won't leave her now," had been the invariable answer. "What would she do if I left her at present. She would be as helples as a child. I will stay as long as possible and do all I can for her."

Another and more importunate advisor had also urged her to leave at once, but with no better success.

"I can't leave her now, and so we will talk no more about the matter." This had ended the discussion. But looks are sometimes more eloquent than words, and they had not ceased to plead for an end to this tragedy. But even they were of no avail.

For several weeks affairs continued in this state. Violent outbursts of anger being succeeded by relapses into states of maudlin childishness. Each day seemingly worse than the one before, until even Rosella's endurance was ready to break.

It was the day before the one set for Rosella's final departure. She was clearing off the supper table. Cordelia had gone up stairs and could be heard restlessly pacing to and fro in the room overhead. Her semi-insane ravings at times came floating down the stairway. "Oh—what shall I do—what shall I do," she would moan repeatedly. "There'll be murder yet." This she would fairly yell at the top of her voice, and then there would be an interval of silence.

Rosella shuddered at the thought of Cordelia's madness, and of what she might do if she worked herself into a passion. The ravings overhead increased and grew more and more violent, then suddenly ceased and all was quiet.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the house, and sudden fear seized on Rosella, for the silence was ominous. She listened intently to see what would happen. Soon the door opened and Cordelia entered. She was wild eyed and disheveled. Her eyes and nose were swollen and red from weeping, her hair was loose and flying about her. From her blood shot eyes there gleamed a demoniacal power of evil doing. She slowly entered the room gazing intently all the while at Rosella.

"Do you still intend leaving our home," Cordelia asked, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Cordelia, we don't want to discuss that subject again," Rosella answered quietly. "You don't care what may happen to me. What difference does it make to you if our home is broken up, and the work of years scattered to the winds."

"I will take nothing in the house but my personal belongings. Every thing else you can keep yourself," Rosella replied with quiet emphasis while watching Cordelia's movements.

Meanwhile Cordelia was slowly approaching Rosella who tried to keep the table between them.

"Rosella you are the most hateful person on the face of the earth," Cordelia shrieked at the top of her voice. "You do everything to aggravate me, you don't care for me nor for the appearance we make before other people."

"But you know"-

"I hate you. I hate you" Cordelia interrupted with a scream.

"You know I've done all"—, Rosella tried to continue.

"None of your impudence to me. You're worse than Satan himself, with your lying deceitful face."

Cordelia had worked herself into a perfect transport of fury and anger. And now with her hair flyng about her and her arms tossing wildly she threw herself with a shriek at Rosella,

Rosella tried to offer resistance but Cordelia seizing a knife from the table again flung herself against her. There was a brief struggle, a shriek, a crash and then silence.

Darkness thick and oppressive brooded over the house. Mice scampered unmolested over the kitchen floor, the clock on the wall struck the hour. The moon shone through the window and stretched in a golden streak across the room. For awhile it rested on a motionless object on the floor and then passed on. It revealed no sign of life. All was silent and quiet.

Three days later from the one time home of the Misses Wims there moved a silent funeral cortege. And as it turned the corner of the boulevard a gust of wind came sweeping down the street and almost tore from the door a placard, bearing on it the fateful legend, "For Sale."

A Pilgrimage to Kilcolman Castle.

Preston A. Barba, '06.

The fair Lakes of Killarney had already faded from our sight, and we were being whirled over Irish moors and bogs with all the mobility of which an English compartment carriage is capable.

After an hour's ride we alight at the old town of Mallow in County Cork. Mallow is situated on the northern banks of the River Blackwater, and once formed a part of the vast territories of the Earls of Desmond who played a prominent part in the early history of Ireland.

If all the Desmonds had the pertinacity of life that the old Countess of Desmond had, we do not wonder that the family was an important factor in Irish history, for from the book of Robert Sydney, second Earl of Leicester, we read the following:—

"The old Countess of Desmond was a marryed woman in Edward IV. time of England, and lived till towards the end of Queen Elizabeth, so as she must needes be neare one hundred and forty years old. She had a new sett of teeth not long afore her death, and might have lived much longer had she not mett with a kind of violent death, for she would needes climbe a nut-tree to gather nuts, so falling down she hurt her thigh. which brought a fever, and that fever brought death. This cousin, Walter Fitzwilliam told me."

At Mallow the Earls of Desmond erected a castle for the purpose of commanding the pass of the river. The ruins of the castle may still be seen.

Mallow, in the early days, was one of the most fashionable resorts in Ireland, and was frequented by many a young gentle-woman and gay gallant. Duels, elopements, and other less vigorous pastimes were evidently much in vogue, as we conclude from the following rhymes of "The Rakes of Mallow":—

"Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking, Breaking windows, damning, sinking, Ever raking, never thinking, Live the rakes of Mallow.

"Living short, but merry lives.
Going where the devil drives;
Having sweethearts, but no wives,
Live the rakes of Mallow."

We wander through the long, winding street, which, with its flocks of geese wadling aimlessly about and the bustle of a horsefair then in progress, lends the old town an air of importance.

Seven miles beyond Mallow lies Buttevant, in the vicinity of which our guide-book informs us are the ruins of Kilcolman Castle. With eager strides we pursue the long country road over a low and rather uninteresting rural district, save for the remains of an old monastery at Ballybeg. Its sacred walls now shelter the cattle of a neighboring peasant, and the same sun which once streamed through the softly-colored windows on the kneeling monks below, now pours its flood through the empty arches and desolate aisles, revealing the saintly features of the carved faces set in the walls.

The day is already well-nigh spent when we arrive at the ancient town of Buttevant, now a modern military station. Perhaps its most interesting feature to a passing traveller is the beautiful ruin of a Franciscan Abbey filled with the tombs of many an ancient Irish family.

After several inquiries about the locality of Kilcolman Castle and as many uncertain replies from the natives we resume our search. We are again out among the fields. The appearance of the Galtee hills tells us we are nearing the place. We inquire the way at a peasant's hut, and a rosy damsel directs us across the barren fields. leave the road and wander over the rolling plane.. A little while and we hear a low whistle, and turning, see our Irish damsel waving her and calling arm through the evening air, "Keep to the Right!" We do so, ascend another slight hill, and beyond lies Kilcolman Castle.

But, pray, of what interest is Kilcolman Castle here among these lonely Irish moors and bogs, a desolate and unfrequented ruin? It was here that the immortal Spencer, "the poets' poet" spent the last twelve years of his life, and it was here that he wrote his great allegory "The Faerie Queene."

After leaving Cambridge, the young poet went to the north of England where he fell madly in love with a fair "Rosalynd" of whom little more is known than that she spurned his love. The young lover's grief, however, bote generous fruit in "The Shep-

heardes Calender" of 1579.

At the instigation of his college friend Gabriel Harvey he came to London, with an empty purse but a rich mind as so many other literary men have done.. he was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney. the noble soldier and polished man of letters, who rehis life-long Through Sidney he was in turn introduced to the Earl of Leicester. Elizabeth's court favorite. Under the patronage of Leicester, his genius was soon recognized at court, but failing to receive any substantial recognition the disappointed young poet looked about for a new patron. In 1580 he obtained a position as secretary to Lorl Grey and followed him to Ireland. After a short sojourn here the crown granted the poet nearly 4,000 acres of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond in County Cork, South Ireland.

On this estate, in the midst of an extensive plain and on the margin of a beautiful lake, "under the foote of Mole, that mountain hoare," and near the gliding river Abweg, the "gentle Mulla" of his verse, stood Kilcolman Castle.

Here, "amongst the cooly shade Of the green alders by the Mullaes shore," he tuned his oaten pipe and sent forth his liquid song, until, like the Mulla that pours its waters out into the wide sea, it flowed on through hill and dale and at last reached the mighty ocean of song.

Here he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, "the Shepheard of the Ocean," and his visit is commemorated in that exquisite pastoral, "Colin Clout's come Home again:"—

"There a strange shepheard chaunst to find me out,

Whether allured with my pipes delight,

Whose pleasing sound shrilled far about, Or thither led by chance, I know not right."

Here he spent the years of his life in which Sir Philip Sidney, the "Astrophel" of the poet's Elegie, died, and in which Mary Queen of Scots fell on the scaffold, and here he continued to write and muse on his "Faerie Queene" until the rebellion and insurrection of the Irish drove him from his home. The castle was sacked and burnt, and Ben Jonson relates that the poet's new-born child perished in the castle.

Spenser escaped to England a poor and broken-hearted man. "He died," says Jonson, "for lack of bread in King Street, Westminster, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord Essex, saying that he had no time to spend them." He was buried near Chaucer, in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Thus ended the life of our great English poet.

But let us linger for a moment

around the poet's ruined home. The walls are broken and irregular; some are almost leveled to the ground; only the tower, outlined against the ruddy evening sky, rears its grey head among the surrounding hills and groves once so lively with the wood-nymphs, hobgoblins, and fiery dragons of the master's vived imagination. Its rooms, through which once echoed the silvery voice of the gentle poet, are now run over with grass and ivy and lie open to the ravaging storms. The melancholy scene recalls to our mind the prophetic lines in the poet's "The Ruines of Time:"-

"Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,

In which the lordly Faulceon wont to towre

There now haunt yelling Mewes and sand,

For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:

And where the nightingale wont forth to powre

Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull Lovers,

There now haunt yelling Mewes and whining Plovers."

All is calm and quiet, and the withered thistle on the undulating Irish downs nods mourfully in the dim twilight. A soft glow from the departed sun still lingers on the upland hills but in the valleys below the gathering shades already hide and hush the wandering Abweg's stream "whose waves I whilom taught to weep."



Milton's Satan.

J. D. M. Brown, '06.

Of all the characters English Literature has produced, Milton's Satan is the most interesting. Yes even more interesting than the melancholy Dane of Shakespeare for he is grander, stronger and more commanding than the prince who "knows not seems," Hamlet seeks to avoid crises; Satan meets them boldly and willingly. In Hamlet there is hesitation and uncertainty; in Satan there is dispatch and decision. He is a Hamlet who acts boldly, promptly and decisively. He is more real than the evanescent demon of Shelley, and far more majestic than Byron's extravagant representation. Dante's Satan is repulsive. Milton's is attractive. Though the incarnation of the greatest evil and hypocrisy, the Satan of "Paradise Lost" is clothed in a pleasing, enticing external which conceals the foulness within. Like the gaily colored butterfly that flits in the golden sunlight of summer among the nodding flowers, but is still, however beautiful it be, the metamorphosis of a worm, so Satan's exterior semblance belies his soul's degeneration. Let us examine more closely this wonderful character of literature that Milton presents to us in our great English epic, "Paradise Lost."

This "Adversary of God and man," is, first of all, a GEN-ERAL:

"Leader of those armies bright,
Which none but the Omnipotent could
have foiled."

His entire military career may be summed up in these words of one of his followers:

"O chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful
deeds,

Fearless endangered heaven's perpetual King."

He, it was, who, when Christ groves and fields of heaven as Son of God and greater than all the spirits, had stirred up "impious war in heaven." He had arrayed his false allies against the legions of Gabriel and Michael wreaked carnage in heaven. days the battle raged. Always, in those two days, Satan had shown "prodigious power" and been in the midst of the fray, exhorting, and dealing destruction until he was cut down by the invincible sword of Michael. It was by his plan that the army of Michael was checked for a short time and thrown into confusion at the beginning of the second conflict. But, in the end, Satan was utterly routed by the single power of the omnipotent hand.

"Him the Almighty Power Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion down To bottomless perdition."

Yet, he was not daunted, although defeated so decisively. Milton presents him to us as encouraging and inspiring his followers over whom he had great control, cheering them when all others were despondent and utterly at a loss to know what to do. Out of the depths and gloom of defeat, he fashioned a future of victory and success. He made the best out of the worst. This is the test of a great general,—Alexander won his victories because he never allowed his men to despair; judged by this criterion, Satan stands the test well. Recall his own words, as he is lying in the surging, fiery billows of hell with his forces scattered and all hope gone:

"What though the field be lost? All is not lost; the unconquerable will And study of revenge, immortal hate, And courage never to submit or yield, And what is else, not to be overcome, That glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort from me."

Here is prested to us a picture of Satan as a daring warrior and persevering general. He stands out as a shining example of successful leadership, and, though we must condemn his base designs, we cannot help admiring his military prowess. Even in defeat he is defiant, and stirs his men to greater

efforts inspiring them with new hope and courage.

In the second place, he is a STATESMAN. Single handed he raised a formidable army, convincing those whom he seduced that he was in the right, and causing them to place the greatest confidence in his powers and in an enterprise of which they knew very little. And then, when he and his horrid crew had been cast down into hell, he re-formed the scattered hosts, dispelled their gloom, prospered the daring plan of invading the world and attracking God through his new creations, and secured its approval by his followers in the force of open resistance and disapproval. Then, when no one else ventured to make the journey to the new earth, he volunteered to go and was greeted by the cheers of those who formerly opposed his plan. How well he succeeded in his mission of treachery, needs no explanation. The most striking picture of his power of swaying the multitudes, however, we find in the first book of the poem.

At Satan's call the scattered armies flocked together from all quarters of the burning lake, "but with looks downcast and damp." They were a disorganied mob, desperate, angry and rebellious, with few kindly feelings for the leader who had brought them so low. Yet, after Satan's speech to them, which rivals Antony's in

fervor and persuasiveness, he had converted them completely:

"He spake; and to confirm his words, out flew

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs

Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze Far round illumined hell; highly they raged

Against the Highest and fierce with grasped arms

Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,

Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven."

And these men were the very ones who were previously despondent and utterly vanquished.

In the third place. Satan is pictured as the FALLEN ANGEL. In this portrayal, Milton succeeds even better than before; this phrase of Satan's character is admirably presented. As we read the vivid lines that speak of his ambition and overthrow, this verse in Isaiah comes to us with a deeper significance:

"How art thou fallen, O Luci fer, son of the morning!" Hitherto he had been one of the most highly honored spirits in heaven:

"For great indeed

His name, and high was his degree in heaven.

His countenance as the morning star that guides

The starry flock."

But this trusted angel had dared to oppose God, and had defiled his angelic purity with base thoughts and ambitions designs until the Son of God riding forth in His majesty and omnipotence, had cast him down to the doleful regions of hell.

"So dire was that fall, that

Nine times the space that measures day and night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew, Lay vanquished, rolling in the flery gulf, Confounded though immortal."

For, to escape the death-dealing weapons of the Almighty, they had thrown themselves down from the verge of heaven, knowing not what abyss was yawning before them.

What a descent this was for the proud and once-honored Satan! In one instant he fell from the loftiest heights to the lowest depths. Horrors were all around, his friends seemed gone, his armies, routed, and the last vestige of hope, departed for ever. Then, in the intensity of desperation, he discloses his feelings in these words:

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly Infinite wrath and infinite despair? Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell; And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep Still threatening to devour me opens wide

To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

"From him, who in the happy realms of light,

Clothed with transcendent brightness did outshine

Myriads though bright."

Yet, before his followers, he appeared the same indomitable rebel who raised dangerous rebellion in heaven and defied the powers of God to attempt his punishment.

Only when alone, did Nemesis hover around him visibly and Despise seize him with iron grasp. Never did he exhibit his real feelings before his followers.

But his fall was not yet complete. A lower descent was necessary. After accomplishing the ruin of Adam and Eve, he returned to hell, flushed with victory and arrogance, and exultingly announced before the assemblage evil spirits the success of his hazardous enterprise. Not a cheer greeted him, but hisses arose from every side, and the whole evil crew including Satan was transformed into a grovelling mass of snakes. Thus the fall of the boastful angel was completed and, in the very form in which he seduced man, he himself was punished.

Even in ruin, he is majestic.. Among the others, he easily stands out as their leader. He is a fallen angel, it is true, but one whose glory has been dimmed, not extinguished. Consider these lines from the first book:

"He above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent, Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost

All her original brightness; nor appeared Less than archangel ruined, and the excess

Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,

Looks through the horizontal misty air Shorn of his beams; Darkened so, yet shone

Above them all, the archangel; but his face

Deep scars at thunder had intrenched; and care

Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,

Waiting revenge."

Not as the warrior, nor as the statesman, but as the fallen angel, Satan appeals to us most strongly. In this part of Milton's delineation of Satan's character, he has reached the high-water mark of characterization. As we read the poem, we feel that a master's hand has drawn these incomparable pictures and that the Satan of "Paradise Lost" is not merely a creature of the mind but a powerful being "whose looks draw audience and attention."

Having considered these three phases of Satan's character, the soldier, the stateman and the fallen angel, there remains one important question to be answered. That question is: does Milton apologize for Satan? We answer that he does not, for three reasons.

First, because, although clothing Satan in an attractive and brilliant garb, never presents him to us except as "arch-fiend," "ingrate," "guileful temper" and "outcast" from heaven, who, though he be general, stateman and angel, is still the branded chief of a horde of evil spirits.

Secondly, because he clearly states in the first book that Satan could never have risen from the "Stygian flood" had not "all-ruling Heaven" so willed. Hence,

whatever he did, was done with the recognizance of God. Satan never deceived the Almighty.

Thirdly, because Milton at no place, speaks of any of Satan's supposed successes with exultation or delight, or pride for the author of the evil. We see no sympathy for him in the poet's lines, as he plots and plans the foul, evil deeds of treachery.

What Milton does do, however, is this. He presents Satan to us in a personal way and more forcibly than any other writer of mere literature. Milton acquaints us better with "The Infernal Serpent, whose guide stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived the mother

of mankind," and is still seeking to deceive us. He presents Satan to us in such a way that we are stirred by his marvelous personality and his facile ingenuity in deception and stategy. As we read the poem, we feel that Milton was right in saying that Heaven

"Left him (Satan) at large to his own dark designs;

That with reiterated crimes he might Heap on himself damnation while he sought

Evil to others; and, enraged, might see How all his malice served but to bring forth

Infinite goodness, grace and mercy, shown

On man by him seduced; but on himself Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance poured."

He sent his boy to college,
And now he cries, alack!
He spent ten thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back.

The Muhlenberg.

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The New Staff.

With this issue the new staff officers of The Muhlenberg take charge of the monthly with a view to guide it for a short five-months' safely on its journey over the troubled sea of journalism.

It is almost sheer folly to think that we will have a less troubled voyage than our predecessors, and if we should indulge in such a hope, we imagine that some of those who have gone this way before us will shake their heads and ascribe all such notions to our youth and inexperience. Nothing daunted, however, we take charge of the helm hopefully; believing firmly that back of us is a crew,

every man of which can be depended upon, in all kinds of weather, and most of all in time of danger. Therefore when dark clouds of adverse criticism darken our horizon and the wild waves of "literary-dearth" beat a relentless tattoo on the frail sides of our bark, seeking not only to dishearten but also threatening to devour us, we hope that our crew will stick by us, do their duty manfully and pour oil, in the shape of poems, essays, and other literary productions on this troubled sea to allay the high waves that we may safely continue on our journey assured, that if this is done we will ere long be able to bask

in the sunshine of favorable criticism. You are one of the crew! Have you found out what your duty is? If so, are you doing it and if not why not?

"A Night Off."

The evening of January 22, was rendered one of the most delightful of the year by the presentation of the college play in the Lyric Theatre. This is an annual event and is always greeted with unusual interest and delight. After many weeks of assiduous effort on the part of those comprising the cast as well as of those who had charge of the business and financial matters, "A Night Off," or a "Page from Balzac," by Augustin Daly was admirably produced before a large and appreciative andience. The play, a comedy of four acts,

was presented in such a way as never to allow the interest of the audience to flag; this was indicated unmistakably by the frequent laughter and applause. One pleasing feature was the excellent scenery and furniture which was kindly loaned to the Dramatic Association by the Prince Furniture Company. After all expenses were paid there still remained a considerable sum which will be given to the Athletic Association. In conclusion, we wish to express our thanks to the friends of the college to whose kindness this splendid success has been very largely due, and also our hearty commendation to the men of the college whose splendid efforts and loyal support were undoubtedly chiefly instrumental in the attainment of this success.

Athletic Notes.

Basket Ball.

Muhlenberg opened its basket ball season with two defeats and good sized ones at that. The first game was played on Friday evening, Jan. 26, with the Lebanon High School team, at Lebanon. Muhlenberg was represented by a good but inexperienced team and faced a husky lot of good, experienced players. Aided by their knowledge of the floor, which we are sorry to say was anything but good and aided also by a referee who delighted in calling fouls on Muhlenberg's men especially in

the first half, Lebanon won by a score of 49-19. Gingrich starred for Lebanon and Rudolph did good work for Muhlenberg. The following is the line up:

Lebanon. Muhlenberg.
BoyerForward.... Rudolph
MillerForward (Capt.) Peters
Brenhoetz Center..... Keiter
Gingrich ..Guard..... Stump
Bangser ..Guard..... Coleman

Referee, S. Hood. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Indians, 105; Muhlenberg 4.

The first intercollegiate basket ball game ever playel on the Carlisle Inlian's floor was played against Muhlenberg on Saturday, Jan. 27. The Indians started immediately in doing things up brown. On a fine large floor, with a good referee and against an almost perfect team Muhlenberg by the end of the game was swamped by the score of 105-4. We only wish that our team could play ball like the Indians. There was no fumbling, but excellent passing and perfect goal throwing on the side of the Indians. game was clean through out and few fouls were called. The most important features of the game was the work of Mt. Pleasant and Archiquete for the Indudians and Miller and Peters for Muhlenberg. The treatment that our team received during its entire stay was such that it could not be surpassed. If any college wishes to know how to treat a visiting team, we say "Go to Carlisle" as we did and find out how to do it." Nothing gives us more pleasure than to have opened Athletic relations with the Indians, and we hope that they shall always continue. Never shall we meet with a better and a more generous opponent. A returne game is being arranged to be played at Allentown, the date of which will be announced later. The line up is as follows:

Indians. Muhlenberg.
Scheldon Forward.. Rudolph
Mt. Pleasant (Capt.) Peters
Gardener ... Center..... Keiter
Archiquette Stump
(Coleman)

Libby Guard...... Miller Referee, Venne, Indian Umpire, Reiter F., Muhlenberg. 20 minute halves.

The game scheduled for Jan. 31 with Perkiomen Seminary was cancelled by the Perkiomen management; the reason was that they were not allowed to play a Wednesday game during the evening.

Muhlenberg 17 . A. P. S. 16.

Although the first two games ended in defeats nevertheless Muhlenberg was victorious in the next two games. One of these was played with the Allentown Preparatory School team on the Muhlenberg floor. The game was snappy from start to finish; but the Muhenlenberg men, thinking that A. P. S. was an easy mark, dismissed from their minds, the idea that it was absolutely necessary that they play good basket ball in order to keep in advance of their opponents. What was the result? Why, the game ended with the score 16-17. We sincerely hope that our boys have taken a lesson from this game, not to be over confident. The whole Prep. team is to be praised for their quick work on the floor but especially Tyron for his foul goal shooting. The following is the line up:

A. P. S. Muhlenberg.
Tyron . Forward..... Deibert
Shelly . . Forward.(Capt.) Peters
Lentz . . Center Keiter
Schantz . . Guard Stump
(Albert)

Putra ... Guard...... Miller Referee, F. Rapp. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Bethlehem Prep. 10; Muhlenberg 14.

We feel sure that feeling of presumptuousness has been discarded by the team of the Cardinal and Gray and may it always remain extinct. This was evident in the game on Saturday evening, Feb. 3, with the Bethlehem Prep. School team. The feeling ran high that Muhlenberg would certainly see her finish this time but our team got down to work and worked with strength and will. We do not purpose praising only our own team but also the B. P. S. team. The game was exceedingly enjoyable and was fast from beginning to end. Muhlenberg exceleld in goal work from the field while Bethlehem made a strong point in their goals from fouls. The line up:

DownsForward Deibert AldrichForward. Peters MartinCenter.. Keiter (Capt.) Robinson Guard.. Miller CrespoGuard.. Stump

Referee, Bittner and Bachman. Muhlenberg. Martins, Beth. Prep. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Just a few words to our own team. Attention! Boys! Get down to hard work. We know that you have the power to do better work and why not use that power. Try to keep the following sentences fresh in your memory and we can't help coming out on top. Pass more. Shoot more

goals. Win. The following is the complete schedule:

Jan. 26—Lebanon High School at Lebanon.

Jan. 27.—Carlisle Indians at Carlisle.

Jan. 31—Perkiomen Seminary at Pennsburg.

Feb. 2.—Allentown Prep. on Muhlenberg Floor.

Feb. 3—Bethlehem Prep. at Allentown.

Feb. 9—Susquehanna University at Allentown.

Feb. 10—Perkiomen Seminary at Allentown.

Feb. 17—Schuylkill Seminary at Allentown.

Feb. 23—Swarthmore at Swarthmore.

Feb. 24-Open.

Feb. 28.—Bethlehem Prep. at Bethelhem.

Mar. 2—Swarthmore at Allentown.

Mar. 3—Allentown Prep. on A. P. S. Floor.

Mar. 9.—Bucknell Uniersity at Lewisburg.

Mar. 10—Susquehanna University at Selinsgroe.

Mar. 16—Manhattan College at New York City.

Mar. 17—College of the City of New York at New York City.

Mar.24—Schuylkill Seminary at Reading.

We always laugh at teachers' jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because of its policy.

Intra Muros.

Ettinger '07 does not believe in miracles. It is our firm opinion that it is high time for the missionary society to organize and get busy.

Bittner '07 to Dr. W.—Ein guter Prediger muss eine rechtschaffene Nase und eine gutes Maul haben.

Dr. O.—"Don't you know who Ben Franklin was?"

Green '09 (after a long pause—"Oh yes! I know. Didn't he invent lightning?"

Dr. W. to Shimer '07—"You are out of order!!! You ought not to act so! you ought to be ashamed of yourself!!! And then you get up Sunday afternoons and speak like a prophet."

Shimer '07—"Doctor, I am a prophet."

Dr. W.-"Yes, a false one."

The "stiff is still an inhabitant of these classic halls. During a few weeks after his arrival he explored the different rooms of the building. There was scarce a room where his presence was not smelt. He later visited the "Dorms" as the guest of Mr. Peter Wohlsen '09.

Dr. H. (in psychology)—"The facial expression of a person changes when he thinks of a good dinner."

(Laurer '07 smiles) "I can see that Mr. Lauer is thinking of a chicken and waffle dinner" continues the Doctor.

Mr. H. H. Krauss has joined the roll of Benedicts. He has our sympathy. But as the deed is done we will make the best of it and hope that Mrs. Krauss is a congenial woman, and hope that there will be enough Krausslets to warrant recognition from Mr. Krauss' ideal Pres. Roosevelt.

Dr. W. to Héring (fish)—
"Schimmt zurick."

Deibert '07—The czar and his wife are superstitious."

Dr. W.—"Oh yes! But you don't have to go beyond Schnecks-ville to find some more of them.

We hope that Mr. Ziengenfuss is better. One "stiff" on our hands at a time is enough.

Extra Muros.

'73. The address of Harry E. Cooper has been changed from Allentown to Emaus, Pa.

'73 The manuscript of the biography of Dr. W. A. Passavant by Prof. G. H. Gerberding, D. D., of the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Chicago, is in the hands of the printer. It will be an illustrated volume of about six hundred pages.

'74. Hon. Marcus C. L. Kline, member of Congress from the Berks-Lehigh District, is a member of the Committee on the District of Columbia and of the Special Committee on the Jamestown Exposition.

'76 Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., of the College Faculty has purchased a home on South Fourteenth Street, which he expects to occupy early in April.

'77. A recent number of THE LUTHERAN contained an article on the late Swedish professor, Dr. S. L. Bring, of the University of Lund, from the pen of Rev. Prof. John Sander, of St. Peter, Minn.

'79. George D. Krause, of Lebanon, Pa., is the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Wholesale Hardware and Supply Association.

'80. At the last meeting of the Philadelphia Lutheran Social Union, held in the New Century Club Rooms, 124 South 12th Street, Dr. George T. Ettinger read a paper on "The Lutheran Layman," that received very favorable comments. He was reelected President of the Lehigh County Historical Society and also elected a member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

'82. Rev. William H. Medlar, pastor of the Congregational Church, York, Nebraska, has shown his loyalty to Muhlenberg College by sending his check for \$100 as a contribution to the Alumni Fund. Rev. Medlar is the State Organizer of the "Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip" and a lecturer of prominence in the West. His "Travel

Talks," based on personal observation, cover, to a very great extent, what is interesting in the Holy Land, Europe and America. He will in the near future make a tour around the world.

'82. Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph. D., Professor of Biology at the West Chester Normal School, delivered a series of lectures on "Evolution," in the New York City University Extension course in Cooper Union, that had an average attendance of 1345 persons.

'83. Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph. D., English Professor in the Wartburg Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa, has resigned.

'83. Rev. James O. Schlenker, Hazleton, one of the younger members of the Board of Trustees of the College has sent his check for a \$100 as a contribution to the Library Fund.

'86.J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esg., is on the Editorial Staff of the "Morning Call," of Allentown, owned and published by David A. Miller, of '94.

'86. Rev. John H. Waidelich is President of the Public School Board of Sellersville, Pa.

'88. Ralph Metzger, Esq., recently moved into his commodious new home at the corner of Walnut and Madison Streets, Allentown, Pa.

'89. Rev. John W. Horine, of Charleston, S. C., is the chairman of the Common Service Committee of the United Synod, under

whose auspices the new hymnal of the United Synod of the South will shortly appear.

'09. Rev. I. B. Ritter is now a resident of Allentown, Pa.

'90. John F. Saeger, of the Saeger Milling Co., Allentown, Pa., has been elected a Director of the Allentown National Bank.

'90. The reports of the health of Dr. Alfred J. Yost, Mayor of Allentown, who is now in Colorado, are very encouraging.

'91. Rev. Milton J. Bieber, Missionary Superintendent of the General Council, is looking up the Lutheran interests in New England, with headquarters in Hartford, Connecticut. He contributes some very interesting articles on Lutheranism in New England, to the various church papers.

'92. At a special congregational meeting held on January 21st after the regular service, St. church, Wilmington, Stephen's Delaware, Rev. F. Doerr, pastor, unanimously decided to authorize the trustees of the church to seek a new church site. For years there has been a desire on the part of many of the members of St. Stephen's church to locate a church in a growing residence part of the city. With this object in view a new church property fund was createl some years ago. The selection of a new church site does not mean the removal of the present church building. At Sunday's meeting a strong sentiment was expressed in favor of continuing services at the second church home of St. Stephens's congregation. The Lutheran.

'92. On Sunday, January 7, Rev. A. L. Ramer resigned the pastorate of St. Mark's Lutheran church Scranton, Pa., in order to accept the call of the Slav Mission Board of the General Council to take up mission work among the Slovak people. In order to qualify himself for his new field of labor, Rev. Ramer will go to Hungary to study the language and customs of the people in their homeland. The resignation came as a surprise and was recevied with great regret by the members of St. Mark's congregation. The tachments between pastor and people are strong. At the monthly missionary meeting, on January 1th, the congregation presented a valuable gold watch to Rev. Ramer as a loving remembrance of his birthday anniversary.-The Lutheran.

'93. We are greatly pleased to be able to announce that Dr. Roderick E. Albright, Allentown, Pa., has fullly recovered from his recent serious illness and that he is again attending to his professional duties.

94. Rev. Frank C. Longaker, is pastor of a Lutheran congregation at Parkersburg, West Virginia.

96. Preston H. Breinig is teaching school at Egypt, Pa.,

96. Rev. S. A. Bridges Stopp has resigned his charge at Doylestown, Pa., but the people are unwilling to let him go and wish him to reconsider his decision.

'96. Rev. Paul Z. Strodach is pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Washington, Pa.,

'96. Rev. Samuel G. Trexler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been elected Secretary of the New York Ministers Association.

'98. The Pastoral Association of the Wilkes-Barre Conference met at the home of Rev. William H. Heist, Scranton, Pa., Exegetical study on Heb. 1st chapter and sermon sketches occupied a large part of the session. A discussion of Funeral Sermons followed. Rev. E. F. Ritter urged the imperative need of concerted action in behalf of Muhlenberg College upon the pastors.

'99. At the services in St. Peter's Church, Pittston, Pa., Rev. John A. Bender. tor, on Sunday, January 14th, the pastor read the annual report. The statement showed the congregation to be in a prosperous condition. The contributions to the building fund amounted to \$800. The balance in the treasury on January, 1, 1905, was \$71.76; dues collected during the year, \$764.25; plate collections, \$1,882.-37; expenditures, \$1,783.19; balance on hand January 1, 1906, \$39.18. Besides these expenditures,\$178.05 were contributed to

the benevolent work of the church. A strenuous effort will be made during the year to wipe out the remaining debt.—The Lutheran.

'99 On January 14th the newly-elected pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Easton, Pa., Rev. A. H. Klick, was installed. Rev. W. D. C. Keiter gave the charge to the congregation and Rev J. C. Seegers to the pastor. The vested choir of St. John's church furnished the music.

On January 18th the congregation gave a reception to the pastor. The Lutheran pastors of Easton and Phillipsburg were invited. A social hour of music, addresses and refreshments was spent, and all voted it a very enjoyable event.—The Lutheran.

'oo. Rev. Elmer D. S. Boyer, is seriously ill at his home in Lafayette, Indiana.

'oo. At the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College held June, 1905, Robert C. Horn was elected Mosser-Keck Professor of Greek.

'oo. In connection with Rev. Simon M. Lutz, Chaplain in the U. S. Army, Rev. Paul G. Krutzky, of new Rochelle, N. Y., has published a little work entitled "Revelation Twenty," being a concise Evangelical Treatise and Exposition concerning the Terms, Death, First Ressurrection, Millenium and Hades.

'or. Percy B. Ruhe is a re-

porter on the "Morning Call." Allentown, Pa.

'02. Lawrence H. Rupp, Esq., of Allentown, has ben admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

'02. Rev. Samuel E. Moyer is a Reformed pastor at Friedensburg, Pa.

'02. Rev. Joseph L. Weisley,

a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, is a Presbyterian pastor in Trenton, N. J.

'03. Orlando S. Yerger is a student in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

'04. Mark L. Burger is worthily representing Muhlenberg College in Drew Theological Seminary.

Literary.

Of the novels that have just appeared, the one entitled "In Old Bellaire" ranks among the foremost. In every respect does this work reflect merit to its author Mrs. Mary Dillon. It is a work worthy of succeeding her other novel entitled "The Rose of Old St. Louis," anl all who have read that book will find pleasure in reading this one. This work proves the fact that the Civil War may be portrayed in a new and novel manner.

Another novel, worthy of attention, is that written by Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman entitled "The Debtor." Besides setting forth a well told tale, it portrays a searching study of character. The Literary world has always been greatly indebted to Mrs. Freeman for her writings, but she has undoubtedly never turned out a more interesting and entertaining book than "The Debtor." This novel is sure to gain great favor among the literary class.

Exchange Department.

"The Lady of Shalott," or "The Idealism of Tennyson's Art" in the January Midland, is an appreciative estimate of the poet's great mystical poem, and also an earnest denouncement of "art-for-art's-sake."

The Delaware College Review con-

tains a good story, entitled, "His First Case." It is not only an interesting story, but also a well written one. Read it.

"Ephphatha," a poem in the Buff and Blue, reflects great credit upon the poet. We are always pleased to recognize original poems

for they are such a rarity among college publications. There are many exchanges which contain beautiful poems from the great poets of the past, for the wise selection of which they are to be commended. But are the poets all dead, or does conscience forbid them to inflict mortals?

The *Perkiomenite* contains the beautiful poem entitled, the "Bugle Song," from Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Otherwise the literary department is rather medicore.

The Sorosis reflects favorably on its college. The publication excels especially in its literary essays. "Chaucer and His Times," and "The Comic Element in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'Much Ado About Nothing," are to be noted. "Nausicaa" is a very fanciful poem.

One of the attractions of the Courant is the insertion of several interesting half-tones.

The Hill School Record retains its usual artistic as well as literary merits. The poems of C. E, Lom-

bardi, particularly the "Laocoon." reveal promises of yet better things. We hope to see more of his verse.

We are pleased to note the rapid improvement of the *Purple and White*, in matter as well as appearance.

The Harrisburg High School Argus maintains its attractive appearance, but the literary department is sadly neglected. The publication as a whole is rather too newsy.

The Junto and The Red and Black remain among our most interesting High School exchanges.

TIDBITS.

Perhaps these jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf;
If you can do it better,
Send in a few yourself.

"You hold my future happiness," he sighed.

"Why don't you hold it yourself?" the maid archly answered. —Yale Record.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to a group of tourists. "I bathed in the spring of '86."—The Louisville Crimson.

Shankweiler and Lehr..

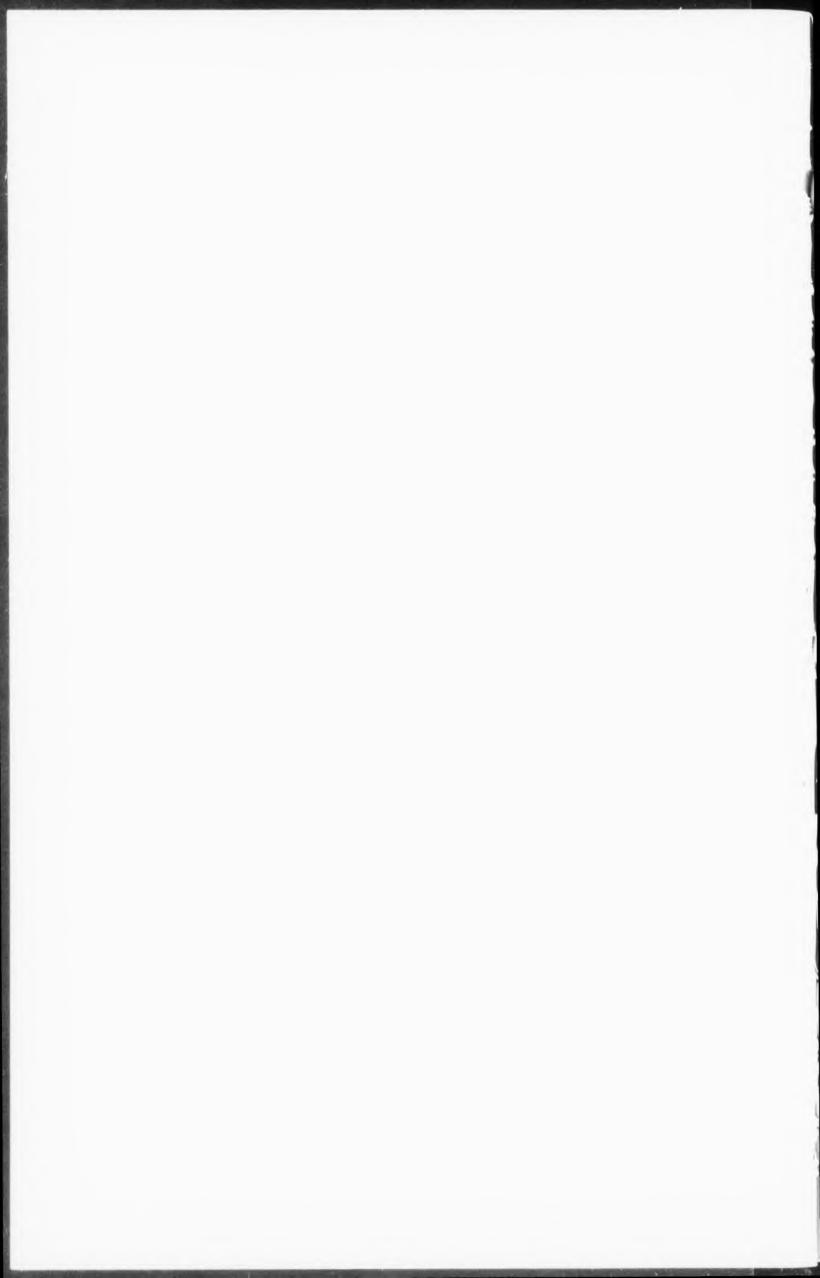
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Aluhlenberg



March, 1906

Vol. XXIII.

120. 7.

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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH 1906.

No. 7.

The Hunter's Song.

(From the German of Uhland.)

No better joy the seasons bring
Than merrily through the woods to go,
Where cries the hawk and thrushes sing,
Where leaps the heart and bounds the roe.

Oh, that my Love in the tree-top were, And sang as doth the throstle, Oh! And would that I might follow her As follow I the leaping doe!

The Departed.

(From the German of Heine.)

Whene'er I wander through the grove, The dream-bound grove at even-tide, Still ever doth your loving form So gently wander by my side.

Oh, is not that thy snowy robe?

Is not that presence thine?

Or is it but the gleaming moon

That lights upon the gloomy pine?

And are these tender tears my own
That I so softly dropping hear?
Or dost thou, O my most Beloved,
Still, weeping, truly wander near?

P. A. BARBA, '06.

.. Tiberius ...

A Drama in Three Acts.

by John D. M. Brown, '06. Historical Research by Howard H. Krauss, '06.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS, son of Livia and Claudius Nero, adopted son of Augustus.

AUGUSTUS [OCTAVIANUS CÆSAR], Emperor of Rome.

LUCILIUS LONGUS, a selfmade man, friend of Tiberius.

PHARNACES, lector and musician of Tiberius.

PAPHLAGO, overseer of the house of Tiberius.

CANOPAS, a dwarf, favorite of Julia.

TABELLARIUS of Augustus' household.

AN ASTROLOGER.

JULIA, [widow of M. Vipanius Agrippa], daughter of Augustus and Scribonia, his former wife.

LIVIA, wife of Augustus, mother of Tiberius.

VIPSANIA, [wife of Tiberius,] daughter of V. Agrippa, by his first wife. Slaves and Servants.

PLACE-AT ROME, AND AT RHODES.

Act One

Stene One — Roof Garden of the Palace of Augustus Julia standing in the twilight among Milesian roses.

JULIA

How stealthily the twilight creeps around

Until it floods Rome's seven hills in gloom

And fills the mind with sombre, phantom shapes

That glimmer ghostly as yon evening star.

Now, night has quenched the embers of the day

As I, the maiden blush upon my cheek.

Let darkness come, its ebon suits me best

Whose life can ill endure the searching rays

That Phoebus scatters from his crystal car.

What fitter time than this dim hour to meet

The vain enchantress of Augustus' heart,

The haughty Livia, whom my father took

From Nero, smitten by her witching charms?

Enter Livia, attended by a Slave-Girl.

LIVIA

Why dost thou scan the stars with pensive eyes?

Canst thou in heaven read thy destiny?

Or, dost thou hope to see Agrippa rise

From Orcus like the Tiber's ghastly mists

To haunt thy father with his lordly mien?

Thank Atropos who cut his thread of life.

JULIA.

I thank the gods that he has crossed the Styx

And dwells in Tartarus whence none return.

Though men acclaimed him great, I loved him not.

Yon Pantheon that towers through the dusk

Is not more cold than was my heart to him.—

Marcellus gone, Agrippa too; 'tis well.

They were but men, and what are men to me?

Come, Bacchus, Ivy-crowned, and Venus, Queen,

And banish Vesta from the hearth of Rome:

E'en Jove himself shall smile-

LIVIA.

Mock Vesta not!

Rash girl, be reverent! Dost thou not care

That Julia is a name all men pronounce

At banquets with a laugh? This levity

Of Caesar's daughter ill befits her race.

JULIA.

Hast thou turned vestal, like Vipsania, too?

LIVIA.

Vipsania! Thou know'st well I hate the name.

JULIA.

And why? And why? She is thy son's fair wife,

Agrippa's daughter, Rome's Penelope.

LIVIA.

Agrippa's daughter wed with Claudius' son :-

Though she be chaste, she lacks that rank, that grace,

That dignity which comes with noble birth.

JULIA .(lightly)

How then, if Caesar's daughter were his wife?

'Twas for this cause I bade thee seek me here.

Fain would I wed again; and now thy son.

LIVIA.

Thou, Julia! Thou! I love my son too well

To see him linked to woman such as thou

Whose eyes have ogled all the men in Rome.

JULIA.

Dost thou cast slurs upon the Julian line,

Usurper of the place my mother held? Have I not power wealth and dignity

Sufficient e'en for Claudius Nero's son?

In me the blood of Venus runs.

LIVIA. (turning uneasily)

Speak low,

For footsteps echo through you gallery,

That marks the garden's end.

JULIA.

'Tis nearly dark ;

No eye can see us through the roses' veil

Besides, thou canst not bid me cease to speak.

But hush, no more; my dwarf Canopas comes.

Enter Canopas with a cythera.

CANOPAS.

Fair mistress, hence! Augustus yonder walks,

And seldom have I seen his brow so stern.

JULIA.

New plans! New schemes! But yesterday he said

His Julia must be mated soon, again, And promised me a Croesus or a king. Ah, Livia, yes, thy son shall be the man,

And, when I say he shall, he must. Farewell. [aside]

By Venus,'tis a merry game we play. Canopas, come. The dice and song for me.

Exeunt Julia and Canopas.

LIVIA. [gazing after them]

Vain girl, thy summer day shall have its close.

And end in darkness as this daylight ends.

I thank the gods that Caesar does not know

The shameful tale of Julia's careless life.

But thinks her gaiety a crowning charm

And favors all her wiles. Her reckless acts

Are daily gossip in Rome's crowded streets,

Each day the Senators her deeds rehearse,

But she is still her father's pride and joy.

Tiberius grave and dashing Julia!

—Ah!

Rome's tongues would wag to see her veiled again

As bride, who jests at marriage and at love,

To see her boldness joined to his reserve.

And yet, what harm? His might will be increased,

His hold upon the Caesar's throne made sure,

If he do wed Agrippa's widow now, Am I not Empress, pray, because I left

My soldier husband for Octavians' sake:

And should my son reject his daughter's suit?

He comes, the Emperor; I see the gleam

Of torches through the leaves. If he should ask

That Julia be mated with my son,

How shall I say him nay? Disclosing all,

Would nought avail, e'en had I strength to tell.

And yet, despising still the girl, her rank

And this, her new caprice, I dare not slight.

Ah, now, Minerva, teach my tongue to speak.

Enter Augustus with Slaves bearing pine-torches

AUG.

Advance the torches, slaves. (Discovering Livia) What, Livia! Thou? Thou here?

LIVIA.

Thou knowst I often linger here; This garden's breath perfumes the ambient air.

AUG.

But now, 'tis dark and chill.

LIVIA. [looking to the west]

I had not marked

Day fled so soon.

AUG. [pointing to the sky]

Behold the gleaming stars!

How rashly dost thou let the hours flit by!

Haste thee within !--yet hold! One word. Methought

I heard the voice of Julia here? (looking searchingly around.)

LIVIA.

Ah, yes,

Octavians, yes, she too was here.

AUG. [anxiously]

Did she

Say aught to thee of being wed again?

LIVIA. [aside]

Be brave, my heart; the time to act has come.

[to Aug].

She spoke with favor of Tiberius, now.

AUG.

Thy son!

LIVIA.

And, by adoption, thine.

AUG. [in a meditative air]

'Tis true.

The very man! I had not thought of him,—

A noble Roman, none more brave than he.

But rumor says he loves Vipsania, well,

And Julia's ways are not like hers, thou knowst.

LIVIA.

She is not Caesar's daughter,—would she were!

Then would she help to make her husband great.

And not entangle him in women's cares.

A higher destiny awaits my son Than household duties and a simple

AUG.

But, will he then assent?

For me, he will.

Too long have I endured her regal air,

Her girlish dignity and subtle charms,

That hold my son in bonds like Hercules.

Within his heart she has been queen too long.

AUG. [impatiently]

What dost thou say? Thy son will wed?

LIVIA.

He will.

And I, myself, O Caesar, will dethrone

This woman. She must fall.

AUG.

Cease, Livia, cease.

Go seek my child, acquaint her with these things,

That I will have her wed Tiberius soon.

'Tis well she wed, for I can brook no more

These wild reports her smiles have set on foot.

Today her marriage caused me many thoughts;

Rich Proculeus or the Getan king, Coteso, seemed to me a goodly pair

Of rivals for the flower of Caesar's house,

But now, no name sounds sweeter in my ears

Than his who placed Rome's eagles on the Alps.

Enter a Slave with a signet ring

SLAVE

My lord, a courier. [Hands him the ring].

AUG. [examining the ring] to Livia

'Tis Drusus' ring;

Some news from Germany, from Drusus' camp,

That calls me hence. See that thou follow soon.

The night creeps on; thou must not linger here.

Exunt Augustus and attendants, leaving one slave behind with a torch.

LIVIA.

O must I cringe before proud Julia now?

For she will think me conquered by her words,

If I declare Augustus' will to her.

I'll go; by Claudiaus shall all Rome be ruled,

And Julia, proud, by stern Tiberius.

Scene Two - Antrim of House of Tiberius. Morning.

Tiberius reclining on a couch. Pharnaces sitting before him with several scrolls.

TIB.

Where didst thou end thy reading yesterday?

PHAR.

My lord, with Homer's words how Helen came

When Iris summoned her to view the fight;

And how her beauty stirred the Trojan sires

Who sat in council at the Scaean gates.

TIB.

Read on.

PHAR. [opening one of the rolls]

I shall. "In winged words they said,

Small blame is theirs if both the Trojan knights

And brazen-mailed Achacans have endured

So long so many evils for the sake Of that one woman. She is wholly like

In feature to the deathless goddesses!"

TIB.

Enough,—thou readest well the tale of Troy

And Helen who was once the world's desire.

I feel the deathless grandeur in those lines

Of Homer, clarion singer of the Greeks.

In him, the souls of ancient men live on,

In him there speaks again the voice of Greece.

An hour with Homer, the divine, is worth

A lustrum with this lyric-tongued band

Of minstrels that delight Augustus' ear.

There is a quiet dignity in Homer's verse,

A rhythmic murmur as of far-off seas,

And voices as the whispers of the winds.

In white-armed Helen radiant beauty shone

That stirred the hearts of men to warlike deeds;

A madd'ning loveliness that kindled strife

And battered down the proudest city's walls.

But they are gone, fair Helen, towered Troy,

And live as spectres in the memory. Oh were I poet now I would not sing Of Helen, but of sweet Vipsania, she More lovely than the Zeus-descended maid.

The thought of Helen is the thought of war;

Vipsania is more like that star of dawn

Whose beauty silvers all the East with light.

I think of her as of some still retreat From life. In her a silent beauty dwells.

A god-like stateliness and sweet reserve,

For she is queenly fair and beautiful As summer's smile upon the deep, blue sea.

[He rises from the couch as if in a dream]

Pharnaces, read to me the lighter strains

Of Horace, where he sings about the rose

That in some garden lingers late. His odes

Are like the music of a mountain stream.

And please me well.

PHAR. [examining the rolls]

The odes? I have them not,

But can recite to thee those lyric lines

Which thou dost wish to hear

TIB.

It will suffice;

Thy flute-like voice sings sweetly in my ears,

But, tell me first what other poems are there.

PHAR. [indicating several rolls]

This roll, O master, is Hermogenes, And that Lucilius, and Calvus that.

TIB.

Hermogenes! The very name sounds harsh

And like the driving rain his verses fall.

But Horace shall delight us now.

Enter a Slave with wax tablets in his hand SLAVE [handing Tib. the tablet letter]

My lord,

A messenger from Caesar has arrived And bids you read this letter Caesar sends Tib. takes the tablets, examines the seal, cuts the string, and reads them.

TIB. [to slave]

Bring him before us.

Exit Slave.

Put the rolls away,

Pharnaces; Germany must take the place

Of poetry again. Oh endless cares!

Today the Rhine, the Dacians, yesterday,

Tomorrow, what? Can I find less repose

In Rome than on the Danube's shores?

Will Caesar's legions be my constant care

E'en when I lead them not?
Slave returns with the Tabellarius SLAVE.

The messenger,

My lord.

TIB. [to Tab]

Does Caesar bid me come at once?

Without delay.-He waits for thee.

TIB. [to Slave]

Go, bring my toga. Summon Paphlago.

Exit Slave

[to Tab]

When came the courier from Germany?

TAB.

Last night, my lord.

TIB.

Does Caesar frown today?

TAB.

He smiles as though he heard of victory.

TIB.

'Tis strange. He ordered Drusus not to fight.

Enter Slave carrying toga and shoes and followed by Paphlago,

SLAVE.

Thy toga and thy shoes.

TIB. [while the slave adjusts the toga]

Good Paphlago.

This message to my wife. 'Tis Caesar's will

That I should haste to him this very morn,

And Caesar's will must be obeyed.

I fain

Would linger here and be with her alone,

In silences more eloquent than words But duty calls me hence. If Caesar

grant,

I shall return before the seventh hour.

Attend me on my journey, slave. Lead on.

Exunt all but Paphlago PAPHLAGO.

'Tis duty's call again ;

O master, think,

Forget not thou thy duty to thyself.

Scene Three — Atrium of the Palace of Augustus. Morning.

Julia with a fan, standing near the Impluvium, on the right of the lofty marble, throne-like Solium or Seat of Honor.

JULIA.

At last! At last! I call Tiberius mine,

And I shall gain the place I long have sought.

He scorned me once and sneered with mocking smile

When Caesar's daughter deigned to favor him,

But now, 'tis she who laughs, 'tis she who smiles,

And that same love which once he spurned e'en that,

Is turned to poison that shall eat its way,

Like pestilence, into his inmost soul, And blight the budding sweetness of his days.

I hate the man! I hate his constancy His steadfast look that burns into my heart,

His work, his very breath, his life itself.

Oh I could tear that heart from out his breast.—

But no,—a single blow! Is that revenge?

'Tis men whose daggers stab their enemies,

But woman's hatred is not spent at at once.

'Tis woman, only, knows how to avenge,

For she alone can torture and devise More torments than dark Tartarus contains.

Revenge becomes more sweet, each day it lives.

My father thinks he gains a worthy heir,

And I, a husband whom all Rome holds dear,

A man of noble blood and lineage. The upstart, Livia fair, my father's wife.

Whose haughty beauty drove my mother out

From Caesar's palace, out into the world,

Where she is buffeted by cruel Fate, Expects to win her son immortal

False Empress, dost thou hope to make thy son

Supplant the Julian line, and win for him

A marriage that will raise him to the throne?

Thou saidst but yesterday he would not wed,

And now some new ambition lures thee on ;—

I know thy secret thoughts, thy subtle schemes,

Yet, I alone through them have greatest gain.

'Tis true, he brings me wealth and name, 'tis true,

But vengeance pleases Caesar's daughter best.

My father's pride and Livia's secret hopes

Are but the stepping stones to my revenge.—

The die is cast, Tiberius' might shall fall.

Unsnaken long he stood and Titan-like,

Defiant in his strength, he cast his arms

Athwart the flaming light of my desire,

But I have forged the thunder-bolt at last

Whose fire shall burn through him with scathing heat,

And hurl him helpless, shattered, to the earth.

Then shall he suffer, too, Prometheuslike,

For I will gnaw his heart and mock his groans.

I hate the Duty he has made his king,

But love the homage to that king he pays,

For, in that homage, all his weakness lurks.

At last the shaft has reached Achilles' heel

And he is overcome, laid low.— Revenge!

Oh sweet Revenge! His breath he still shall keep

But lose a dearer thing to him than life,

For I will tear from him his treasured wife,

The lily-faced Vipsania--But, enough! I must be gay; my father comes.

Enter Augustus with Nomenclator and Slaves. Livia follows.

AUG. [seating himself upon the Solium]

Go, slave,

Arrange thy names. If anyone should call,

I must not be disturbed

Exit Nom.

Ah, Julia, dear!

Dost thou enjoy the sun?

JULIA. [holding out the fan]

The sunlight smiles.

See how it glistens on this peacock fan,

And so, my father, will thy daughter smile

If she be wed again—

AUG.

Fear not, thou shalt. Enter Tabellarius. TAB.

My lord-Tiberius waits.

Let him come in.

Exit Tab.

AUG.

Fair Julia, go, thou must be absent now.

'Tis not for thee to counsel us in this.

JULIA. [aside]

I counsel not in words, but deeds and smiles.

Exit

AUG.

Dear Livia, come, be near to second me.

LIVIA.

I shall, but act not thou in haste. I pray.

AUG.

'Twere better quickly done; I hate long words.

LIVIA.

Be wise, O Caesar! Well I know my son.

AUG

Didst thou not say he would consent? LIVIA.

I did,

But caution ever is the surest road.

AUG.

Few words will Caesar use, but use them well.

LIVIA.

Beware!

Enter Tiberius with Attendants.

TIB.

Caesar all hail! I wait to hear

The news from Germany thou wouldst impart.

AUG.

The news is brief. 'Tis this; we must dispatch

Another legion to the Rhine.

TIB.

No more?

AUG.

'Tis all.

TIB.

But thou didst bid me come at once.

LIVIA. [in a low tone to Aug.]

Be wise!

AUG. [to Livia, aside]

Shall Caesar be afraid to speak?

AUG. [to Tib]

I bade thee haste; 'tis true, but not to tell

Thee news of Germany

TIB.

'Twas written so.

AUG.

The lesser news I wrote to thee, my son,

The greater news have I reserved till now,

A matter touching me and thee alone,

And dost thou think that Caesar should entrust

Such messages to tablets and to slaves?

Tiberius, lo, I am thy Emperor.

And father, by adoption. Thou dost owe

To me thy highest duty by the laws Of Rome.

TIB. [making obeisance]

O mighty Caesar, speak thy will,

And I, whom thou hast never found to fail,

For whom thy slightest bidding was his law,

Will go to earth's far-distant bounds for thee,

Will undertake-

AUG. [with a gesture of impatience]

Enough—thou wilt obey?

TIB.

Let Caesar but command. Oh Caesar, speak!

AUG.

Leave thou thy wife, and marry Julia now.

TIB [distractedly]

What dost thou say? Thy daughter, Julia?

AUG.

'Tis my desire that she be wed to thee.

TIB. [kneeling before Aug].

Oh Caesar, mercy at thy feet I beg— I did not think that thou wouldst ask so much.

I fear, I fear, to speak. I cannot frame

That word which duty bids my tongue pronounce,

But evermore my heart cries out one name

And checks the answer rising to my lips.

Vipsania,—the music of that name, O Caesar, is the music of my life.

Break thou the chords, and, lo! the song is o'er,

The harmony is gone forevermore.

When love is gone, O Caesar, what is man?

And 'tis for her I yearn with speechless love.

AUG.

Does duty ever halt at love?

TIB. (throwing himself at Aug. feet)

Behold!

I cast myself before thy feet, thy slave!

Take thou my life which lives not save in her,

The inspiration sweet to all my hours!

This sudden dart has cleft my heart in twain.

AUG.

Must Caesar speak in vain?

O Claudius, think;

Is not thy Caesar greater than thy wife

For he is sprung from gods and race divine?

'Tis Duty's voice; wilt thou not hear, my son?

Tiberius rises and walks wildly to and fro.

TIB.

O Duty, Caesar, mother urge me not! Drive not my soul, despairing, through the years!

Drown not my hopes in Lethe's awful flood!

Dim not the star that silvers life's dark vale!

Take all I have, but leave me this alone,

This one last refuge where my heart may weep,—

Vipsania, my goddess and my queen!

[END OF ACT ONE]

To be Continued.



The Reconstruction Period and Its Fiction.

Luther A. Pflueger, '06.

HEN we seek information concerning that troubled period of our history known as "The Reconstruction" the historian and the novelist come to our relief. We read and are mystified. Statement and counter-statement; passignate defence of the lawlessness of the South, and abuse not less moderate; the negro almost a demon of hell, and again a picture of a race big with promise,-endless contradictions confront us as we We are forced to conclude that each author gives us not a true history of "The Reconstruction," but only that which he saw, or rather that which he seemed to It is said that all histories are splendid fictions. But in writing the story of a period in which passion is the primal element, and reason is subordinate, we can expect nothing but that there should be vast discrepancies in the versions of various authors. through the eyes of their politics, through the eyes of their social prejudices, and the image formed on the retina in one is tinged with deepest Radicalism, in the other with the Democracy and traditions of the South.

Lincoln died before the work of Reconstruction was fairly begun. His counsels had been moderate. The radical Republicans of the North thought that he showed too much consideration for the feelings of the South. There was a certain class who believed that the rebellious states should be made to realize the enormity of the sin of revolt, that all who had fought against the Union should be deprived of the right of franchise, that restoration be made difficult, little realizing, -some perhaps not caring,-what a storm of evils and disorders would follow this new abject humiliation. The sweettempered sentences of Lincoln's second inaugural address-"With malice towards none, with charity for all," disquieted them. Johnson became President he seemed inclined at first to side with the radical Republicans. Mr. Benjamin Wade, the leader of the Senate, said to him: "Johnson, we have faith in you, by the gods. there will be no trouble now in running the government." But Johnson was from Tennessee, and soon revealed the fact that at heart he was a Southerner and in sympathy with the Southland. Following Lincoln's policy, but lacking his tact, during the recess of Congress in 1865 he assisted in the restoration of the Southern States. When Congress reconvened in December the South also sent its delegates, but they were refused admission.

Then began the war between

Congress and the President with Thaddeus Stevens the leader of the opposition. Bills and amendments to the Constitution were passed - most of them over the President's veto. The Reconstruction of '65 was quickly undone. The fourteenth amendment granting the franchise to the freedman was thrust upon the Southern States for ratification, and by them hurled back at the North unratified. Statehood was withdrawn and the South divided into five military districts. Loyalists and negroes framed new constitutions. The fourteenth amendment was ratified by these travesties of States, and the North dreamed that the reconstruction was complete. It had but begun. Then began the reign of the carpetpagger and the negro, an era of such misrule and corruption as had never before been known in America, when the black sat in egislative halls and his former naster was an outcast. Taxes loubled, trebled and quadrupled, estates were sold at sheriffs' sales by the impoverished tax-ridden owners, and still the wanton waste aused State debts to mount higher In South Carolina and higher. axes rose from \$400,000 in 1860 o \$2,000,000 in 1871, although the value of the taxable property had leclined more than one-half in the Four and one-half ame period. rears of reconstruction cost Louisana \$106,000,000. In Mississippi wenty per cent. of the total acreage of the State was sold at forced sales

before the work of the carpetbagger was complete. This era of tyranny and ruin was fast becoming unbearable. At Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1866 was organized that vast secret society known as the Ku Klux Klan. In a year it had spread far and wide. Invisible Empire of the South" had become a dread reality to the negro and the carpet bagger. It seemed to its members a last resource for a proud people, too weak for open revolt, but determined no longer to submit to negro domination. threats and violence the black was suppressed; and the Northerner, a frightened if not a repentant prodigal, hastily returned to his home. It was an institution of mingled good and evil. It accomplished its purpose; but at a fearful cost of torture, suffering and death. often it failed to discriminate. Hot young blood ruled its councils, and the innocent and the imprudent, as well as the guilty suffered at its hands. Perhaps its worst work was the suppression of negro schools. Not all who came from the North came with sinister motives; but no one was safe who dared boldly to express views contrary to the accepted standards. In 1871 by stern legislation Grant blotted out the Ku Klux Klan, but the evil the order had sought to abolish was already nearly eradicated. On Hayes accession to the Presidency every Southern State had a Democratic State Government, and the rule of the negro

was forever past.

Writers of the problem novel find a fruitful field in the period of the Reconstruction. Three authors of note, the late Albion W. Tourgee from the Northern standpoint, from the Southern Thomas Nelson Page and Thomas Dixon, Jr., have derived their themes from this subject. The books of no one of these, as is to be expected, are entirely free from passion and sectional bitterness.

Albion W. Tourgee, an Ohioan, served in the Union army, and at the close of the war commenced the practice of law at Greensboro. North Carolina. In 1868 he became judge of the Superior Court in that State. In his district the Ku Klux Klan was unusually active and there were hundreds of raids. He waged relentless war on the order. As a result his life was repeatedly threatened, and several forays were made for his capture. To his friends it seemed a miracle that he escape death. The key to the spirit of his novels is found in his own life, fearless and frank and open minded-an honest attempt to deal with the negro question fairly and with unprejudiced mind. Now and again in the intensity of his feeling, passion and satire gain the upper hands; sarcasm and bitterness are hurled impartially against the policy of the North or the lawlessness and prejudice of the South. Beneath the intensity there is still a feeling of restraint. He never descends to coarse abuse

and vituperation, never lower himself by ridiculing his opponents, never colors his pictures so high that we feel on the face of it there is nothing but exaggeration.

"Bricks without Straw," "John Eax," and "A Fool's Errand" deal with the Reconstruction period. The last named is the book on which Tourgee's fame rests. It had a sale of a million copies. was translated into several foreign languages. It is in all probability his only work that will survive; a book of power and insight, into which he put his own soul, in which there is reason to believe there is much of personal experience. northern soldier comes south after the war to practice law. opinions and dares to express them, and thereby comes into contact with the traditions and opinions of the "best people" of the South. Tourgee in the person of his hero, Comfort Servosse, bitterly opposes the Reconstruction policy of Thaddeus Stevens. He believes that the region, the slave States once embraced should be divided into territories without regard to former stated lines, and so remain for a score of years under national control, but without power to mold or fashion the national legislationuntil time should naturally and thoroughly have healed the breaches of the past. "Men who gazed into each other's faces over gleaming gun barrels, by the fateful blaze of battle, were not so fit to adjust the questions arising out the conflict as

those yet unborn." He arraigns the "Wisemen," as he repeatedly calls them, for enfranchising the negro, poor, ignorant and illiterate, for placing on them in conjunction with the Republican whites, the mountain whites, a race not too many degrees more intelligent and progressive than the blacks, the whole burden of government. "Yet upon this party the nation has rolled the whole burden of restoration, reconstruction, reorganization! That it will fail is as certain as tomorrow's sunrise." In regard to the negro as a man he admits that he is ignorant, shiftless and too often immoral; but slavery has made him so. He believes there is hope for the future. The race is backward; he is still a child, thoughtless of the future and carefree. His evolution is not complete, but there is a possibility of evolution. He is not a hopeless degenerate.

It is upon the Ku Klux Klan that Tourgee pours out the overflowing vials of his wrath. "Of the slain," he writes, "there were enough to furnish a battle-field, and all from these three classes, the negro, the scalawag and the carpetbagger--all killed with deliberation over-whelmed by numbers, and almost always by an unknown hand." "Alas, that people who had organized and carried through a great war should come to regard anything as an excuse for Thuggism!" And yet the spirit of fairness compels him to admit that

there was much seeming justification, that the originators probably never intended to go to the lengths the order afterwards did go. He says that one cannot but admire the pride of the Southrons that will not endure negro rule, that dares to defy the Government. Truly this is a Reconstruction novel from a Northern standpoint, but it is as disquieting to an extreme radical as to a Southern Democrat.

"Red Rock" by Thomas Nelson Page is a Reconstruction novel of another type. We see the Ku Klux Klan and its justification from a Southern standpoint. The long discussions of Tourgee are absent; there is simply the thread of the story, but no formal argument. But that story is so powerful, so intense, there is no need of argument. The misrule and fast approaching ruin that preceded the "Invisible Empire" are vivid in As Tourgee shows portraiture. how the innocent suffered at the hands of the Klan, so Thomas Nelson Page shows how the guilty, those whom the law could not or would not reach, who were indeed the head of the government, were made to feel their offences. Page's negro is a being some degrees less exalted than Tourgee's, but still considerably raised above the level of the brute. As Tourgee attempts to deal fairly with the question, "nothing extenuate or set down in malice," so does Page attempt it. And as Tourgee has occasional

lapses, so is Page not quite innocent.

Few literary men of the day have the doubtful honor of being discussed to the extent to which Thomas Dixon, Jr. is favored. The appearance of "The Leopard's Spots" raised such a gale in the literary world as has scarcely yet subsided. "The One Woman" heightened the storm, and "The Clansman'' followed, a veritable tornado. But all this is slight compared to the avalanche of condemnation that has followed the dramatization of "The Clansman." "The theatrical shame of the year" "As false and miswrites one. chievous as Uncle Tom's Cabin" declares a southern paper. Dixon is the friend of the South as he poses to be, God save us from any more of them" comes the echo from the Southland. The South condemns, though not with the same unanimity as the North. Negroes must be excluded from the performances for fear of riot. A colored minister who had seen the play produced says that he left the theatre under the impending sense of some awful calamity. He would not have been surprised if had been attacked on the street. He had seen his race portrayed as a race of brutes -- a breed of human jungle-apes-a creature of lust and passion, fit for nothing but extinction or deportation. Dixon bears up serenely. Some think he enjoys being abused. His books attain enormous sales thereby.

What literary crimes has he then committed that he has been almost overwhelmed by rivers of vituperation? Two Reconstruction novels are accredited - perhaps many would prefer the term discredited to him, and in addition a hybrid melodrama, a compound of the novels, bearing the name of "The Clansman." Between Thomas Dixon and Thaddeus Stevens there is a deep gulf fixed, infinitely broad, infinitely deep. As far as Thaddeus Stevens went in the direction of giving the negro power--farther still would Dixon wish to go in the other direction. To him the negro is little better than a beast, a veneered savage, but still a savage. You may whitewash the leopard if you will and conceal the spots, but remove the lime and you have the same old leopard. You can clothe the negro with the outer garments of civilization, but beneath the cloak beats the heart of the jungleape of Central Africa. What else can such novels spell but reaction and revolt from all that Booker T. Washington has preached and worked for, reaction from all that those who have ever tried to elevate the race have done? For if the blacks cannot in heart be elevated, why should one try to improve Dixon himself seems to them? realize the logic of that. Durham in "The Leopard's Spots" says, "When I see these young men and women coming out of their schools and colleges well dressed, with their shallow veneer

of an imitation culture I feel like crying over the farce." What remedy does Dixon propose then? One only is possible, that old, impracticable scheme, deportation to Africa, the original home of the race. Then with marvelous consistency Dixon explains how the negro shall be the nucleus of a new civilization and a wide-spread Christianity on the dark continent. Has he forgotten that he is a veneered savage, a jungle ape?

Such is the teaching of the novels and the manner of the teaching is scarcely less open to criticism than the teaching itself. In "The Leopard's spots" especially there is the most bitter sarcasm and ridicule: but that is not necessarily argument. Miss Walker from Boston opens a negro school in the town of Hambright, and seeks the co-operation of the Reverend Mr. Miss Walker says: Durham. "Yes, I am collecting from every section of the South the most promising specimens of negro boys and sending them to our great Northern Universities where they will be educated." "Is it true, Madam" said the preacher, "that you once endowed a home for homeless cats before you became interested in the black people?" "Yes sir, I did, I am proud of it. I love cats. There are over a thousand in the home now, and they are well cared Whose business is it?"

"I meant no offense by the question. I love cats too. But I wondered if you were collecting only negroes now, or, whether you were adding other specimens to your menagerie for experimental purposes."

And ridicule sublimely ridiculous, we renew our acquaintance with some of our childhood friends.

Half a dozen second editions of characters from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are introduced. Even Simon Legree is recuscitated, and does double duty; first as a Reconstruction leader, and then as a great capitalist of the North. The heralding of his arrival passes the limit of absurdity. Dixon writes:

"This ambassador was none other than the famous Simon Legree of Red River, who migrated to North Carolina attracted by the first proclamation of the President, announcing his plan for readmitting the state to the Union. The rumors of his death proved a mistake. He had quit drink, and set his mind on greater vices.

At the first rumor of war he had sold his negroes and migrated nearer to the border land, that he might better avoid service in either army. He succeeded in doing this. The last two years of war, however, the enlisting officers pressed him hard, until finally he hit on a brilliant scheme.

He shaved clean and dressed as a German emigrant women. He wore dresses for two years, did house work, milked the cows, and cut wood for a good natured old German. He paid for his board and passed for a sister, just from the old country.

When the war closed he resumed male attire, became a violent Union man, and swore that he had been hounded and persecuted without mercy by the secessionist rebels."

Again the style utterly lacks the restraint of that of Tourgee and Page. These two make the reader feel that they could readily express feelings more passionate, more sarcastic and more bitter if they wished. There is reserve power. Dixon seems to infuse into his writings all the bitterness, irony and passion of which he is capable. The effect is that of being overdone and too highly colored.

We feel that somehow Dixon is not fair. Although truthful, yet he is false. Read history, and we cannot help but feel that he intentionally refrains from telling all the truth. That which does not favor his view is best unnoticed. Note "The Clansman" - it is an historical novel, to a greater ex-"The Leopard's tent than is Spots." Edwin M. Stanton is one of the characters. We see him only as a man with a violent tem-

per. History accredits him with a temper, but it also gives him some virtues which Dixon forgot to men-Andrew Johnson had a more violent temper, but Dixon overlooked it. Could it possibly be explained by the fact that Johnson favored Southern ideas and Stanton did not. It is a very transparent veil that conceals Thaddeus Stevens under the pseudonym of the Hon. Austin Stoneman, Dixon ascribes to him no more political measures, perhaps no less moral principle, than was his due; but since he recalls all his vices, why couldn't he without grudging allot to him the few virtues he possessed on reliable authority? There is no doubt that all the shameful and disgraceful incidents, all the fearful misrule and corruption recounted, could be paralleled in the annals of history, but is it fair to leave the impression that there was nothing but shame, crime and corruption? We welcome writers of the Reconstruction, and will welcome, but we welcome with double gladness when they are more open and fair than Thomas Dixon.





The Students' Volunteer Movement.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEB. 28 TO MARCH 4, 1906.

A. T. Michler, '07.

On Wednesday, February 28th, there were gathered together in the city of Nashville, Tenn., the greatest body of America's young men the like of which the world has never before witnessed. Four thousand one hundred and eightyeight strong, representing seven hundred institutions in the United States and Canada, this was the inspiring sight that greeted the eyes of those privileged to witness One might well stand in amazement at the sight and question what great object has brought these representative College and University men together. inside the great auditorium it would not be long before the answer could be given, for on the wall, over the platform, in large unmistakeable letters read the great motto of the convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions in North America and Canada "The Evangelization of the World in this generation."

The great theme therefore was "the Evangelization of the World" and how well those stalwart young men gave themselves to the consideration of this vital question the future will abundantly show. That they were there for business was no mistake. Every session was filled by the delegates

In the intense interest and close attention to every appeal and address was marked throughout the entire convention. Every session was conducted with orderly and dignified simplicity. Every hymn was sung with intense fervor and the good old hymns of the church, which have stood the test of time, once more were used to glorify the great God of the Universe.

convention immediately settled down to business on Wednesday afternoon and continued until Sunday evening. An excellent feature of the convention program was the sectional conferences held each afternoon to consider special phases of the Foreign Mission work. Saturday afternoon was given over to denominational conferences. These were productive of great good to the various churches and in this respect the Lutheran conference was no exception. Here were gathered together representatives of nearly all the Lutheran institutions of our country and it was here we felt more than ever our common inheritance and our common faith. We were further honored at this conference by the presence of a number of missionaries from India, by the Lutheran representative from Germany and by Dr. Karl Fries, of

Stockholm, Sweden, our distinguished scholar and chairman of the World's Student Christian Fed-The subjects discussed eration. breathed the true missionary spirit and the need of united effort in this great work of the Master was clearly emphasized. In harmony with this line of thought a resolution was offered expressing the desirability and great usefulness of organizing a federation Lutheran students of the United States and Canada in connection with the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. committee was accordingly appointed to consider the matter and the hope was expressed that something definite might be done within a year or so.

In the convention the great subjects relative to foreign missions were presented in the most earnest and forceful way. All were weighty and carried to those hearing them mighty truths. The pressing need of the work was emphasized again and again. It prevailed in almost every address. Educative Value of Missionary Literature" for those at home and abroad was presented in a very forceful manner by Rev. F. P. Haggard. "The Success of the Foreign Mission Campaign Dependent upon the Support of the Home Base'' was a masterly address by Dr. Vance, of Newark, N. J. It carried home to every heart the conviction of the great truth that those who remain at home must support loyally,

prayer and means, those abroad.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, of Arabia, brought home to the convention the vast "Opportunity among the People." Mohammedan speaker clearly showed the need of greater activity among followers of Islam and pointed out the following reasons why their conversion to Christianity would be comparatively easy:—the political condition and division of the Mohammedan world, the lingdivision of the Moslem world, since the bible has been translated into every Moslem tongue and is the cheapest book in the world, the influence of Christain journalism, the disintegration going on among the Moslems, that every strategic center is now occupied for Christ, the present crisis, the results already achieved show opportunity and the inspiration of heroic leadership in the past.

Robert E. Speers' address on the "Inadequacy of the non-christain religions to meet the needs of men" was probably the most forceful address of the convention. He said in part "We approach this question from the Christian standpoint and we must also approach this question with some pre-supposition. We cannot look down upon a non-Christain civilization for there is no such thing as a Christain civilization.

There is good and much greatness in the non-Christain religions and we must recognize it, but these are all found in a richer form in the Christain religion. In these religions there is no word for love. Can this meet the needs of hungering men? Man also has an intellectual need, Whence am I? Whither am I going? The non-Christain religions cannot answer these.

These non-Christain religions cannot meet the moral need of men. They have no moral ideal. They offer no secret of power. offer no holy God, no sinful man. All non-Christain religions are chaotic. No leader ever lived up to his own ethical ideal. Christainity has within itself a constant uplifting power. The non-Christain religions have no conception of the sanctity of truth. Truth is sacred. Non-Christain relegions cannot meet the social needs of men. They reduce woman to the condition of the slave. They hinder progress. They are bound up with a degenerating power. They deny the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Further the non-Christain religions cannot meet the spiritual needs of They represent merely the groping of man for truth. They do not teach us Father. teach no hope and they are acknowledging their own inadequacy to meet the needs of men."

A solemn momment in the convention was reached when slowly and distinctly the names of 36 student volunteers, who suffered martyrdom for the cause of Christ during the past year was read. Such an unselfish and self-denying spirit can scarcely be equaled. The

convention honored their untiring labor by singing the hymn, "For all the Saints Who from their Labors Rest."

The convention received fraternal greetings from all over the world. The one from Japan was full of meaning and gives food for thought "Japan is leading the Orient, but whither?"

On Sunday night, March 4, this great convention came to a close. It numbered 3346 accredited student delegates and professors, coming from 700 institutions in the United States and Canada, 144 missionaries from 126 different lands, 149 official representatives, 95 Mission agencies being represented, 8 fraternal delegates, 44 press representatives and 397 special representatives making a grand total 4188 different persons. This does not include the many present, the record of which could not be secured. The mission exhibit held in Watkins Hall, by actual count was visited by 19,000 different persons. All this has passed into history but its influence will live forever. This great gathering showed the genuine interest in things religious among college men as never before. Many were quickened to a noble calling and a higher ideal. Many were the expressions of "Christianity is a real power and I must have it" on the part of the fellows on the return home. May the Universities and Colleges receive added power and strength to further extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ and evangelize

the world in this generation. A deep interest in this great Missionary movement among college men and a deeper conviction of the reality of Christianity in our own lives is much needed to-day. May

the day be not far distant when such an activity, similar to those in other Colleges and Universities, shall be instituted in our own college.

Intra Muros.

Dr. H. to Shimer: "If you would go to a seance and you would see the spirit, you would hold her hand, she would talk to you and then she would suddenly vanish; how could you say that the spirit was not real?"

Shimer (after a pause:) "Well, I would want to hold more than her hand."

Dr. O: "How many declensions have we in Modern English?

Bender '09: "Three declensions, first, second and third."

In the Labratory Marks has the hood open and the odor of boiling H-2-SO-4 is soon smelt.

Hering: "Oh Dodger! Put it down for the sake of my poor mucous membrane."

Schoenberger: "What does 'gemastet Kalb' mean."

Dr. W.: "A fatted calf."

Schoenberger: "Kline is a 'gemastet Kalb."

Hering tries to find the dead sea on the map of Palestine.

Dr. W.: "Oh never mind, there are no fish there."

Dr. W.: "This word poultry means anything that has wings."

Bossard '09: "Then angels are poultry?"

Wohlsen: "Doctor, isn't it chilly in this room?"

Dr. W.: "Just so you have a warm heart."

Shoenberger: "They tell us that the Priest taxed those whom he buried."

Dr. W.: "If you want to love, love the nine muses."

Rudolph '09: "They are Greek, Latin, Mathematics, German and Chemistry."

Keiter's derby is in Dr. W.'s room, crownless.

Ziegenfuss: "Doctor, whose derby is that?"

Dr. W.: "That belongs to a headless man."

Keiter pins paper boats on the Dead Sea and tells the Doctor that they are having a yacht race in Palestine.

We wonder how Anthony '08 could do without his beloved chewing gum for a few hours to enjoy the banquet.

Dr. H.: "Who was the great English historian and logician?" (Hume)

Marsh: "Aristotle."

Dr. B.: "Whom did Charlotte Corday assassinate?"

Keiter: "Mozart."

Dr. B.: "Who was the strong man of the Greeks?"

Weaver: "Alexander."

The Muhlenberg.

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. . Editorial . .

P. M. C. A. Consecration.

HE recent Students' Volunteer Convention held at Nashville, Tenn., has again shown that the work of the Y. M. C. A. in our large cities, our colleges and universities seems to fill a want which the churches seem to be often incapable of supplying. We naturally ask ourselves, why should the church so often fail in just that sphere for which it exists, when an organization, whose methods if not its zeal, whose means if not its

ends may be often justly questioned, is able to show such unparalleled results for its efforts.

We cannot go far wrong, it seems when we point to one of the most apparent differences, which is definiteness of purpose, or as some might call it, consecration of the persons engaged in the work.

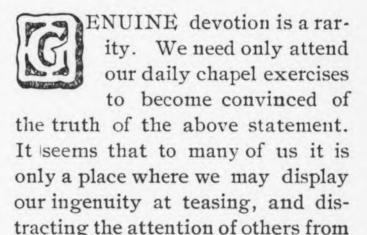
The lack of this on the part of many of our ministers and the abundance of it among Y. M. C. A. workers in a large measure explains the failure of the one as well as the success of the other,—

But the root of the evil lies deeper. Our clergymen are to a large extent collegemen. So many of the young men when they enter college have no idea of what they want, they merely know that they lack age and ability to enter any one of the professions, therefore to acquire the former, at least, they take up their college course. they very often drift into bad company and from bad to worse; and in the end they are less able than they were when they started. Then wrecked in body and soul and not much better as to intellect, they cast about for something in which their college diploma will figure a prominent part. Finally, to gratify the wish of a doting mother and after seeing his inability to hold his own in one of the other professions, which he wrongly considers to be more strenuous, such an one, a disease-racked piously offers body, a warped soul and a clouded intellect to the services of the Mas-His heart is not in his work. How can he hope to appeal to young men or, in fact, to any one? wonder we need Y. M. C. A. workers.

What we need is men who if they entered upon other professions would not only succeed but stand head and shoulders above the average. But we can never hope to get such men unless those who enter

upon the work of the ministry keep body and soul spotless while they do their preparatory work for life's work. If this is done our churches under the efficient leadership of strong, consecrated and soulful pastors will be able to do that work which is now done by the Y. M. C. A.

Chapel Manners.



the exercises of the morning.

It is needless to enumerate here the many forms these annoyances take, we know them well enough, but surely we ought to have more respect for the place and the exercises to indulge in all kinds of distracting pranks. If we attend some social function at which a program is rendered which bores us powerfully, it would hardly to considered good form to show ennui or even to interfere with the pleasure others may derive from the affair.-You may draw your own conclusions as to your duty while in Chapel, even if the exercises do not interest you. They may interest others.







Athletic Notes.

Basket Ball

Susquehanna 22 Muhlenberg 18

On Friday evening, February 9, Muhlenberg met the strongest team of the season, with the exception of the Carlisle Indians, in the Muhlenberg gymnasium and ran up 18 points but fell 4 points short of Susquehanna's score. Inability of the Cardinal and Grey team to throw foul goals was the cause of their defeat. The Susquehanna men were also hindered in scoring on account of the size of our gymnasium. We understand that they have a larger floor and higher ceiling than ours. We can easily understand the difficulty in playing on a smaller floor. We hope that our team will play as good a game if not a better one in the return game on March 10. The following is the line up:

Susquehanna Muhlenberg Weaver Forward Peters (Capt.) Forward Deibert Strob Shaffer Keiter Center Geise Guard Stump Benfer Guard Miller

Field goals, Peters, 2; Deibert, 3; Keiter, 2; Weaver, 4; Shaffer, 2; Geise, 2. Referee, Wieder. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Perkiomen 39 Muhlenberg 13

The first game of basket ball that was ever played by Muhlenberg with Perkiomen Seminary was played on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10. The Perkiomen team started from the beginning to play fast ball and kept it up throughout the entire game. You could plainly see that our team was completely worn out from playing the night before, by the way in which they played; and therefore there is some excuse for the resultant score 39-13.

The line up:

Perkiomen		Muhlenberg
Cole	Forward	Peters
Burt	Forward	Deibert (Rudolph)
High	Center	Keiter
Herman	Guard	Stump
Clapp	Guard	Miller

Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Schuplkill 40 Muhlenberg 10

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17. Muhlenberg was again defeated at the hands of Schuylkill Seminary on the Muhlenberg floor by the score of 40 to 10. Bohler, who formerly played on the Lebanon Valley College and the Ben Hur teams, and is at present physical director of Schuylkill and center on the Alpha and Penn Wheelmen teams of Reading, played center for Schuvlkill. He alone scored 20 points in the first half but was allowed to score only one goal in the second. The game was exceedingly rough from start to finish and resembled a football game rather than basket ball. The following is the line up:

Schuylkill		Muhlenberg
Bretz	Forward	Bossard
		(Rudolph)
Lobb	Forward	Peters
Bohler	Centre	Deibert
		(Keiter)
Lithgrow	Guard	Miller
Parfet	Guard	Keiter
		(Deibert)

Time of halves 20 minutes.

Referee, F. Reiter.

The game which which was to be played on Feb. 23 at Swarthmore was cancelled by Swarthmore. They thought it was hardly worth while playing us when they saw the poor showing we made against other teams. A return game with Swarthmore was to be played on March 2, but this game was also cancelled by Swarthmore.

Perkiomen 19 Muhlenberg 10

A return game which had been arranged by Manager Reiter with Perkiomen Seminary was played at Pennsburg on Feb. 24. A number of substitutes took the place of regulars on the team but they are to be commended for their good playing. The out-of-bound rules were used, which appeared somewhat new to some of our men. The

score was 19-10 in favor of Perkiomen. The line up:

Perkiomen		Muhlenberg	
Burt	Forward	Peters	
Coles	Forward	Rudolph	
High	Center	Deibert	
Hermann	Guard	Albert	
Clapp	Guard	Keiter	

Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Bethlehem Prep. 21 Muhlenberg 18

In a return game with Bethlehem Preparatory School, Muhlenberg lost by the score of 18-21. The score was close throughout the entire game and several times it was tie. The first half ended with the score 11-8 in Muhlenberg's defeat. Peters did fine work in throwing 9 foul goals out of 10.

Line up is as follows:

Beth. Prep.	N	Muhlenberg	
Aldrich	Forward	Peters	
Downs	Forward	Rudolph	
Martin	Center	Keiter	
Robinson	Guard	Stump	
Crespo	Guard	Albert	

Goals—Muhlenberg, Rudolph 1, Keiter 1, Albert 1, Stump 1; Prep. Aldrich 2, Downs 4, Crespo 1; Foul goals—Peters 10, Crespo 5. Referee, Martin; Umpire, Wieder; timekeepers, Blossom-Lauer; 20 minute halves.

. . Literary . .

We find that the literary world continually manifests it activity, by producing new and interesting works. Writers who have heretofore been writing books are bringing forth new and better ones, not only are the older writers still active, but we find that many be-

ginners are sending out their first productions. Among the writers who are continually adding new books to their number, we may mention Edith Wharton. list of popular books such as "The Desert of Man," "The Valley of Decision," "The Greater Inclination," she has added "The House of Mirth." Although Mrs. Wharton has written many books, this is undoubtedly her greatest work.

In short, it undoubtedly is the strongest and most artistic novel of the year. Another novel that has lately appeared is that entitled "The Truth about Thona," written by Bertha Runkle. book worthy of succeeding her last work "The Helmet of Navarre." The story shows that there is as much romance in new Manhattan as in old Paris. The action of the novel moves at a great pace, continually gathering force, and also keeping the reader amused and interested to the end.

The plot sets forth a five-sided battle-royal between three men for the hearts of two American girls. The heroines have not only wealth and beauty, but mind, heart and judgment as well. The reaction of these characters upon each other supplies the original and amusing plot and incidents, which culmin-"The in Truth Thona," Thona being a famous opera singer. While the purpose of the book is serious, the complications are amusing, and the story as a whole is a masterpiece of literary workmanship.

A most interesting narrative entitled "The Long Day" has been written by Rose Pastor (Mrs. Phelps Stokes). This work setting forth the true story of a New York working girl, is all the more interesting because the writer herself passed through the actual experiences she has set forth. As a truthful, intimate picture of the unfortunate, underpaid, overworked working girl, this book is causing a sensation.

A story that has been greatly enjoyed by all who have read it, is that entitled "The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer" found in the March number of the Century Magazine. The story in itself is interesting; having been written by Miss Elsie Singmaster. It is of special interest to us because of the fact that the scene is laid in this vicinity and the author herself is prominent in this section. represents a typical country courtship, and reflects great merit upon its author.

Exchange Department.

In looking over the February

serve one particular feature, name-Exchanges we are pleased to ob- ly, the great number of essays on literary subjects, many of which are of great interest. great variety of subjects is worth noting: "Longfellow's 'The Day is Done'," and "Tennyson's 'May Queen' " in the Delaware College Review; "Byron Musing on Metel-Tomb" in the Midland; 1a's "Tasso" and "Some of our Southern Writers" in the Roanoke Collegian; "James Whitcomb Riley, Poet" in the Schuylkill Seminary "Oliver Wendell Narrator: The Forum. Holmes" in "Honore De Balzac" in the Blue and Gray of the Friend's Central High School.

The Buff and Blue is one of the few college publications that gives due attention to its Exchange De-This department, we partment. are sorry to state, is, if not deficient, entirely lacking in some of In this departour exchanges. ment we should see ourselves as others see us, and yet the exchange editor never fails to say beautiful things to tickle our vanity. because college papers are ideal productions, or does that delicate respect for the sensibilities of others lead us to be untruthful?

The exchange notes in the Delaware College Review are very brief.

The two articles, "Woman,— Man's Superior" and "Woman,— Man's Inferior," in *The Comenian*, are two controversial but interesting articles on that more controversial and more interesting subjectwoman, which subject is apparently an engrossing one with the publishers of *The Comenian*, for the same number contains another article on the Eternal Feminine in its editorials. Unless we do not quite understand the office of that department, we think essays should not be included among editorials.

The literary notes in the Roanoke Collegian are commendable. This is a department which only too few of our exchanges contain. The publication would be improved by an exchange column.

The editorials in *The Forum* are rather good.

The Swarthmore Preparatory School Quarterly is not only pleasing in appearance but rich in its literary material.

"The Strange Case of Mme. D'Vernue" in the Hill School Record is a very clever story and an interesting psychological study. It has much of the weirdness and awesomeness of Poe in it, and one cannot help but feel that that great master of the short story must have had a strong influence on the young author. "A Bad Lands Sunset," by Lombardi, is to be noted as an artistic bit of nature study.

The Blue and Gray contains a well-expressed poem "The Sea," which has more than ordinary qualities as an imaginative bit of verse.

The Muhlenberg acknowledges with thanks, the receipt of the following exchanges:

State Collegian, Midland, Comenian, Delaware College Review, Maryland Collegian, Buff and Blue, Roanoke Collegian, College of Charleston Magazine, College Chips, College Breezes, Albright Bulletin, Forum, Sketch Book, Schuylkill Seminary Narrator, Perkiomenite, Blue and Gray, College Folio, Purple and White, F. and M. Weekly, Ursinus Weekly, Hill School Record, Swarthmore Prep. School Quarterly, Blue and Gold, Junto, Canary and Blue, Argus, Crimson and White, and The Echo.





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The Muhlenberg

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., APRIL 1906.

No. 8.

A Day at Stratford-on-Avon.

Preston A. Barba, '06.



E are in the heart of merry England, and a short ride through low meadows and along

green, hedge-lined lanes, brings us to a simple little country town, the Mecca of the English-speaking race, Stratford-on-Avon. We walk down the long, wide street, and are thrilled with the thought that here the immortal Shakespeare lived and wrote and died. Here, by the gentle Avon, Nature bore her wonderchild and placed into his hands the pencil with which to unlock the various passions of the soul. We are treading on enchanted ground, and every thing is permeated with the thought of the great bard.

The day is well spent when we arrive at Stratford, and the tinkle of the silvery Avon comes faintly through the dusky twilight. However eager to visit the shrine of the great poet we must needs wait until the morrow.

The evening is passed in wandering about this quaint old English town. We are not long in coming upon the Red Horse Tavern, so well known through our own genial writer, Washington Irving. It was at this tavern that he stopped on his memorable visit to Stratford, and here he wrote that delightful essay for Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book. The little room and the chair which he occupied is still shown. "'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon."

While drinking a tankard of

English ale, the mistress, no doubt recognizing our nationality, brings us a little red, white and blue bag from which she daintily draws the poker with which Irving stirred the fire while lolling in his chair. On it is inscribed "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre." It is beyond doubt the identical poker, at least we are not willing to be undeceived.

We leave the red Horse and go down High Street where we pass an old half-timbered house, bearing the date 1596, once the home of the mother of John Harvard, the founder of the famous university. Its tiny leaden windows and its dark timber-work variously carved lend it a picturesque exterior.

A few steps further and a great hanging sign with a huge falcon picture upon it greets our eyes. It is the sign of the Falcon Inn, a famous old hostelry. We enter this quaint old structure and soon find ourselves seated in a little room with a great fireplace, and low-hanging rafters. Would that rooms could speak! What rare company we should enjoy and what flashes of wit would fall on our ears, for here many a jolly company gathered and many a tankard was filled and refilled. Here Drayton and rare Ben Jonson met their glorious contemporary, "the glorious Will" for he was "a verie good companie, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and

smooth witt." We can imagine them seated about on the old oak settes, discussing perhaps the latest production at the Globe, or else, while winter winds are whistling and the roaring flames in the deep fireplace cast dancing shadows on the rush-covered floor, they quaff their bumpers, brimming with "jolly good ale and olde," and with merry voices sing:

"The brown bowle,
The merry brown bowle,
As it goes round-about-a,
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill all out-a."

Among such hilarious scenes we spend the evening, and soon find ourselves happily ensconced in a bed of English feathers, with visions of the Red Horse, Ann Hathaway, the Falcon, Ophelia, and whether it is better "to be or not to be." We decide in favor of being and rise to see the early sun glistening on the calm waters of the Avon. All nature is in tune. The "winking mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes" and "the lark at heaven's gate sings."

In a few minutes we are crossing the dewy fields toward Shottery, a tiny hamlet, where, in a little rustic garden stands a picturesque old cottage with low gables and straw-thatched roof. Here lived Ann Hathaway, and here she was courted by the youthful poet. We approach to enter but are interupted by some

little village urchins with their cries of "Buy my rosemary! Buy my rosemary!" We cannot help but take a few sprigs of this romantic plant. Rosemary is the symbol of remembrance. Was it not Ophelia who with plaintive voice sings, "There's rosemary for you, that's remembrance: pray you, love, remember?" In some of the secluded hamlets it is the custom to this day to distribute rosemary among mourners who often throw sprigs of it into the grave of the departed. But let us enter the little parlor with its high wainscoating of oak. Near the fireplace stands the old highbacked bench on which the youthful poet wooed and won Ann Hathaway. We do not know much about Ann, but surely she must have been more than the ordinary country wench, else the poetic youth had not been attracted by her. Whether her disposition was mild as her grace was winning we do not know, but it is recorded somewhere that Ann "hathaway" of her own.

But let us retrace our steps to Statford and proceed to the Guild Hall and Grammer School. It is an ancient structure originally built in 1296, and is a good type of the architecture of the times. The companies of strolling players, when coming to town, always gave their first performance here and no doubt the youthful Shakespeare first became acquainted with the drama in this hall.

On the second floor is the Grammar School which the poet attended. How much education he received here is unknown, but Ben Jonson says "he acquired small Latin and less Greek." which fact may be encouraging to some who study the The room has a high, tongues. open-timber roof and large beams. Our dapper little English guide points out the very spot where Shakespeare sat when a boy. Such statements are at first received "cum grano salis" but the traveller who receives the keenest enjoyment must be ready for such agreeable deceptions.

We leave the Grammar School and turn down Henly Street to the Shakespeare house in which the poet was born on April 23rd, 1564, or rather it is supposed that he was born here, for original research has even left us uncertain about this monument. Some one has said that " all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon -married and had children there -went to London, where he commenced as actor and wrote poems and plays-returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." Nevertheless, the house remains to be seen, and gives us a good example of the times. We enter a room which was probably the sitting room. It has a stone floor, which in the poet's time would have been covered with rushes and sweet herbs. From thence a doorway leads into the kitchen which contains a bacon cupboard, a large fireplace, and an arched recess for a seat. An oak staircase leads to the most interesting room in the house, the room in which the immortal infant first saw the light of day. The walls are covered with the names of thousands who have come to do homage. Among them may be found those of Thackeray, Kean, Tennyson and Browning. On the little leaden window is scratched the name of Walter Scott.

We now wend our way to Holy Trinity Church. We approach it by a long avenue of towering limes, through which the summer sun struggles with difficulty. We near this ancient pile-this mausoleum of the immortal bard-with a sense of awe and reverence. On the great door is a huge knocker, which formerly offered protection to any fugitive seeking refuge in the church. Such an one touching the knocker was safe from his pursuers. We are ushered into the North Aisle where the old Parish register is kept. Among the baptisms in the year 1564 we trace the following:-

"April 26th, Gulielmus, filius Johanns Shakespeare."

And among the burials in 1616: "April 25th, Will Shakespeare, Gent.

Close by, is the old Chain Bible, with part of the chain still attached to it. The date of it is 1611. The aisles and transepts, and grotesque effigies, commemorating the lives and deeds of those long since turned to dust. There is a curious tomb of one Richard Hill, who died in 1593. The inscriptions are in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and English. The English reads thus:—

"Heare borne, heare lived, heare died, and buried heare

Lieth Richarde Hil, thrise Balif of this Borrow;

Too Matrones of good fame, he married in Gode's feare,

And now releast in joi, he resats from worldlie sorrow."

But we must not linger, our minds are imbued with but one great interest. We hasten to the chancel where rests all that is mortal of our great English poet. A simple slab covers his dust. Not even his name is engraved on it. Only a few gruesome words from his own pen mark the place. They are these:—

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare,

To dig the dust enclosed heare; Blest me ye man yt spares these stones,

And curst be he yt moves my bones."

These terrible words will be understood when we remember that in former days the bones of people were removed from their graves to make place for new occupants. The bones were placed in a charmel-house, which is still

there. The poet's curse has been effective and he sleeps in peace. These words have even prevented the removal of his bones to that honored corner in Westminster Abbey. This ancient gray pile with its lofty spire is a fitting mausoleum for the great dead. He sleeps alone. The deep quiet within is only broken by the soft tread of the reverential pilgrim as he wanders along the lofty aisles. The silence without is disturbed only by the cry of the lonely rook that circles high

above the elms, and the low murmurings of the Avon, which, as of old, flows singing to the sea.

"Flow on, sweet river, like his verse

Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse,

Nor wait beside the churchyard wall

For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once, I see him now,

A boy with sunshine on his brow, And hear in Stratford's quiet street

The patter of his little feet."

La Retournee.

M.



ing absentmindedly thru the car window for the last half hour.

He was unconscious of everything around him, and as villages, fields and woodland flashed by in the bright afternoon sunshine they seemed only a vague unreality. He was in a land of dreams and shadows, and phantoms of invisible beings seemed to float about him. He was back again in his native land, but his thoughts were far off in southern India thinking of some of the mysterious fantasies he had seen springing up under some fakir's hands.

His tanned and healthy com-

plexion had been acquired by a year's residence under the hot, burning sun of southern India, where he had found a temporary resting place at the home of an old friend of his. It had seemed strange and new at first, but at last the glamor and glitter wore off, and the old intense longing for home came over him. The glare of the Indian sky, the heat and the squalor of the people around him lost their novelty. He wanted to get back to God's country again, to feel himself among his own race and people.

Since his return he had renewed many of his old acquaintanceships and had fallen back into the place he had vacated two years before. But the old life of the city had lost its attractions for him. It dissatisfied and made him restless. He had thought it would be the same as before, but the rush and hurry of city life jarred unpleasantly on him. And now he was trying to escape both from himself and the city, and was on his way to visit an old chum of his who had been married a short time before he left on his foreign trip.

As the afternoon sun drifted thru the car window it shone in Temple's face, but he was heedless of everything around him. His wavy, brown hair, his graceful well built figure left the impression of a strong and virile manhood. But it was in his eyes that Temple's real charm lay. They were honest and kindly, and women and children instinctively felt that their possessor was a person to be trusted and relied on.

The train had just passed thru a small village and was speeding on again, when Temple dimly heard the shriek of the engine whistle. He paid no attention to it as being a mere commonplace incident, but shortly afterward the train began to slow down and soon stopped at a small flag station. He noticed a trap standing near the tiny station building, and high up on the hill side he could see someone, on the porch of a large mansion, waving a handkerchief. Then the train started and Temple sank into his

reverie again.

"No ma'am, there aint anutha seat in the cah," he heard the porter say, "except the one the gen'l'man has his baggage on, and he paid for two."

Temple paid no particular attention to this remark, as he thought it must be addressed to the last passenger who had just gotten on. But when the reply came its effect on him was like the shock of an electric current. "Well then," came the reply, "I will go into the day coach until we reach the city."

At the first sound of the voice Temple had leaped to his feet, and turning quickly he said, "Porter, the lady can have this seat." And suiting his actions to his words, he hastily removed his effects from the chair. Before the lady could remonstrate or object the porter had deposited her baggage at the seat and left.

"Thank you," she said turning to Temple after a slight hesitancy, "but I could just as well have gone into the day coach."

"I am sure," replied Temple gravely, "it doesn't inconvenience me in the least."

As she made no move to continue the conversation, Temple sank nervously into his seat again. But his eyes were still fixed on her. How little she had changed in the past two years, he thought. It seemed an eternity since he had last seen her, but as he recalled from the recesses of his

memory the images at whose shrine he had worshipped during the past two years, he knew that they had not deceived him. The afternoon sun glinted on the tender melting brown of her hair and gently stroked her features. It brought to him the idea of a divine beauty, idealized far above the common humanity. Its power seemed to hold and bind him with invisible bands. And then as he caught the gleam of her eyes, he thought he could read her very soul in them. Temple could never have told what the real color of her eyes was, for when she looked at him, they lost all meaning to him as mere eyes, and he felt himself swept off his feet by the feeling and power in their depths.

As he gazed at her, seated there opposite to him the past two years of blank hopelessness were obliterated, and he was reliving again the happy and sunny days which preceded that fateful change in his life. She had altered but little, Temple thought, as he noticed the peculiar little twitch of the head when she fixed her hat.

Suddenly she turned and caught him looking at her. Temple knew that he was blushing and tried to stop, but he couldn't. Before he could utter the apology that rose to his lips, she had turned away again. He tried to think of other things, but all his powers of thought seemed centered on her.

She was trying to open a small hand grip and he remarked that the lock was stubborn and refused to yield to her efforts. After watching her for some time vainly trying to get it open, he said impulsively.

"May I try to open it for you?"
She looked up and blushed and then handed him the grip in silence. As she did so her hand touched his, and Temple felt a sudden wild desire, possess him to seize and kiss her. But the only outward sign of his emotion was a slight trembling of his hand when he handed the grip back to her.

She took the grip and said "Thank you," with an air of ending the episode. But before she could turn away Temple interposed. "Elizabeth," he said looking earnestly at her, "have two years penance and banishment not been sufficient to blot out the memory of a youthful mistake?"

"Why should it?" she faltered, evading his glance.

"I do not know," he admitted, and then continuing, "But the years have at least been filled with bitter sorrow and regret for the rashness and folly which brought them about."

"Two years may be but short penance for those who forget," she said meeting his glance, cool and unembarassed, "And how do I know whether the repentance is sincere or not."

A short period of silence fol-

lowed this remark, and then Temple in a voice filled with suppressed emotion said, "Elizabeth, are all our relations severed then, and must we thus part forever?"

She bit her lips nervously and took refuge in laughter. "No," she said with disconcerting lightness "we can be as good friends as ever. What good would it do to bring up the past again? We cannot gather and repair the broken fragments."

She said this as if to end further conversation of the subject. Temple frowned with an air of bewilderment and then remarked, "I do not wish to force you to listen, but the past two years have meant so much to me that I cannot forget them."

She stirred restlessly and gazed absentmindedly out of the window. After a short silence Temple again gravely questioned, "May I offer an explanation, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," she replied quietly, still looking thoughtfully thru the window as he began to speak.

"There is no need," he said watching her intently, "for me to review what happened between us before that fateful July evening. You know the social life in which I moved, it was called the best society. I met the best people and danced and played cards with the best young ladies. I dined with them and went to the theatre with them. I thought I knew women. I though they

were all of the same kind. I imagined that, because those I knew were ready for any sort of flirtation or lark whether within the proprieties or not, therefore true modesty and reserve were unknown qualities among them. And then at last there came a day which brought to me the miracle of love."

He stopped for a while. She was toying with a magazine and still gazing out of the window. She was thoughtful and serious, but from no outward sign could he tell what she was thinking of.

"But," he continued when he saw that she ventured no remark, "I thought she was a woman like those I had met before. I failed to discriminate. I knew that other girls were free in their actions and I thought she was the same.

"One evening after a warm July day we left the crowded ball room and sought the cooler shadows of the porch. And then as we sat there in the soft and witching moonlight, I tried to kiss her. I realized when too late the bitter mistake I had made. I sought her the next morning to apologize for my action, but she had left the place.

"Two years of wandering have driven from me all desire for my old life. I have seen the rush and swirl of European capitals with their back grounds of squalor and unhappiness, and the glittering misery of the far East. A

new view of life has come to me, and has driven away all of the old save one image which has never left me thru all my wanderings. I have come back changed, but that image and hope has never altered."

There was another short pause and then Temple coughed slightly and added, "Elizabeth, may I begin over again, or is there no hope?"

The train was now running thru the suburbs of the city and the electric lights gleamed like diamonds thru the dusk of evening. Far off a faint gleam from the setting sun could still be seen. Temple's face was white drawn as if he were struggling to contain himself, and as her glance flickered over his face she noticed the earnestness of his expression. She had listened intently thru out and several times it had seemed as if a question trembled on her lips. Finally she said hesitatingly, "Why should I change my mind, if I have already determined on my course?"

"I know that I have no right to ask it from you, but it is only for a chance to prove my love that I plead."

The train was now pulling into the station and in the bustle and confusion of departure the conversation was effectually brought to an end. Temple tried to get an answer, but before he could do so she had been carried off by her friends and he was left alone facing her empty chair. She had left one of her gloves lying on the seat, and on this Temple seized as a last ray of hope. He felt something inside. It was her card and on it she had hastily written an answer that made his heart beat with joy.

As he stood holding the card in his hand, she passed by the car window. And as Temple saw her she smiled at him. Then crowd closed around her. But the smile still lingered in his memory and spoke for him a world of hope.

The Huguenots Exedus to America.

Walter Shock, '07.



HOUSANDS of individuals, led on by a desire to improve their personal fortunes. abandoned their Fatherland sailed to America, "the land of the free." Many were sent out

as instruments in the hands ambitious princes or kings, who desired to increase their wealth or power. The Huguenot forefathers, however, were prompte! to leave the delightful hills and valleys of their native France by

none of these motives. It was not on account of the mere love of adventure or because of any inducements of percuniary gain that they set out to find a home in America. What they sought was a home in which they could enjoy, undisturbed, political and personal liberty, or in other words, they sought an asylum from persecution. They wished to bear away their altars and their faith to a land of freedom, a land where they could worship their Master according to the dictates of their own consciences.

The name Huguenot is synonymous with patient endurance, noble firmness and high religious purposes. In turning back to the period when this band of plain, but energetic, people was driven, by persecution, to take refuge in this uncultivated country, we meet, face to face, the pioneers of religion, of domestic peace and of social virtue. To revive their memories and to praise their virtue are grateful tasks which achieve lasting and beneficial results. From them we can learn lessons of wisdom and piety. It should be a pleasure to us to recall their brave deeds and exalted virtue, and to their descendants, especially, to frequent their walks and habitations, to sit around the fireside at which they sat, and to worship before the altars at which they worshipped.

The Huguenots came to this country as grownup, civilized

men. They had been raised under the auspices of an old and refined civilization. Their minds and hearts had undergone severe discipline, due mostly to their bitter experiences in France. There they were prohibited from taking up any branch of learned profession, and not even allowed to undertake any business by which to support their families. So, after having had their property destroyed and their religious worship interferred with, and after being compelled to take shelter in forests, they decided to leave their native country.

They had been faithful to their king, obedient to the civil and political laws of their country, quiet in the their manners and begged only for freedom in religous worship. This of course, their sovereign refused; nevertheless, no violence, no scorn of their rights, no harsh abuse impaired their loyalty to him in all things that pertained to the legitimate claims of his office. They lamented his losses. They mourned sincerely for his misfortunes. They offered up their fervent prayers for his happiness. But his heart was hardened against such generous, simple and loyal worship; and when he issued his decrees, they could bear it no longer. They resolved to endure no further oppressions from the home they loved. They prepared to say farewell to their dear native France and find in America real home.

In imagination we can see the vessel as it begins to spread its sails to the breeze on the voyage across the Atlantic. On the deck of this vessel we can see the devoted group, taking a last, lingering look at the receding shore.

They behold beloved friends, and in the background, their native woods, the land that gave them birth, with a recollection of their school days. But soon their field of vision includes nothing but the blue sky above and the ocean below. They determine to follow the guidance of their heavenly leader.

Although the sufferings of the mind are worse than those of the body, yet the future settlers of the Carolinas braved this for freedom of conscience. Yes, and even more, the perils of the voyage, the pangs of disappointment and the miseries of colonization.

At last they have arrived at their new home. There are the grave husband, the brave-hearted matron and the unconscious babe in its mother's arms. Gazing into the forests, they behold the majestic oak. All this is striking grand and new to them. Inspired by this exhibition of Nature's work, they fall upon the earth and gratefully send up the first evangelical prayer ever offered in those wilds.

From among the thousands who fled from persecution at this time. South Carolina received a noble population. A race of men gifted with manly virtues, breathed spirit into Carolina character and who have added to her fame. May their memories ever be blessed. May tions, yet unborn, respect and admire these people. May we acquire such a mental and moral character and in ages to when multitudes shall be gathered together to commemorate the virtues of the settlers of this country of ours may no cloud arise, that will hide the moral and religious examples set by the Huguenots.

A Spring Song.

Rosalie, 'tis Spring again, and lilacs bending low
Are whisp'ring to the lilies in the rosy twilight glow.
The thrush is gurgling forth his song, and perfumed winds
do blow,

But they bring me only memories of the voice of long ago.

They waft me in my fancies o'er the years that long have flown—

They bear me 'neath the cypress where thou'rt sleeping all alone,

'Neath the dark and gloomy cypress where a bleeding heart doth moan

For the loss of one so young, so fair, of Rosalie, my own.

[Continued from March Muhlenberg.]

.. Tiberius ...

A Drama in Three Acts.

by John D. M. Brown, '06.

Historical Research by Howard H. Krauss, '06.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS, son of Livia and Claudius Nero, adopted son of Augustus.

AUGUSTUS [OCTAVIANUS CÆSAR], Emperor of Rome.

LUCILIUS LONGUS, a selfmade man, friend of Tiberius.

PHARNACES, lector and musician of Tiberius.

PAPHLAGO, overseer of the house of Tiberius.

CANOPAS, a dwarf, favorite of Julia.

TABELLARIUS of Augustus' household.

AN ASTROLOGER.

JULIA, [widow of M. Vipanius Agrippa], daughter of Augustus and Scribonia, his former wife.

LIVIA, wife of Augustus, mother of Tiberius.

VIPSANIA, [wife of Tiberius] daughter of V. Agrippa, by his first wife.

Slaves and Servants.

PLACE-AT ROME, AND AT RHODES.

Synopsis of Act I on Page 201.

Act 11.

Scene One—Atrium of House of Tiberius. Vipsania sitting on a couch; Pharnaces seated opposite in a chair with a lyre.

VIP.

Pharnaces, strike thy lyre a strain or two,

And sing to me a gladsome melody,

For now, my heart is joyful as a bird

That twitters blithely in some leafy dell,

And greets the morning with a merry note.

Awake thy sweet toned lyre with gentle touch

And let its music mingle with thy song.

PHAR.

Fair lady, wouldst thou hear the lyric tones

Of Horace, or some lesser poet's voice?

VIP.

Hast thou no simple measures of thine own?

PHAR.

Why dost thou wish to hear my

feeble words,

When thou canst listen to the deathless bards

Whose music fills all Italy with life?

VIP.

Thy verses are the verses of thy heart,

And 'tis thy voice alone can give them tongue.

O leave the laurelled singers, and express

Thy heart's own utterance in simple lines!

PHAR. [striking the strings]

At thy command, I touch the tensed strings

And stir in them some harmonies for thee.

[sings]

O come, my Heart, with me away, And leave the Land of Yesterday; The shore of Days-to-come is near, The music of its waves I hear.

O come, my Heart, do not delay, Come, leave the Land of Yesterday; The stars have set, the dawn is nigh,

And, yonder, isles of beauty lie.

VIP.

I like the witching cadence of that song,

But not its longing deep, unsatisfied;

For I would have thee sing a cheerful lay,

A more delightful strain that knows no care,

And is contented with life's present joy.

PHAR.

O lady, life is ever sad for me, But now, the sweet impulsion of the morn

Is in my blood; my heart awakes to joy;

My fingers sweep the strings, and lo!—the song:

[sings]

Come, O Love, be glad with me, Let us keep a holiday, And together merry be, For the clouds have gone away.

Now the morning's crystal sun
Has expelled the stars of night,
And his golden course begun
In a dazzling robe bedight.

[Paphlago rushes in motioning

[Paphlago rushes in, motioning Pharnaces to be still]

PAPH. [excitedly]

My lord! O lady, he is here. My lord

Has come, but, all distraught and inarticulate,

He rushes blindly in and will not speak.

VIP. [aside]

My heart cries out; I tremble for his sake,

But I must make my weakness seem my strength.

[Enter Tiberius distractedly, followed by slaves. He sees Pharnaces who is still sitting with the lyre, lightly striking its strings]

TIB. [to Pharnaces with a violent gesture]

Away, away; go, take thy lyre away.

I hate its tones discordant to my ears;

They pierce my very soul like dagger-thrusts.

PHAR. [rising]

Good master, will no music lull thy mind?

O never have I seen thee rave like this.

TIB. [violently]

Take then thy lyre from out my sight, O slave,

Or I will shatter it to bits, and thee,

The player too.

[Exit Pharnaces and some of the slaves. Vipsania rises and rushes towards Tiberius who stands unheeding and speechless.]

VIP. [throwing her arms around his neck].

O Claudius, be not harsh

With him who played melodious strains for me.

What sudden fury rages in thy soul

That makes thee stare, and lose thyself in thought?

Look up! O Claudius, hear!—or, art thou mad?

Why dost thou gaze distractedly and sigh?

Why does thy look seek every face but mine?

Wilt thou not turn to meet the eyes thou lov'st?

TIB [absently]

Vipsania!

VIP. [with a motion to the slaves]

Away—

[Exeunt all but Vipsania and Tiberius]

TIB. [still absently]

Vipsania!

VIP. [embracing him]

O Claudius, speak! Reveal to me, thy wife,

This hidden agony that dims thy wonted self!

Perchance, some word of mine may give thee peace;

Or I may calm the wildness of this storm,

As winds that lull to rest the groaning sea.

Withhold thy sorrow not from her whose heart

Is aching from its depths to comfort thee.

Can not my love shed lustre through the gloom?

Look up into these eyes that yearn for thee,

And find nepenthe there.

TIB. [turning his face away]

I cannot speak,

Nor dare I look upon thy loveliness.—

O cruel Fate!

VIP.

Be brave; 'tis Love that calls.

Lift up thy head and speak the fearful truth.

Fear not; Love will endure though all should fail.

TIB. [almost inaudibly]

How can I tell the truth?

VIP.

By all the gods,

O Claudius, I implore; proclaim the truth!

TIB.

Ah! little dost thou think what I shall tell!

[He suddenly looks up into her eyes, then makes an effort to tear himself from her embrace.]

Those eyes! Those twilight eyes! My words are lost!

I cannot look into thine eyes, and speak.

VIP.

What terror in the eyes that love, my lord?

They question thee with gentle questionings.

Wilt thou not heed this speechless voice of love?

O look once more into these eyes! Then, speak.

TIB. [suddenly clasping her in his arms and gazing intently into her face]

O royal Heart! O loyal wife! Be brave!

My lips at last will make reply. Thy love

Is far more eloquent than speech to me.

And I have courage now to tell thee all,

For silence will not check the evil day.

If I be still, 'tis Caesar's voice will speak.—

Such fearful news I heard this morn, O wife,

That scarcely can I think the words are true.

VIP.

Be not afraid!—The words! I wait to hear.

TIB.

Such words as never passed man's lips before,

And had he not been Caesar-

VIP. [eagerly]

But the words?

Do not delay!

TIB, [with supreme effort]

'Tis Caesar said to me:

"Leave thou thy wife, and marry Julia now,"

And Duty sternly bade me question not.

O dire where Love and Duty both command!

My soul is torn with anguish and despair.

VIP.

What wilt thou do?

TIB. (despairingly)

O speechless agony!

I know not how to act. I cannot tell.

VIP.

Canst thou do naught?

TIB.

All helpless, here I stand
(A brief silence ensues)

VIP.

Look thou on me, and trust!

TIB.

Why canst thou do?

VIP.

Frail woman though I be, 'tis I can tell.

To thee my heart shall speak, and speak for me.

What answer can there be but one?

TIB. (eagerly)

And that?

VIP.

Is Love, that answers all our questions e'er

We ask.

TIB. (mistaking her purpose)

Vipsania, thou say'st well; 'tis Love,

'Tis Love, supreme, imperishable Love.

VIP.

'Tis Love, unshaken midst life's fitful storms,

'Tis Love, respledent in grief's fearful gloom,

'Tis Love, triumphant e'en in death's dismay.

'Tis Love, magnificent in sacrifice, That freely gives itself, gives all it has

For the beloved, asking no reward. And so, I bid thee follow Caesar's will.

TIB. (tearing himself away from her, and looking upon her, suddenly sinks upon the couch and buries his face in his hands.

Speak not those words, Vipsania, speak them not!

My human heart is weak; it needs thy love.

VIP.

O Claudius check me not! 'Tis best we part;

Our love lives on, though Duty sever us.

Look up! Wilt thou not listen when I plead,

When I implore thee now to act?
O speak!

Be brave, be great, be Emperor for me!

'Tis I have proved my love to thee. Make thou

Thy sacrifice.

TIB. (rising and moving towards her blindly with outstretched arms)

O miracle of Love!

No! No! I cannot part from thee! To thee

All thrilled with ecstasy, my spirit clings!

(He embraces her in silence)

Scene Two—Same as preceding scene. A month later. Livia, Augustus and Tiberius standing near the Impluvium. Tiberius glances uneasily upon the others and finally fixes his gaze upon the tessellated pavement.

AUG.

Too long have I delayed, but now —no more!

Too long hast thou stood, unresponsive, there!

Speak thou by all the gods, I bid thee speak!

TIB.

Such fearful conflict rages in my soul,

I know not how to answer thee.
My tongue

Would ever utter what my heart denies.

No,—now I cannot speak. Grant me delay.

A few days more-

AUG.

Is not a month enough?

A soldier never parleys with his foe.

TIB.

'Tis not the Germans, but myself I fight;

Man's strongest foe is ever in himself.

AUG.

Art thou not victor of the Taurisci?

Didst thou not bear Rome's eagles through the snows

That veil the yawning chasms of the Alps,

And crown their summits in a deathless white?

Didst thou not stain those snows with hostile blood,

Atonement for the slaughter of our hosts?

And art thou conquered now by feeble love?

TIB.

Is not Love, beacon on life's troubled flood,

That lights the shoals and jagged rocks beneath—

AUG.

Prate not of love, but answer me.

TIB. (to Aug.)

Be calm.

He knows his duty and will answer thee.

AUG.

Then let him speak. One word is all I ask.

TIB.

But on that word, O Caesar, hangs my Fate,

My life-

AUG

Thou hast had time enough to think.—

I plead no more. Make thou thy choice!—Decide!

TIB.

I cannot choose. In vain my

tongue would speak,

AUG. (impatiently)

Once more I bid thee answer me. Thou knowst

Thy duty; need I question more?
Thou knowst

The right of father; art thou not my son?

Thou knowst that I can take thy wife from thee;

Yet have I not been harsh, but kind.—Think thou

How much thou ow'st. Think thou of this! Then, act!

TIB.

I know! I know! It is the truth.

Then speak!

TIB.

A little more delay. One conflict more.—

Oh terrible this wrestling with desire!

AUG.

Delay will but prolong the agony.

TIB.

I struggle ever nearer to the end.

AUG.

But reach it not.—Again I bid thee speak!

TIB. (distractedly)

What shall I say? What shall I say?

AUG.

The word.

TIB. (in despair)

How can my tongue pronounce that fearful word?

YES, drowns my love, and NO, kills Duty's voice.

AUG.

Enough! Still trifling, thou wouldst waste the hours.

TIB. (absently)

The whirlpools beat me back upon the rocks.

AUG.

He raves! He sinks existence in delay!

He ends postponement in oblivion!

TIB.

I am not mad.

LIVIA. (pleadingly)

Do thou but speak one word! We shall believe. O son, be thou

thyself!

TIB.

Hope, mother, hope! I strive as best I can.

AUG.

'Tis madness-nothing more.

TIB.

O Caesar, hear!

Believe! Ere daylight's end I answer thee.

AUG.

To-day will soon be gone. Why then defer?

'Tis madness quibbles o'er an hour or two.

I wait no more.—Fareweil!

LIVIA.

Stay, Caesar, stay!

Let not thine anger rise!

TIB. (absently again)

Like Theseus' bark,

My ship, long tossed upon the seas of doubt,

And, reaching now the harbor's calmer waves.

Will spread a sail across the setting sun—

AUG. (angrily)

A fool! A prating fool; Thy bark and thee

Were better sunk beneath the foamy deep.

Such Bacchic frenzies and such raving words

My ears shall never stay to hear. Farewell!

(to Livia)

Deal thou with him! Unbend him, if thou canst!

Exit

(Tiberius gazes after him, speechless; then sinks into a chair nearby, burying his face in his hands)

LIVIA. (approaching Tib.)

Will not my voice, will not my prayer avail?

Speak thou to me! Thy mother's love will calm

Thy grief. Give me that answer Caesar asks!

TIB. (motionless)

'Twixt Scylla and Charybodis I am tossed.

LIVIA. (standing beside him)

Heed thou my wish! Restore the Claudian line!

The sceptre is within thy reach!
Act now,

Ere 'tis too late!— Beware! Vex Caesar not!

A moment's rashness may lose all. Thou knowst

Thy duty to thy Caesar; shirk thou not!

And, is he not thy father too?
Art thou

Not doubly bound to him? To me thou ow'st

The duty of a son. Think thou of me!

'Tis I would see thee great, would see thee rise

Some day, triumphant o'er the Julian line.

O may I then in thee, my son behold

Our Claudian grandeur shine again, and live,

Omnipotent, with thee upon the throne!

TIB. (motionless as before)

Vipsania's heart is throne enough for me.

LIVIA. (moving away, and speaking aside)

The woman still! Must I now plead with him

Through her, dissembling, praising her I hate?

But I must rescue him, e'en if through her,

From her; must tear away this veil that hides

From him the star-lit pinnacles of Fame,

That glimmer o'er the shrine where Duty reigns.

(to Tib. coming to him and kneeling before him, suppliantly)

My son wilt thou not bravely act thy part?

'Tis Duty speaks to thee through Caesar's voice;

Thy Duty to thy State, to glorious Rome,

To Italy and to the waiting world.

The buried splendors of the Claudian house

Call to thee now: "Revive us once again!"

Our heroes, favored in Elysian fields,

The great Aeneas and the mighty throng

Of those whose lives add lustre to Rome's fame,

From Pluto's kingdom call to thee: "Awake!"

And millions of the yet unborn cry out—

TIB. (indifferent v)

The cries of all the nations stir me not:

Vipsania's voice alone awakes my soul.

LIVIA.

Thy mother adds her plea to

Duty's cry,

And e'en thy wife-

TIB. (rising wildly)

Ah, yes! E'en she I love.

O gods! Olympian Dwellers! Deathless Ones!

Where is your boasted justice now? Where is

Your kindness? Where, your vaunted love? Ye live

Forgetful of your world in listlessness,

Ye smile to see us crawl o'er life's pale sands,

And curse us when we gaze upon your stars.

LIVIA. (rising in horror)

How fearful are thy words! Do not blaspheme!

Call not upon thyself worse plight than this!

Thy railing will not help thee to decide.—

The gods rule well the world. Believe and hope!

TIB. (bitterly)

Can man believe in such an hour as this?

Can man gain aught from heedless deities?

What hope is there in gods, unjust themselves?—

Insistent, terrible is Duty's voice;

It clamors loudly and compels reply.

O Duty, wilt thou rend my heart? But where

Is she? Where is she, mother? Tell me, where?—

Vipsa nia, come!

LIVIA.

Why dost thou call for her?

Dost thou not love her, son?

Beyond all words,

With ecstasy supreme, intense, I love.

LIVIA.

And she loves thee, my son, thou knowst.

TIB. (gazing upon the pavement)

I know.

LIVIA.

Then why distress her with thy grief, thy cares;

For woman suffers with the man she loves.

Why not subdue thyself for her? Why not

Obey her voice, and please her with assent?

Wilt thou grant nothing to thy noble wife?

Has she not pointed out thy path to thee?

Has she not told thee Caesar's will was hers?

Has she not bid thee follow Duty's guide?

Has she not made this sacrifice for thee?

What hast thou done to merit her great love,

Who art afraid to follow where she leads?

E'en now she calls; she adds her voice to mine.

And Duty cries to thee through her: "Be brave!

Arise!" I conjure thee by her thou lov'st,

Undaunted, face the world, and speak! Thou knowst

Thy answer now!

TIB. (with a cry of angnish)

Vipsania! Queenly Heart!

LIVIA.

Rome waits to hear, Vipsania pleads.—O speak!

(Tiberius recovers himself suddenly and rushes toward the entrance with clenched hands and set face. Livia stands motionless)

TIB.

I curse the gods that rule my destiny!

O cruel Fate! What torture tears my soul!

Her love has called to me through Duty's voice;

I must reply.—Vipsania, I consent!

I follow Caesar's will at thy command!

I follow Duty where thy footsteps lead!

I bravely face the unknown years and Fate,

Unflinching, but reluctant to the last!

Stene Three.—Same as preceding scene. Some days later. Late afternoon. Slaves move to and fro across the Atrium, entering and leaving, making preparations for a departure. Enter finally Vipsania dressed for a journey, followed by Tiberius.

VIP. (stopping near the entrance)

' Tis time to bid farewell.

TIB. (distractedly)

No! No! Not yet!

VIP.

Claudius, farewell! We must be brave. Fail not!

TIB.

Must we then part?

VIP.

'Tis Duty severs us.

TIB.

O must thou go, and leave me now?

VIP. (firmly)

I must.

TIB.

Not one more day? Not one more hour with thee?

VIP.

Thyself and Caesar set the day. 'Tis here.

Didst thou not promise me to falter not?

TIB.

How little knew I then what suffering

That day would bring! But I shall keep my pledge,

And, though within my soul wild tumult reign,

To thee and for thy sake 'twill seem a calm.

VIP.

I fear thy wishes may outstrip thy deeds.

Let us be brief in our farewells. Make haste!

(He remains speechless)

Wilt thou not speak? I shall not linger then.

(Vipsania veils her face and moves away)

TIB. (anxiously)
So soon?

VIP. (still veiled)

Does thou not know I suffer too? Prolong not thou my mordant agony!

TIB.

A just rebuke! Thou shalt not suffer more.—

But, raise thy veil, and let me see thy face,

That queenly face, those lustrous eyes, once more!

VIP

Canst thou endure?

TIB.

For thee I can— I Will!
(Vipsania raises he ve

TIB. (gazing eagerly into her face)

Thy face brings back life's golden yesterday.

Thine eyes are like the beaming of Love's stars,

But—Ah! Within their splendid depths are tears!

(He turns away with a look of anguish)

VIP. (calmly)

In thine eyes too are tears.—But now, farewell!

TIB. (turning suddenly and clasping her in his arms)

One moment more, ere sunless shadows fall!

One moment more, ere comes the evening rain!

One look into the twilight of those eyes,

Besprent with Love's auroras; and one kiss,

One last, divinest kiss before we part!

O treasured face, of nameless majesty!

What bliss to see thee as I see thee now,

Forever through the ceaseless throb of years!

Intoxicated with thy loveliness,

Entranced by Love's impelling fervor, I

Am borne in breathless rapture through all joy;—

Resistless, strange and magical is Love.

Such love will never die, but live to slake

The deep, unuttered thirstings of the soul;

And thou, incarnate Beauty, all supreme.

Through whom I know the ecstasy of life,

Wilt never leave remembrance comfortless.

Thy spirit will pervade and fill the years,

Will sweeten life's sad toil and light its gloom,

While on this road I journey, far from thee,

While I, with quiet eyes and gaze undimmed,

Explore Love's glowing footsteps through the world,

And ever watch the lambent years, and wait

Death's sick delay, all heedless of renown.—

Again, one look into thy dreamlit eyes!

One vision of the splendor of thy face!

One glimmer of thy moon-kissed hair—and then,

Farewell! O woman rare! Farewell!

(He kisses her passionately)

Vipsania! Now, farewell!

VIP. (withdrawing herself from his arms)

Farewell to thee!

Live on with rosy memories of me!

Ascend the throne and rule the world for me!

Seek Duty with an upward-turning face,

Unmindful, while the crowds pass careless by!

Hear thou Love's symphony within thy heart,

And live beyond this pale of human things!

Leave useless sorrow now, and let the thought

Of me fill every dim abyss with light.

In yonder world, perchance—if such there be—

We two shall meet again. Once

more, farewell!

(Vipsania veils herself and goes ou t slowly, attended by slaves. while Tiberius sinks into a chair gazing after her in speechless agony)

A long silence. Tiberius sits motionless, with staring eyes. The daylight begins to die away and the setting sun crimsons the walls.

IB.

Forever gone! The pulse of life is low!

The empty world is colorless and dim!

'Creep round' me, shadows till I see no more

The vacancies her parting footsteps leave!—

May he prove kind, whom Caesar bids her wed,

More kind to her than Fate has been to me;—

O terrible the anguish of that thought,

That she must glad another hearth than mine!—

O'er all an irresponsive silence reigns,

And Music's twined-strings speak not of love.

O pour the wine of Memory for me,

And let me deeply drink of it, and lave

In it my soul, and drown my sadness there!

Despairing, helpless, here I sit and dream,

My heart afar in strange adventures lost.

But I must wake.—Life knocks upon the door.

I hear thy call and come with steadfast eyes.

(Where'er) the future road may lead, I know

That I have reached the threshhold of Love's bliss.

(End of Act Two.)

To be concluded next month.

The Jews.

J. Myron Shimer, '07.



HEN Fredrick the Great asked his court chaplain for a clear and

concise proof of the truth of the Bible he at once replied with a force to which little could he added—"The Jews your Majesty, the Jews." Next to the miracle of Christ they and their institutions are the greatest miracle of all history. The greatest floods of temptation have not destroyed them and the fiercest fires of

cruelty, intensified by the desolations of religious bigotry have not annihilated them. Their foundation lies in the early dawn of history and for their end we will seek the "shadows of eternity."

The Jew is the most wonderful man of the world. Of all the histories of races their is none like his—so full of romance, so full of suffering andhorror and so replete with the mutations of time. No of the influence which he has exerted upon the human race. To read his history we must read the history of our civilization and progress. From him we have derived all that is good and true for this world and all that is noble and enduring for the next.

"A people of Semitic origin," says the encyclopedia, ancestors appear at the very dawn of the history of mankind, on the banks of the Euphrates, the Jordan and the Nile, their fragments are now to be seen in larger numbers in almost all of the cities of the globe, from Batavia to New Orleans, from Stockholm to Cape Town. When little more numerous than a family, they had their language, customs and peculiar observances, treated with princes and in every respect acted as a nation. Though broken as if into atoms, and scattered through all climes, among the rudest and the most civilized nations, they have preserved, through thousands of years, common features and observances, a common religion, literature and sacred language. Without anv political union, without any common head or center, they are generally regarded, and regard themselves as a nation. They began as nomads, emigrating from country to country; their law made them agriculturists for fifteen centuries; their exile transformed them into

a mercantile people. They have struggled for their national existence against the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Syrians and Romans; have been conquered and nearly exterminated by each of these powers, and have survived them all. They have been oppressed and persecuted by Emperors and Republicans, by Sultans and by Popes, Moors and Inquisitors; they were proscribed Catholic Spain, Protestant and Greek Muscovy, Norway, while their prosecutors sang their psalms, revered their books, believed in their prophets and even persecuted them in the name of their God. They have numbered philosophers among the Greeks of Alexandria and the Saracens of Cordova; have transplanted the wisdom of the East, beyond the Pyrenees and the Rhine and have been treated as patriahs among Pagans, Mahomedans and Christians. They have fought for liberty under Kosciusko and Bluecher, and popular assemblies among the Sclavi and Germans still withhold from them the right of living in certain town, villages streets."

There is not a nation or race that has such an unmixed purity of blood; not one whose origin, whose unbroken generations of descent date back so far into the first horizon of history. The encomium of Macaulay spoken in reference to the Roman Pope is

untrue in the light of Jewish history. He says: "No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camels, leopards, and tigers amphibounded in the Iberian proudest royal The theatre. houses are but of yesterday as compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs; that line we trace back in unbroken lines, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the Nineteenth century, Pope who crowned Pepin in the Eighth, and far beyond Pepin the august dynasty extends until it is lost in the twilight of fable. Republic of Venice came next in antiquity, but the Republic Venice in modern compared with the Papacy and the Republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Catholic Church was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude shall take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul."

But the Jewish people, the Jewish institutions still remain. The Jewish God is the universal God, even though Jerusalem is not the

adorned and opulent capital of a Jewish state: thriving though sacrifical fires of the Jewish temple have been extinguished forever. The "twilight fable" that witnessed the Rise of the Roman Papacy was but the noonday splendor of the Jewish system. Their institutions carry the mind enraptured back to the time, when Babylon was queen of the Euphrates; when Tyre and Sidon were busy with the alphabet; when Memphis and Thebes witnessed the clang despotic power; when the pyramids and the Sphinx rose in colossal grandeur; and when the great and fascinating civilization of the plain of Shinar was thriving in its greatest glory and power, which ought remains but ruined temples and buried cities.

The Roman Pontiff is but the imitator of the Jew; the Christian Church is but the daughter of the Jewish temple. What would remain of Christianity if all that has been borrowed from the Jew would be taken away? The Christian sings his hymns, his psalms; reads his Bible, worships his God. He is but the successor of the Jew, his glory is the glory of the Jew and the glory of the Jew is his also.

What is it that divides the present from the past even as the gulf stream divide the waters of the ocean? What produced the overthrow of society and the reforming of it upon a new and more

durable basis? It was the spread of the Jewish ideal-the ideal that God is one God, Omnipotent, the universal Governor, the Almighty Father. Socrates worships such Tacitus pays to it a an ideal. glowing tribute when he writes,-"The God of the Jews is the great governing mind that directs and guides the whole frame of nature -eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change nor subject to decay." Through the perpetuation of this ideal the Jews occupy the very first place on history's page.

Many of our great political principles date back in their origin to the establishment of the Jewish nation. We boast of our Magna Charta, of our Declaration of Independence, of the Rights of Man. We love to eulogize our constitution and the rise of constitutional government among the Anglo Saxon nations. But let the reader gaze upon Ebal and Gerisim many centuries ago, where he will see assembled "perhaps the first as it is certaily the grandest constitutional convention ever held among men." Between these mountains, separated by a narrow valley, were gathered the tribes of Israel. Here the Levites read the Law-the revelation of God-which was accepted or rejected, we fancy, item for item. Of all the great principles, dear to the Anglo Saxon race, sanctified by the labors of its purest and hallowed by the blood of its martyrs, not one had

grander origin than the one which the race loves best—the principle, that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." The Jewish government was a broad democracy, far in advance of existing civilization.

The Jews were far in advance of their times in their land laws. They recognized the inalienability of all land. Every fifty years God, the King of the Jews and the absolute owner of the land, received the land and He again parceled it out among the original owners. In such a state the improvident father and citizen might reduce his family to penury and woe, but he could never beget a race of slaves. These laws anticipated all the dissentions which were so fatal to Greece and Rome-the appropriation of all land by a powerful oligarchy, which conculsed the state with the strife between patrician and plebeian.

Originally the Jews were agricultural people. Their laws weree specially framed to support such a state. Because they are not now the leading agriculturists of the world, their conduct and their mode of life are condemned. But the process by which they became the leading bankers. financiers and merchants of the world can easily be explained by their history. Deprived of all the avenues of citizenship in the land of their exile; subject at any moment to persecution and spoliation, they found employment in the one channel, which at once satisfied the demands for a livelihood-the avenues of trade were opened to them nad in them they became skilled because these became their specialty. In many countries they were not permitted to own the soil. Their wealth must consist of portable material to enable them to meet all the vicissitudes of fortune. In this manner they became dealers in diamonds and precious metals. In this manner too "bills of exchange" were introduced to the world. These aids to commerce were known long before the Jews contributed them. But he use of them required confidence and integrity between drawer and drawee. And this integrity which the Christian merchant and the civilized Pagans could not inspire was given by the despised and persecuted Jew.

When the Jew was finally given the opportunity to own the soil, he had long since learned the lesson, that of all occupations, the least comfortable probably is that of a farmer. Can we blame him because our injustice has made him what he is? Shall we condemn him because in unheard of adversity and persecution, by frugality, industry and shrewdness he has found pure gold where the stupid find only chaff?

We know full well, that he has been accused of perjury, cheating, and falsehood by those with whom he deals. But day by day we show our Gentile superiority in the same tricks. We admit their shrewdness, their penetration, but sharp and cunning as they are, they are overmatched by the New Englander. "Outside of Boston ot fifty perhaps can be found in all that land of unsuspecting integrity and modest righteousness." He is no match for the Yankee as he "swapps wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont.

Undoubtedly the Jew gave much cause for persecution. Undoubtedly he has shown much bitterness against the followers of Christ. But this bitterness, if it be an excuse, is far from being a justification of the centuries of murder and suffering which have pursued him. If constancy and devotion to principle under the most adverse circumstances are considered virtues, then the Tew is most rich in sacred memories. For a thousand years the only heritage the father bequeathed to his children was shame, suffering, despair, loss of property, loss of everything dear this side of eternity; and those children have preserved the same heritage—as black as the torments of hellthat it might be handed down to posterity as a sacred trust for the sake of his God. Well may we exclaim as we behold his perecutor-"Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings."

When the ban of persecution was finally removed, he immediately assumed the place which ability and genius always demand. He became the counselor of kings and queens, the leader in commerce, the master of finance, the patron of art and literature. Time was when the peace of Europe his shoulders hung upon right nobly did he acquit himself.

Senates have been enraptured by his eloquence. Countless numbers have been instructed by his literature; and his melody and son have moved men to bitter tears of sorrow and repentance and to the joys of an eternal peace.

Let us learn to love the Jew. Let us learn to judge him by his merits. Let us never hold the race responsible for the sins of the wicked few. Let us recognize in him the gem evn as we recog-

nize it in our own race. Above all, let us put away the flame of Christian prejudice and the relentless hammer of persecution. God grant that the horrors of the Middle Ages and the atrocities of Modern Russia may never be repeated. Then, in God's appointed time the Jew will comprehend the hidden meaning in the Master's prayer. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who tres passes against us." Then shall God's morning come-a morning that shall dispel in same the dark recesses of the past and illuminate the brightest future that has "ever dawned upon a faithful people."

"Roll golden sun, roll swiftly,

Toward the west,

Dawn happy day, when many woes shall cease:

Come quickly Lord, thy people wait the rest

Of thine abiding peace!"

Synopsis of First Act of Tiberius.

The first scene of Act I opens in the Roof Garden of the Palace of Augustus. Julia, indifferent to the memory of her late husband, Agrippa, yet proud haughty and conceited, is planning for another marriage (with Tiberius, son of Livia and Claudius Nero.) Livia pretends to be opposed to the match because of Julia's gaiety and careless life, yet seeing some advantage in it, informs the emperor, Augustus, on his arrival of Julia's determination, to which Augustus readily assents. But Tiberius has a wife, Vipsania, whom he dearly loves and against whom Livia connives since she is not of the royal household. Livia herself finally determines to dethrone Vipsania. A courier arrives with a message from Drusus and Augustus is called away, while Livia determines to inform Julia of Augustus' will. away, while Livia determines to inform Julia of Augustus' will.

The second scene opens in the house of Tiberius. Pharnaces, lector and musician to Tiberius, is reading from Homer and the Roman poets. Amidst this literary atmosphere, Tiberius is spending his morning in literary leisure. A messenger from Caesar Augustus arrives, calling Tiberius at once to Augustus' Palace. He gives directions to his slaves, sends a message to his wife, Vipsania, and at once proceeds to attend to duty's call.

to attend to duty's call.

The Atrium of the Palace of Augustus is the setting of the third scene. Julia and Augustus are arranging for the coming of Tiberius who is called to the palace under false pretense. Tiberius is now informed of the proposed marriage to Julia. This takes him by surprise and he begs mercy at the feet of Augustus for the retention of his dearly beloved Goddess and Queen, Vipsania.

The Muhlenberg.

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. . Editorial . .

A Basket Ball Query.

HILE the basket ball season was far from sensational, a just es-

timate of the work actually done will include not a little surprise at the final results, especially when the attending circumstances are taken into consideration.

It seemed at times that "some one had blundered" in the selection of the men who should uphold our colors. But it is not ours "to make reply," nor ours "to reason why" on this score but surely it

will not be taken amiss if a few words of criticism be offered on the spirit of the student body as a whole during their past season.

We were not a united whole. We were divided. With the exception of one, The B. P. S. game, all were but indifferently attended and those men that were there, were cut up in cliques.—It was noticed at one game particularly, that cheering by a crowd of the fellows in one corner of the gymnasium was conspicuous by its absence, until their portege was put into the game, when of a sudden, they seemed to awake from their lethargy and rallying such others as were near by, they sent forth one ringing cheer after another that it really did one good to hear them.

We may belong to that class of whom some one has said that they can ask more in a minute than a wise man can answer in a life-time, nevertheless we will make bold to ask this one question, why does such a division exist?

On our narrow horizon we can see no reason for this state of affairs, when purely college honor is at stake, and if it continues to exist we can never hope to put out winning teams, however, if some one will come forward to show why such things are beneficial, why they must exist and how they will ultimately result in having champion teams we will be pleased in our next issue to publish such reasons.

D. M. C. A. Consecration.

In the April number of The Lutheran Church Review exception is taken to the "wisdom or the justness of the comparison that has been drawn in the March editorial of The Muhlenberg, between the workers of the Y. M. C. A. and the ministers of the Church." Another reading of the editorial in question convinces us that the critic has taken a mean-

ing out of it not intended by the writer. The editorial shows that the writer is not prepared to subscribe to all the methods and means used by the Y. M. C. A. to bring about certain results but he does dwell admiringly upon the zeal and consecration displayed by Y . M. C. A. workers. Nor did he claim "superior ability" for the Y. M C. A. workers, except so far as zeal and consecration are a part of ones ability to handle problems relating to young men. If these are among the essential neccessary for carrying on successful Christian work then it must be admitted that many of our clergy lack these qualities. Few indeed is the number that displayed such zeal as our own Luther such consecration Francke and fewer still can say with David: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

What we need are men approaching, at least these types.

The Dew Garb.



ANY favorable comments have been made upon the change in the

cover of last month's Muhlenberg. These remarks have fanned the sparke of hope in the editor's breast looking forward to the realization of a still better garb for our child. One which will show immediately upon picking up the paper that it comes from Muhlenberg College. The plan is to work in our seal in the college colors in embossed work. However, the plates would cost a considerable sum.—In looking over the ledger the other day we found that this matter could be easily taken care of if our subscribers would respond with checks covering their indebtedness. One hundred and forty one dolllars is outstanding among our subscribers. Nearly one hundred and fifty dollars! With this money we could make our paper as large, every month as it was last month; we could enliven its pages by occasionally putting in a cut showing some form of college life; and in this age, when it is said, that clothes make the man, we could dress this monthly visitor, of twenty-three summers in clothes befitting his age and station, so that he would also make the coveted "favorable first impression." Let us hear from our subscribers and they will hear from us.

Athletic Notes.

Susquehanna 68 Muhlenberg 9

On Saturday March 10, the Muhlenberg team enjoyed a trip where they Selinsgrove to were defeated at the hands of the Susquehanna University's team by a score of 68 to 9. After the game the choir from Rev. Gensler's church gave a reception to the Muhlenberg team at the home of J. P. Ulrich. Refreshments were served by the young ladies and a very enjoyable time was had by all. The line up for the game was as follows :-

Muhlenberg. Susquehanna.

Peters ...forward... Rhinehart
Rudolph ..forward.... Sunday
Keiter ...center.... Shafer
Stump ...guard.... Geise
Albert ...guard Yohe
(Benfer)

Time of halves 20 minutes.

Morabian P. S. 17 Muhlenberg 25

Two games of basket ball were played by Muhlenberg with the Moravian Parochial School. The one was contended in the new gymnasium of the Parochial School on Saturday afternoon, March 17. This was the day of the opening of the new gymnasium and a good sized crowd witnessed the game. The game was featureless and very few fouls were called on either side. The ball was constantly out of bounds on the four sides of the floor making high scores impossible.

The following is the line up:—
Parochial S. Muhlenberg.
Billheimer ..forward... Peters (Capt.)
Schollforward. Rudolph
Klinecenter... Keiter
Collinsguard.... Stump
Heckman ...guard.... Albert
Time of halves 20 minutes.

Timekeeper, Marsh.

The second game with the Parochial School was played in the Muhlenberg gymnasium Wednesday evening March Here again the Cardinal and Grev defeated the Red and from Bethlehem by a score of 39 12. Prof. Bachman, the physical director at Muhlenberg refereed the entire game calling quite a number of fouls on both sides. The Muhlenberg team was treated hospitably while visiting Bethlehem and we are positive that the Parochial boys will agree if we say that they received the same treatment while at Muhlenberg.

The line up:—

Moravian. Muhlenberg.

Billheimer ...forward.... Peters

(Capt.)

Schollforward. Rudolph Klinecenter. ... Keiter Collinsguard. ... Stump Heckmanguard. ... Albert

Foul goals—Billheimer, 1; Scholl, 2; Kline, 1; Heckman, 1; Peters, 9.

Goals—Scholl, 2; Peters, 2; Rudolph, 7; Keiter, 3; Albert, 2; Stump, 2.

20 minute halves.

Track Rotes.

It will not be long before the students will be able to use the athletic field and track. We hope that when the time comes, all those who have any ability either on the field or track, will come out regularly and show of what stuff they are made. We expect to have two teams out for practice in base ball in a few days.

Intra Muros.

Ask the Freshmen about their weekly French tea on Tuesday at 2 P. M.

Dr. E.: "What mood does 'ne' govern?"

Shock: "Accusative mood."

Marks: "Elizabeth was pretty young."

Dr O.: "Well, she was more than 16."

Kuhns translated Scaevola, "Ski-rola" in Latin.

Horn is talking in German:

Dr W.: "Horn, not so much

horn-blowing; we have German."

Shock is getting sleep in Psychology:

Dr. H.: "You must have had a long walk last night Mr. Shock."

Dr. O.: "Did you read "Thanatopsis?"

Kuhl: "Yes, part of it."

Dr E.: "What does "Cras" mean?"

Boyer: "Tomorrow."

Dr. E.: "What does hodie mean?"

Boyer: "Today."

Dr. E.: "What does heri mean?"

Boyer: "Tonight."

In the reading room there is a discussion as to which sophomore class Rev. Griess had reference to, at the trial of some our hotel-keepers.

Dr. B.: "I guess it means the class of which Greiss himself was a member, it isn't this year's class that got drunk."

Ziegenfus: "Hooray!!"

Dr. B.: dubiously) "Of course I wasn't with this year's class."

McCormick in the course of his remarks in English says, "The brave men, both living and dead, who died here."

Dr. B.: "What kind of a spherical body is that?"

Weaver: "A rectangle."

Prof. J.: "What was the reason for the second crusade?"

Schuger: "They wanted to get rid of some of the people."

Dr. O.: "Give a logical definition of a hen."

Kern: "A hen is a domesticated animal which lays eggs."

Dr. W.: "Could Diogenes find an honest man?"

Rudolph: "No doctor, I wasn't living at that time."

Dr. W.: "Happy man!"

Prof. J.: "What does the German word "minne" mean?"

Sandt: "Love."

Prof. J.: "Yes gentlemen, beware of 'minne." Dr. L.: "What is the culex?" Wohlsen: "A bed bug."

Dr. W. "What is the German word for fan?"

Nonamaker: "Die windt mamine."

Prof. J. "What English word comes from caballus?"

Eichner: "Caboose."

Prof. Davidson of Lafayette College delivered an interesting instruction and suggestive lecture on "Plant Pollenization in Prof. Rhecse's lecture room on Wednesday afternoon, April 4th. The lecturer illustrated his talk by suitable slides. The attendance was very good and we look forward to more affairs of this nature.

Dr. Bauman: What important thing does Paul speak of in the latter part of II Timothy?

Miller 'o6: Well, he speaks about bringing his coat.

Dr. Ettinger: Was Trajan the name of a country?

Smith 'o6: Yes sir!

Nickum (knocking at Dr. Ochsenford's door): Mr. Karkau is wanted.

Dr. Ochsenford: Yes, if you see him, tell him he is also wanted here.

Dr. Bauman: When will we see Halley's camet again?

Smith 'o6: I think in 1711.

The College Glee Club will give a concert some time near the middle of May in the college chapel for the benefit of our monthly publication. Tickets will be put on sale very soon and can be procured from any member of the club and such others as take an interest in the maintenance of our college organizations. and its publications. Let us all rally to make this affair one of the events of the college year.

On Tuesday evening, March 13, the Sophronia Literary Society gave a reception to its members, tion last night to its new members, in the society's newly furnished hall. A fine program was rendered by different members and the whole affair proved to be a success. About thirty-five couple attended. The following program was rendered: Opening address Karkau, '06; piano duet, Barba, 'o6 Smith, 'o9; selections, S. L. S. Quartet; bass solo, Miller, '09; essay, Barba, 'o6; selection, quartet; tenor solo, Jacks. '08; piano solo, Barba, 'o6; baritone solo, Marks, '07; selection, quartet.

Short addresses were made by Dr. Haas, Dr. Cooper, Prof. Horn Prof. Reese, Prof. Kunkle, '99, and Shankweiler, '05.

After the program of the evening refreshments were served by French and English waiters. The music for the dancing was furnished by three of the most accomplished men from Allentown. The new home of the Sophronians was elegantly decorated. College pennants of every description graced the walls and busts bringing forth both the artistic and literary side, were to be found throughout the hall. At a seasonable hour the lights were turned out and the friends of the Sophronians departed for their homes.

The Dramatic Association held a meeting Monday March 19. Business Manager Karkau reported that \$110 had been cleared on the play last January. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Breidenbach; Vice President, Kuhns; Secretary and Treasurer, Horn; Business Manager, Jacks; Assistants, Schock and Marsh; Stage Manager, Lauer; Property Man, Marks.

Rev. H. J. Kuder, '84, delivered the chapel address last Wednesday.

The Press Club elected the following officers: President, Horn; Vice President, Coleman; Secretary, Lauer; Treasuer, Schock. The following new members were also elected: Lauer, 07, Beck, '08; Stump,'08, and Paules, '08.

On Thursday morning March 29, the faculty and students of the college received the good news that Thomas Keck and the family of the late James K. Mosser who had formerly endowed the chair of Greek language and literature, had increased his former donation by \$20,000.

The Sophronian Literary Society elected the following officers: President, Horn, '07;

Clerk, Fritch, '09; Chaplain, Anthony, '08; Pianist, Jacks, '08; Monitor, Jacks, '08; Critics, Barba, '06 and Boyer, '07.

The Euterpean Literary Society elected the following officers: President, Mauch, '07; Vice President, Paules, '08; Recording Secretary, Seyler, '08; Corresponding Secretary, Stump, '08; Chaplain, Wilt, '08; Pianist, Kuhns, '07; Critics. Pflueger, '06, and Brown, '06.

Monday, April 2, the Advisory Board of the Athletic Association met. They considered the advisability of getting a football and a basket ball coach; also the playing of inter-class games of base ball and inter-class track meets.

Messrs. Richardson, Cole and Tidd, students at Perkiomen Semimnary, visited Ziegenfus, '08 and Nonamaker, '08.

Breidenbach, '07, spent Sunday, Apr. 1, with relatives at Boyertown.

Misses Gertrude Paules and Lulu Keim, from East Stroudsburg, visited the former's brother, Howard Paules, '08.

Rev. Mattern delivered the weekly chapel address last Wednesday, March 28.

Literary.



has attracted much attention on the part of readers is the

novel entitled "The Northerner," written by Norah Davis. The novel is all the more interesting because of the fact that Davis is a Southern woman, having been born in Alabama. She feels that the accident of birth makes no difference, and that her only duty is to tell the truth about any State in the most artistic and entertaining manner. That she has carried out her purself-evident in "The pose is Northerner." As the "first work" of Miss Davis, it is a wonderful piece of literature and is sure to please the most critical reader of fiction.

Irvin Bacheller has produced a new novel entitled "Silas Strong." His former works include "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," and "Vergilus." This new work undoubtedly most closely resembles "Eben Holden," of his former novels.

Silas Strong is set forth as a kind-hearted person, patient with everything but wrong-doing. As a result of the fact that he has lived in continuous touch with nature, he is morally very pure, and interprets the duty to do good as the one great problem of life.

Strong, it is evident, has the same humorous, harsh, but effective way of speaking the truth that is characteristic of the Holden. The heroine of the novel is a beautiful daughter of the woodlands, and her romance breathes of the mountain air.

She has been brought up ignorant of the world, and is as charming and natural as a nymph. The scene of the story is laid in the forests of the Adirondacks. The story, itself, is rich in happenings. Strong, like Holden combines a general humor that is amusing and entertaining with a certain strength of character that makes one love and respect him. Undoubtedly, "Silas Strong" is the best book that Mr. Bacheller has written since Eben Holden, perhaps the best he has ever written.

"The Genius" is a work of fiction that has lately been written by Margaret Potter, who is also the author of "The House of de Mailly" and other works. It represents the first of Miss Potter's "Trilogy of Destiny," three stories of Russion life, each complete in itself, but linked together somewhat by a supernatural theme, although perfectly natural in treatment. From the fact that of all arts music is perhaps the most direct revelation of personal

disposition, and, because the hero is a Russian and a musician, this production of Miss Potter's possesses a peculiar attraction. the lives of some musicians it would undoubtedly be very difficult to write a story, but "Ivan Gregoriev" who is principal figure of "The Genius" is a man of great artistic temperament. His life is a continuous struggle. The author follows her "genius" from his boyhood, already filled with grief, to the end of his career when he is seen as a lonely, great man, supreme in his art but greatly saddened by disappointment. Miss portrays her hero with great vividness and power, in the most important moments of his career, in the time of his inspiration and in the states of his disappointment. The story however is not a mere display of moods, but is strong in action, and continually brings one in contact with interesting characters and unpleasant phases of life. The whole book is colored by the character of the hero, and the ordinary reader certainly must be impressed by it.

The other well-known musical characters that appear in the story are Nicholas and Anton Rubinstein and Wieniawski.





Exchange Department.

E are pleased to welcome such an interesting magazine as The Penn Charter.

Its editorials are particu-

larly good. The photographic exhibition is splendid and adds much to an already artistic publication. The literary and artistic are combined in elegant proportion.

"Shelley's Prometheus Unbound" in *The Forum* is an appreciative study of that great work.

The College Student is again welcomed after a long absence. As a gentle remonstrance we would state that a college publication ought not serve merely as a medium to publish orations and essays once given in the literary society In this reor in the class room. spect we think The College Student has erred. The poem "Optimism" is the best article in the March issue, while a sermonized article on "Charles Lamb," an oration on "America's World Influence," a number of platitudes on "Labor" and a short criticism on "Dialect" and Language" fill the remainder of the magazine. Originality is what a college publication needs. An article to show merit should either attract by its style or by the research and work displayed in it.

College Chips contains several articles in the Norwegian. Whether it is out of consideration for exchange editors of other publications, we are uncertain. They may be interesting. We do not know.

You will do well to read "A tale of Old Louisiana" and "An Experiment in Spiritualism" in the March Hill School Record.

"The Pre-Raphalite Movement" in *The Sorosis* is a well-written article on the famous reaction in art which took place in the nineteenth century, and which has left such a great influence on consequent art. While the subject may not be of general interest, we can only wish for more literature on a subject which is unduly neglected in the schools of the day.

The Schuylkill Seminary Narrator is newsy enough but should contain more in its literary department.

"Literary Friendships" in The Sketch Book is well worth reading. We are not astonished to see an article entitled "The Elusive Man" in a ladies' publication, but when we read "A Pipe Dream" in the same periodical, we marvel at the keen insight the fair author possesses in the mind of one dozing over the fragrant weed.

The Delaware College Review contains an interesting little story "The Light Across the Way." Although the theme is of a very light character, the story is well expressed and the sentiment good.

The Normal Vidette contains a sequence of essays on Tennyson's various poems which essays will repay reading. With respect to the "Presentation of Watts" "Sir

Galahad," we wish to state that George Frederick Watts, the great English painter, was not a pupil of Tintoretto. Tintoretto was one of

the great masters of the Renaissance and walked the streets of Venice three hundred years before Watts wielded the brush.



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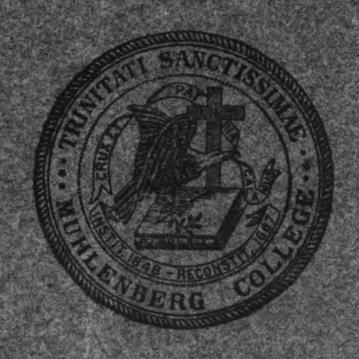


May, 1906

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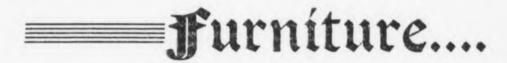
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The Muhlenberg

"Literae sine ingenio vanae."

VOL. XXIII.

ALLENTOWN, PA., May, 1906.

No. 9.

Exile.

[Translated from the French of Chateaubriand.]

OW sweet the thought of fatherland
Where childhood's golden castles stand!
O sister mine, how fair those days.
How beautiful those years of France!
O fatherland we e'er shall praise,
Be thou my love while years advance!

Do you remember mother dear,
Who stood within the hearth-fire's cheer,
And pressed us to her joyful heart?
Do thoughts like these e'er come to you?—
How often then we would not part,
But kissed her silver hair, we two!

My sister, do you still recall
The Dore that bathed the castle wall?
Can you still see the Moorish tower
Stand, mighty, in the twilight gray,
Or hear its bell at sunrise hour
Proclaim the bright return of day?

Oh who, my Helen shall restore, The mountain, and the oak of yore? The thought of them I ne'er shall see Fills all my days with misery, But still my fatherland shall be For evermore my love to me.

Practical Science in Education.

D. L. N. '07.

UR subject may seem one worthy of Herbert Spencer or some learned pedagogue rather than within the limits of the present writer's knowledge. Yet. essentially a classical student, it was his good fortune to have the advantage of taking a few scientific studies, brief, but thorough, and he may say that the burden of this article is what he feels rather than proves. The benefits derived from so little have been experienced to be so great; how great, then, must be the profit gotten from a thorough study of all the practical sciences.

In the first place, the age we live in demands a scientific preparation. In order to understand our age let us hastily glance at the age preceding our own.

In the Middle Ages the one great idea was "Catholicity," the meeting of the great political and religious ideas in one universal unity of all Christians, as manifested by a visible world Church, whose head was the pope, and a world monarchy, whose head was the emperor. This idea was of course impracticable. Its tendency was towards subordinating the individual right to the universal power.

The great institution of the Middle Ages was feudalism, primarily a military, but later a political and social organ. The

tendency of feudalism was, in like manner, the subordination of the individual.

This, too, was the tenor of the reasoning of the times. To those people system, subordination, uniformity, most desirable in logic, seemed also most desirable in thought and life. This, with the ideas of Catholicity and feudalism, gives us the thoughtmoulding agents of the Middle Ages.

Furthermore, those were times of superstitious belief which restricted the imagination of even the most thoughtful. documents of the times show People were afraid launch out on unknown and untried lines, or when they did speculate, the prevailing ideas too much influenced their speculations. Nor did they investigate or dispute the truth of what was handed down to them by their ancestors. The fact that for centuries they accepted as genuine such enormous forgeries as the Isidorian Decretals is sufficient to illustrate this "uninquisitive-To-day we would call them unscientific, or say they lacked the "scientific spirit."

But though for centuries the downing of the individual had been the tendency, in about the Twelfth Century, the advent of free thought, personal rights began to be asserted. The smouldering struggle for the liberty of each man became warmer and warmer through the centuries, till it fanned itself to a flame in the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century where religious liberty was asserted, and in the Revolution in France in the Eighteenth Century where political and social liberty were vindicated at an awful price.

With free thought came speculation, experiment, discovery. Theories were advanced, modern science began. Free thought manifested itself in the tidal wave of scientific invention, discovery, and theory which has overspread the civilized world in modern times.

This is essentially a "scientific" age. The great questions today about everything are: What is and why is it? After everything, until absolutely logically proved, men are inclined to put the eternal question mark. Everything that our forefathers piously believed, what the preceding age thought fundamental, men doubt and deny. The scientific spirit pervades everybody, men of letters, artists, theologians, as well as scientists. wave has caught men in all walks of life. And even with this impetus, the resulting discoveries are but the beginnings.

In the midst of such an age as this are we going to remain ignorant of what is going on about us? Are we going to be anchored, or are we going to be blown about by every whiff of scientic breeze that blows? Are we going to to have enough scientific knowledge of things to know what isand to know what not to believe? For example, every day we hear of the struggle between Science and Theology; are we going to take one side and keep up the socalled struggle-which ought not and can not be if we could only see clearly-or are we going to stand firm on what we know and reconcile scientific research with Everything called science is it? not sure; it is men's discovery and classification; what was science hundreds of years ago is not science to-day; a theory is believed till disproved or till one more plausible is advanced. And vet men want to stake all on this! Let us rather found ourselves on the Unchangeable, and, unmoved by the stormy waves of adverse theory, understand and profit by that which is and reject what is not.

And to understand our times, to know what to believe and how to appreciate we must have a thorough knowledge of practical science. Practical science includes Physiology, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Psychology, Sociology, Philology, Astronomy, Biology, Botany, Geology. Add as many more as you please, these are essential. It is a long list, but the need of them all to an educated man will be apparent on examination.

The aim of education is to produce complete men. The World does not want, nor do men want to be, one-sided men, men shrunk up in a classical shell who can't appreciate a flower, or a bee, or a star, or the wonders of the human body, or the problems of the race. We want all the culture we can get, to be sure, but culture consists in a well rounded education. To a man who lives only with the ancients we might well say, "Is life worth living?" And the old answer comes back, "It depends upon the liver." Both livers are only too likely to be out of order. A proper balance must be maintained. Half and half would be nearly the proper proportion, and yet if you are going to put more time on one line of work than the other, let the more be spent on the sciences than on the classics: for there is so much more to be learnt, and science is fundamental. how often in our schools and colleges three-fourths of the time is spent on the classics and socalled culture studies, and onefourth on science. Of late the elective system is making it possible for every student so inclined to chose a reasonable number of hours of scientific work. Do not miss your opportunity if you have your own choice; alas, for him whose father, bred in the classics, forbids his son this "too great emphasis on science."

Schools and colleges must teach the fundamentals of science.

Scientific study ought to begin at home as soon as a child can All the queobserve and speak. ries of a child ought to answered simply but truthfully, and not in baby talk, and strange things ought to be pointed out to him in order to teach him to use his eyes and ask why. But we can not depend on the home for the scientific training of a child. Persons do not appreciate highly enough the value of it, nor have the parents, as a rule, sufficient information to satisfy the child's perplexities. If a child would ask the date of Demosthenes' De Corona perhaps the father could tell him. But that is not what a child wants to know. When a child sees a flower or a bee it wants to know what and why and 'Tis for the rising generation to keep in mind the training of the next. And as the home does not supply the beginnings of science for the child, the schools and colleges must supply the deficiency, not beginning with advanced work, but with simple investigation and instruction.

The scientific branches mentioned above seem about as little as a cultured man can not afford to be ignorant of for the ordinary practice of daily useful and pleasurable life. For our own preservation of health and the health of our posterity we can not afford to be without a knowledge of Physiology. If you are a business man, what can you do without Mathematics? If a me-

chanic, can you be without Chemistry and Physics? To best fulfil the responsibility of parent, can you be ignorant of Psychology? In public life do you not need Sociology? And can we afford not to have some knowledge of the scientific importance of language, Philology? And for the best appreciation of what we commonly call Nature are not Biology and Botany and Geology and Astronomy essential? educated man in whatever profession ought to have no less information than these sciences afford. The more we know, the more useful we can be to others and ourselves, and we owe it to others and to ourselves to get all the knowledge we can.

And yet, science is a means, not an end. What we gain in science we gain only to get something better. As scientific principles underly the production of all arts, no artist can be without a knowledge of what really is before he can idealize. A slight incongruity in a work of art, a painting, a piece of sculpture, a work of architecture, a work of literature, a piece of music, the whole is spoilt. And just as scientific knowledge is essential to the best production of art, so it is essential to the highest enjoyment of the same.

And lastly, as practical science is but a means to the higher, to ideals, so it is but a means through the higher to the Highest. Mr. Spencer says, "Not science, but the neglect of science is irreligious." To neglect to

study what God has given us for our use and innocent enjoyment is a sin of omission if not of commission. And far from weakening, science strengthens, deepens, and broadens our faith. For in studying the Universe we see God's infinite power and wisdom in establishing, and causing all things to work out according to, clearly set laws. And again we can not fail to notice in natural things the evil consequences of abuse and the blessings following right use.

In order to know what in our times to believe, to live the most complete life, to be of the greatest use, to derive the highest enjoyment, to fear and esteem God most, acquire a knowledge of science.

If in the preceding too much has been said to the apparent disparagement of classical studies, ardor in advocating scientific studies is to blame. The value of the classics and of culture studies-although science must be included here-must not be depreciated; what, for example, can be more important than History? The exclusion of classical studies to the study of only science is as great a mistake as is the reverse. But the tendency, gradually growing less, happily, has been for schools and colleges to offer very little or no science at all, or to make the study of science dependent on the choice of the students. And in that lies the difficulty. Each must be given its place in the education of a man.

[Continued from April Muhlenberg.]

Tiberius.

A Drama in Three Acts.

By John D. M. Brown, '06.

Historical Kesearch by Howard H. Krauss, '06.

We wish to acknowledge the helpful suggestions received from Mr. F. A. Keiter, '06, in manuscript revision.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS, son of Livia and Claudius Nero, adopted son of Augustus.

AUGUSTUS [OCTAVIANUS CÆSAR], Emperor of Rome.

LUCILIUS LONGUS, a self-made man, friend of Tiberius.

PHARNACES, lector and musician of Tiberius.

PAPHLAGO, overseer of the house of Tiberius.

CANOPAS, a dwarf, favorite of Julia.

TABELLARIUS of Augustus' household.

AN ASTROLOGER.

JULIA, [widow of M. Vipsanius Agrippa], daughter of Augustus and Scribonia, his former wife.

LIVIA, wife of Augustus, mother of Tiberius.

VIPSANIA, [wife of Tiberius] daughter of V. Agrippa, by his first wife.

Slaves and Servants.

PLACE-AT ROME, AND AT RHODES.

Act 111.

Stene One—Peristyle of House of Tiberius. Five years later. Doric columns of white marble enclosing in the centre, a garden of shrubs and flowers, around a fountain. Enter AUGUSTUS and LIVIA in animated conversation.

Aug. If he be obstinate, should I relent,
And favor him, against my own
design?
Let him deign first to grant me

my request,

And drive the Parthians from Armenia.

LIVIA. Has he not been obedient in the past?

Has he refused thee ought, or failed thee e'er?

Has he not shown himself a faithful son?

Aug. I must confess; but once I found him cold.

But once did he delay to do my will.

LIVIA. And then, consider well his sacrifice!

Remember how he strove against himself!

Think thou how he renounced all his desires,

And left the woman whom he loved, for thee! Did he not gain thereby a greater AUG. name? LIVIA. But think, at what a cost! AUG. Was it not worth All that and more to win the tribuneship, To gain the second place in Rome? Had he Not wedded Julia he had ne'er been great. LIVIA. Man's greatness rests upon a women then? The story of Pandora and the AUG. The sons of chaste Cornelia, show her power; 'Tis woman rules the world unconsciously-But rare is she who makes man truly great. LIVIA. What special virtue then can Julia claim? How idle is thy question. AUG. Think'st thou not That Cæsar's daughter needs no more renown? LIVIA. 'Tis true! A Cæsar's daughter is a name Men conjure with. Yet think, if thou wert he, And he were Cæsar now and bid thee leave-I must not speak the rest. (impatiently.) I bid thee speak! LIVIA. I need not word it; thou canst understand. I know it was his duty to obey, But think, how great a sacrifice was his, E'en though the prize gleamed grandly in life's sky! O think, what throes that shook his soul he felt, When he declared for thee! Canst thou not see? Wilt thou-Enter JULIA with flashing eyes and look of indignation. JULIA. What more disgrace must I

endure?

He curses all the gods and eurses me! AUG. (angrily.) He curses thee! He dares-JULIA. Ah yes! He dares-Not uttered curses but those wordless ones That spead through looks more burning than Jove's darts. In yonder room he sits, and groans and sighs, And will not rise to battle as a man. This man whom you have praised as conquerer, And whom the fierce Sigambri fear-this man Sits yonder like a beaten cur, and whines. Fit husband, he! Fit husband, he, for me! 'Tis now four days since he has tasted food: He pines that thou dost still withhold consent-Send him away! Take thou from him these wreaths Of honors thou hast given him, and crush Him utterly, for he has made my life Most wretched, and my name, a jest! LIVIA. (aside.) O dared I now to speak and to unfold This life of hers! 'Tis she whom he would crush! But I must wait, and trust in Destiny! (to AUG.) O Cæsar, think! Has he deserved all this? Send him away! Let him, at least, not die! JULIA. He beat the slave who brought him food, and said He ne'er would eat before thou let him go! Away from Rome - yes, far away, were best

For such an one who shames

the name of man!

AUGUSTUS remains silent, TIB. with a troubled look. LIVIA. (suppliantly.) O Cæsar-JULIA. JULIA. (clasping his arm.) Father, let TIB. him go to Rhodes! TULIA. (motioning them away.) AUG. still! I care not if he go to Rhodes. But he shall wait my will and not return Until I summon him. 'Tis he has wished TIB. This exile for himself-I know not why-And now shall find 'tis banishishment as well. He shall not starve to death; men shall not say That though I knew he would not touch his food, And knew four days had gone since last he ate, I still refused consent, and killed him thus-Ah no! I deem past favors not so light-I hear a noise. 'Tis he! I fear JULIA. he comes! (starting to leave.) I will not AUG. meet him, will not see him more! He has disgraced and humbled me enough. Come, Livia, come! Let Julia tell him all. Then let him shortly leave for Rhodes, and-REST! Exit AUGUSTUS with LIVIA who leaves reluctantly. JULIA. Ah! once, I feared he would supplant my sons, Would drive me out, or tell my father all, But now again, I have revenge on him, For I have driven him away from Rome, Away from Cæsar's love, and Cæsar's throne! Enter TIBERIUS with unkempt hair,

glaring eyes and face showing

despair.

Did I not hear the voice of Cæsar now? Thou didst, but he came not to speak with thee. Then all is lost and I must stay? Thou fool, He gives consent that thou depart for Rhodes. But wishes not to see thy face Since thou hast been the bane of all my days. I was a fool to marry thee; a fool To think I followed duty when I left Vipsania, e'en though Cæsar wished it so. Her love was true, but mine-Ah! mine, was weak! I let her sacrifice herself for me; I cast away the woman whom I loved. 'Twas I myself, made all this life a gloom-And not my life alone, but hers, e'en hers; For I was blinded by despair and crazed With grief; and Fate conspired to make me mad! I thought I could endure the coming years, But now-an old, unworded longing comes again, And wildly beats upon the shore of life. O could I wrest these vanished years from Time And stand again before the parting ways-But all is o'er save this which men call life, This farce which every man must play. But I Have truly lived for I have loved. And though I go to pass some fitful years Beyond confusion's din and roar,

I know

life.

That in the past is buried golden

That thought, at least, thou canst not take from me!

'Twas thou, O woman—Yes, I see it now—

'Twas thou stirred Cæsar's mind to ask from me

The wife I loved! 'Twas thou didst ruined me!

'Twas thou who didst denounce me everywhere,

'Twas thou didst bitter Cæsar's heart t'wards me!

Yet, do I not forget I owe to thee A husband's duty, though thou hast disgraced

My name with many shameful acts, and art

More field than woman, for thou dost not care

How much I strive to do what Duty bids,

How much of life I daily lose through thee,

How many of thy deeds I leave unsaid.

Thou dost not care. Thou hast no woman's heart!

I would not break thy father's heart as thou

Hast broken mine. Fate will reveal, some day,

Thy baseness to his eyes, and then I pray

His curse may rest on thee and thou mayst feel

Some anguish that will tear and shatter thee!

Ah once, I was afraid to act, but now,

I fear not gods nor man. I shall defy

The wrath of Cæsar now by leaving thee

In Rome, and I shall go to Rhodes alone

Save for a few companions. Not a word

Of all thy misdeeds from my lips shall fall;

I care not what I lose, I am a man At least! Let Rumor's vagrant voices tell Thine infamy and prove me innocent!

The soft winds call me with a mystic song,

To calm retirement and a sunlit shore!

But ne'er shall I forget thy wrongs to HER.

Scene Two—An Inner Apartment of the Palace of Augustus. Two years later than the preceding scene. AUGUSTUS, alone, pacing up and down the room with bowed head.

Aug. How terrible the biting of this storm!

A storm-lashed headland, I, that fronts the sea,

And feels the beating of its cruel hands.

Why was the past so bright if not to throw

A frightful contrast on the present gloom?

The evils of to-day have driven out

Those years that lingered as a joy to me-

How wretchedly the Three have spun my thread?

What father's heart would not be grieved as mine

To see his daughter thus defile his blood?

Who would not mourn a child so steeped in sin?

The sacred Julian blood is tainted now.

And she, in whom the future's promise rests,

Has proved herself unworthy of the trust.

My hope will never gain fulfilment now,

But he who sits in exile, he must come

To rule; for I must try to lure him back,

E'en he who proved ungrateful to me once!

And I, though Emperor, am worse than slave.

The highest trees, as Horace sings, more oft

Are shaken by the blast—and so with me.

Though I have cast her out, and nevermore

Shall see that face I loved, which now I loathe,

Though I have slain some partners of her plots,

And banished others, still remembrance lives

And preys upon a sorrow-stricken mind.

O terrible the thought of Julia's deeds!

Will not contrition some day touch her heart,

And she at last be crimsoned by her shame!

Will she not have the courage of her maid

To hang herself, and free us from this plague?

I curse the very day when she was born—

O wretched, he who imprecates his child!

She has disgraced her father and the gods,

And, more than that, has sought to take his life,

Has wronged her husband and abused his name,

Has turned the world against him, and decried

His manliness that wished to shelter her!

Unjustly have I dealt with him; severe

Has been my judgment on a noble man;

But he, unjustly, held from me the truth.

And now I can not right the wrong, before

The years shall make me quite forget the past,

Forget that he refused to tell me all,

When, with a word he might have aided me.

And he himself, must wish to come to Rome

Again, and must petition for release.

But now, I must abide calamity, And try to live, a Stoic to the world.

Life goes unto its setting as the sun,

And I, whose life had been a glorious sun,

Had hoped its setting would be grander far

Than its auroral rising or its

But now, I fear that, like a gory sun

Behind a winter forest, gnarled and old,

Its passing shall be like a fading lamp,

And cast a sickly glimmer o'er the land.

Yet, what the gods will send, I must endure.

Scene Three—Five years later than the preceding scene. The rocky top of a lofty headland on the shore of the island of Rhodes, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, which stretches out as a vast expanse of blue in the distance. Noise of the surf heard on the rocks below. Morning. Enter TIBERIUS and LUCILIUS LONGUS.

TIBERIUS walks to the edge of the cliff and stands, looking wistfully toward the West.

TIB. O Rome! Immortal Rome!

LONG. Have courage, friend!

Hope never dies! Release shall

come at last.

I never thought, Lucilius, I

TIB.

would sigh

For Rome again. But now, her
golden lights,

	Her thronging Forum and my mother's face—		Disturb the eye that sees futurity.
	I am but man. This exile wearies me.		Forget the past, and for the future live.
LONG.	I ever said that time would bring relief.	TIB.	There is no lotus-fruit for those who love.
	Though we have passed these years, remembered still, Together on this foreign shore, and hear	Long.	The wisdom of the sages thou hast learnt; Will not thy better reason show thee wrong?
	No music save the fretting waves, dost thou	TIB.	Philosopher I am, and yet, but man.
	Not call to mind Odysseus' words, who said,	Long.	Think thou of all the joy that waits thee now
	"I see no sweeter thing than one's own land?"		In Rome, if Cæsar call thee back as heir—
TIB.	Ah! often have I thought of him who sailed		The Senate's loud acclaims, thy Cæsar's praise,
	So many years upon a wind- swayed bark,		A loving mother, glory, and the throne—
	The Wanderer, Odysseus, whom the god,		And let this thought outlive thy present cares.
	The Trident-bearer, tossed re- lentlessly	TIB.	Yet ever I remember she is dead, Vipsania, who was life itself
	Upon the storm-swept deep. I think of him		to me, And though I know that Julia
	And how he prayed to see the cliffs and crags		suffers now, And all her crimes rest heavy
	Of Ithaca once more, his island home,		on her soul, And e'en her father hates his
	A rough but kindly nurse of heroes young.		only child, I struggle hard against unwil-
	Yet no Penelope awaits me there,		ling tears; I hear the low refrain of thren-
	And though I yearn for Italy again,		odies— They leave me not; and though
	A ne'er forgotten sadness fills me still.		I know full well That I need fear no Clytaem-
Long.	Have not thy studies blotted out thy tears?		nestra now— The cause of my retirement
	Has time not brought estrange- ment from those days		and my grief The Master Haud of Fate has
	Which thou hast lived with her who now is dead?		seized at last, And I am righted now before
	However bright those days, they now are gone.		the world— I feel that life is but a passing
	Thou canst not call the spirit back to life.		ghost, Since she I loved, beyond these
	Mourn not life's fading wreaths, and let		senses' reach Has gone.
	No ghostlike garments of some buried years	Long.	What wilt thou do in Rome,

if thou

buried years

TIB.

Dost see such shadows in thy path? And why

Dost thou then wish to see thy home again?

'Tis Fate, 'tis ever Fate that lures me back,

And, Siren-like, the voice of Duty sings

A melody that charms my human ears.

I feel that I must rise above these things,

Must mingle with the throngs, though sad at heart,

And, venturous and undismayed, seek Rome.

'Tis there the hand of Duty points the way,

And like the sound of yonder breaking surf,

A cry of many voices comes from Rome,

Comes swelling t'ward me as the long green surge,

And brings a far-resounding message, "Come!"

But more compelling, fairer are the words

That come to me as golden harmonies,

The sacred message from the lips I loved;

"Be brave, be great, be Emperor for me!"

She bade me ever follow Duty's guide;

Why shall I not resign this aimless life,

Which has no ending save in nothingness,

And follow fortunes to a higher goal?

The years have made me wise; I see my path.

Yet now, I am forbidden to return.

Unwillingly I stay, yet willing, came.

How many mornings must I look in vain

To see the cheering glitter of a sail?

Enter an aged ASTROLOGER who halts before TIBERIUS, breathless, wearied by the ascent to the top of the cliff.

TIB. (with a mock bow of deference.)

Hail, Mercury! What say thy
auguries?

How many dreams have floated round thy couch?

What oracles from temples redolent

With incense hast thou brought to me to-day?

ASTROL. Despise thou not my craft! I speak the truth.

Tib. The truth? Thy promises are like the food

Of Tantalus. What have they given me?

ASTROL. They still give hope. I can but dimly read

The dark enigma which the future hides.

Tib. Thy prophecies are like the fleecy clouds

That wander idly o'er the summer sky,

And then are gone.

ASTROL. (gazing at the horizon of the sea with a look of intense delight.

A sail! A sail!

Release has come! The auspices spoke true!

Hail, Cæsar! Hail!-

TIB. (glancing hastily towards the horizon and then seizing the ASTROL. in anger.)

No more shalt thou delude Mine ear with false reports, thou lying seer!

A ship! Thou fool, I can discern no sail.

Thy fancy has belied thy failing eyes.

Thou still dost dream, but I shall waken thee!

Thou shalt deceive and prophesy no more!

TIB. (makes a motion to throw ASTROL. over the cliff.)

LONG. (restraining him.) Restrain thy hand! Behold, there is a sail! I see it shine upon the distant verge Of blue. The long-expected news has come! TIB. (releasing the ASTROL. and gazing intently at the horizon) I scarce can credit what I seem to see. LONG. What other thing so white would skim the waves, And gleam like snow upon Soracte's crest! TIB. Ah! never was a ship more welcome sight! It doth repent me of mine anger Old man, thy word shall richly be repaid. ASTROL. I am repaid in seeing thee rejoice. Was not that eagle perching on thy roof An omen of good tidings, as I said? I know thy future written in the But I can solve conundrums of the Fates. I prophesy that thou wilt rule-TIB. (impatiently.) Enough! How many galleys are there on the sea? LONG. But one; and that assures thee of release. For was it not agreed that one should come Before the fleet, if Caesar gave consent? I see no other sail. The news is good Else would they not be speeding on with oars and sail. TIB. You messenger will soon be here. Go ye! Make haste! Assemble all the guard! Aud let the ship be royally received! I too shall come and join thee

in the town,

But leave me now, for I would be alone. O friend, let not thy musings LONG. turn on grief, For life's uncertainties are all dispelled. And through the rising mists, the sun shines clear. This day should be a festive one for thee. TIB. Thou knowst my nature - leave me here alone. Exeunt LONGUS and the ASTROL-OGER, slowly. A brief silence. TIB. You mighty sea is like Imperial Rome. Extending limitless, immense and grand. O Rome, thou art mine only solace now! What ecstasy to come to thee again-Come, weary as a child, to thee for rest. To sit among thy Conscript Fathers there. And hear the music of thy Tiber's waves! Yet I remember still dim-colored days; I feel a loss that Rome can not repair,

A loss like ceasing of a melody, And that, the melody, the song, of life. No Hercules, the Rescuer, can

come To snatch Vipsania from the clutch of Death,

Or my Alcestis e'er restore to me!-

What potion did I drink that made me mad?

Irresolute, not knowing how to

I chose the lesser duty, and forgot

The greater duty to myself and her.

That duty which is love's prerogative.

Like Paris I have gained but discontent.

O could I now retrace these years again!

No long delay, no hesitation then.

'Tis Love would be my Caesar, and no hand

Could tear me from Vipsania while I breathed!

Yet we but mortal are. Grimvisaged Death

Comes creeping on us all, foredoomed to die.

E'en those we love must fall beneath his blow.

And though no worldly might could part us twain,

Stern Orcus would at last be conqueror.

Perchance had she been spared me then, I now

Would be bereaved of her, and so-what gain?

I would be free, at least, from all remorse.

How weak is man; how terrible is Fate!

How gladly would I now relinquish all,

Could I but live in Arcady with her!

I ne'er shall feel the joy of life again.

A lorn road stretches out for me to Rome,

But now, since she is dead, I thither turn;

And though but tuneless singing greets my ears,

I shall fulfil my destiny, and thread

This labyrinth of life as best I can,

With steadfast foot and an unswerving gaze,

Until I reach the troubled journey's end

And Death shall overtake me, nothing loth.

Ah then, at last, no cares shall trouble me,

In passionless annihilation lost!

THE END.

The Influence of Herbert Spencer, and the Evolutionary School.

H. H. Krauss.

the doctrine of evolution, now so widely accepted, was Herbert Spencer, of course he was not the discoverer of the theory nor the only one to write about it. Indeed, as long ago as a century before Christ, Lucretius made shrewd guesses at it, but something more than guesses were needed before the thought of evolution should be born. Spec-

ulation unharnessed to fact, the examination of consciousness pure and simple, had to be exchanged for observation and experiment. For the theory of development Kant and Laplace laid the foundation in their Nebular hypothesis. Goethe contributed the proof that all parts of a flower except its stem and root are but modifications of its leaf. Oken followed with his demonstration

that the skull is but expanded vertebrae. Lamarck pointed out the influence of environment, of the use or disuse of organs in modifying a living structure. Sedgwick and Lyell showed the sufficiency of forces now at work to account in their past activity for every geological change the earth has known. Most suggestive of all were the discoveries of Von Baer. Examining the embryos in their daily transformation from stage to stage, he found the development of a race from lower forms to be recapitulated by every individual before birth. In this view every human frame in bone, in sinews and nerves is no other than a historical register of impressions, struggles and adaptations dating back to the dawn of life on earth. As all this evidence accumulated the opportunity ripened for a master mind to resolve it in one comprehensive explanation. That mind arose in Herbert Spencer. like Aristotle, of old was ahead of his contemporaries and ahead of the times. In the light of his day Aristotle was no less advanced than was Spencer in our days. In fact, Aristotle was further ahead of his contemporaries. He had the germ of the doctrine of evolution. He taught that although all sublunary things are subject to dissolution, yet their substance does not perish, but merely undergoes a change; that from the scattered elements of one thing another arises, and that

the mass of the universe always remains the same. As far as his light extended he was an evolutionist, and had he lived to-day the system of philosophy he would have developed could not have been essentially different from that of Herbert Spencer. In one respect the great English philosopher has had an immense advantage over the Greek. though Alexander placed an army of men at the disposition of Aristotle to enable him to procure facts for his treatise on animals, yet these were not trained scientific observers. There was no natural science in those days as we understand the term. Consequently Aristotle had to construct his system out of the most imperfect and fragmentary ma-Spencer on the other terials. hand, has had for his contemporaries some of the greatest and most original investigators that science has ever known. have not acted under his orders, but as fast as they have dug out the facts he has seized and combined them. Often he has indicated promising lines of investigation, hidden ledges of pure metal, waiting to be worked. He was the thinker, the generalizer, and the organizer who spoke for future ages. The workers must fall in the ranks behind him. His wide outlook, power of combination, system of classification and correlation of all the sciences into one stupendous theory, gave him at once an envious position among his fellow philosophers. The result was a second renaissance, a revival of learning or rather of investigation such as had never before been heard of in the history of the world. It is true mighty changes were wrought in Italy, Germany, France and England during the period immediately preceding, through, and following the great reformation. But the comparsion is weak, when one considers the almost miraculous movement that was set on foot by the hosts of followers and opponents of the evolutionary school. At once a new impulse was manifest by all the learned and trained scholars of the world either in defence or opposition of the proposed theory. Especially men of science were interested and renewed their efforts in the verification of their proposed theories or for the discovery of And in so doing new truths. many undiscovered avenues were opened, hidden treasures brought to light, superstition so prevalent in many quarters, supplanted by the light of truth and reason.

Literary men began to apply the theory to their investigations, in searching for the origin of language, its growth, development, multiplication and differentiation, in all the countries of all the races of men, comparing them with one another as to similarity, form, use, meaning and their indications. Critics analyzed the literary productions by applying the same scientific principles. Books were dissected, examined and tested in order to find the influences that were prevalent in their production, and thus discover the constituent factors of their composition.

Though some have claimed that this was the destruction of all that was highly poetical and beautiful in literature, yet we know now that it was but the separation of the wheat from the chaff, it was but a cleansing, purifying and elevating of the good. Truth can never be destroyed. And if by chance she should be neglected and discarded for a time, it will follow as the poet says,

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, The eternal years of God or hers, But error wounded writhes in pain And dies among its worshippers."

The same impetus was given to the study of history, the same fundamental principles were adopted and pursued, which resulted in opening new fields of research and the discovery of much valuable material, that had been either forgotten, neglected or never before been known. Never before had history been studied with such a degree of enthusiasm and interest. before had such valuable results been attained and such indismaterial been dispensable Never before had covered. students of history taken such comprehensive views and such a wide outlook as now, nor was its philosophy so complete and so instructive as now when all was brought under one theory. Now the mythologies, traditions, migrations, emigrations, movements, revolutions, crusades, wars and conflicts among the various tribes and nations can be explained and appreciated.

Though the same principle has been applied to the moral sphere, it can not be so well substantiated. Nevertheless the theory has shown that the moral principle is progressive, that it raises all to a higher plane, that it is a very high ideal and the goal of man's Toward this presses the true progress of the individual and of the world. The growing moral principle together with love which is self sacrifice, love with its beneficent sway, is gaining a deeper hold on the human heart and lifts men up, inspires and unites them and will make truth and happiness universal.

In general this theory put in practice together with the Christian principle of love and self sacrifice has transformed the individual and has vitally affected the family, society, the state, the nation. It has quickened and enlarged the thoughts, and purified and elevated morals. It gave and evermore gives a new and higher significance to life. It

promotes education and general intelligence, gives to literature a new character and to art a new inspiration. It is a life giving and life saving influence, transcending, overflowing and affecting more or less, directly or indirectly Its influence is manifest in all times, in all nations and in manifold forms, it contains within itself those elements which insure its perpetuity and its progress. Hence it is the great civilizer, the vital principle of modern civilization, the principle of reform and of true progress, which resists and arrests corruption, attacks and overthrows, advancing evil, shows the intrinsic worth of man as man, raises the low, diffuses freedom, saves from selfishness, and promotes harmony, peace and assists in doing good. It has elevated woman, prompted and cherished an earnest care for the necessary instruction and training of children, established institutions for the relief and care of all classes of unfortunates, softened the rigor of punishments, put an effectual check on war and ameliorated its necessary evils. In short, it has exerted in all human affairs a beneficent, refining and elevating influence.

Leaves from my Diary.

Preston A. Barba.

ATURDAY, AUGUST 12.—Arrive in London at 9 P. M. once taken to our lodging-house at Woburn Place, Russell Square, where we are cordially received by the mistress, Miss C., a charming little old English spinster. whose beaming face I feel assured will chase away the murkiest London fog that may overtake us. Miss O. possesses that rare art so little known to boarding mistresses, id est, the art of making one feel that shillings and pence are to her but a minor consideration.

Although Russell Square is in the heart of London, everything seems unusually quiet. But let us wait until the morning when the mighty city shall awake. In the meanwhile Miss C. furnishes us with candles.

Sunday, August 13.—Breakfast on Britannia's unavoidable tea and toast. Miss C. is at the head of the table and thoroughly knows the technique of handling the teapot. On closer observation I make an important discovery—Miss C. wears a wig; also, she is short in stature and sits on a higher chair to balance matters. When she does not pour tea, she feeds toast to her lap-dog on whom she lavishes all the affection a spinster may.

In the morning we attend services at St. Paul's Cathedral, the third largest church in Christendom. The long and lofty nave, its beautiful classic columns, the mighty peals of the great organ rolling through its aisles, the sweet voices of the choir, the low, sonorous chant of the pastor, and the lingering echoes, all lend to make the occasion a most impressive one. This Cathedral differs from the other English Cathedrals in that its Gothic character is almost entirely hidden by classic details. It was planned by Sir Christopher Wren, and was thirty-five years in building. Cathedral is at least the third to be built on the same site. Tradition even says a temple to Diana stood here before Christianity. The old Cathedral was entirely ruined by the great fire in 1666. A peculiar incident is told concerning the erection of the new. Sir Christopher sent a man to bring a stone from the ruins of the old Cathedral to mark where the centre of the dome should be. The stone that was brought was a part of the old gravestone with the one word "Resurgam" on it. Sir Christopher Wren is buried beneath the Cathedral, on his tablet is inscribed: "Lector, si monumentum requiris circumspice."

In the afternoon we take an omnibus to Hyde Park, known as one of the lungs of the great city. Through it twines the Serpentine. a beautiful sheet of water in which the heart-broken wife of Shelley drowned herself. spacious driveways are frequented by aristocracy, and many an elegant carriage with cockaded driver and footman rolls by. Here also is the beautiful Gothic Memorial to Albert, the late Queen's consort. Around the base of it is a fine bas-relief frieze of history's most eminent painters, sculptors, musicians, and architects. The monument is made up largely of gild, mosaics, and colored stones.

We find Sunday gay enough and not at all as the Frenchman Taine did to whom London on a Sunday appeared like an immense, well-ordered cemetery, and who after an hour's walk had the spleen and meditated suicide. Not we. We are delighted with our first day in London and return to dinner, feeling somehow that "this place doth nimbly recommend itself to our senses." Evening spent in correspondence.

Monday, August 14.—Breakfast at 8 A. M. Regulation tea, toast, marmalade, bacon and eggs. Breakfast foods not yet introduced. To Trafalgar Square, named in commemoration of Nelson's great victory. In the centre are fountains throwing up 500 gallons of mud-tinged water a minute. On the South side is

the Nelson Monument, a beautiful Corinthian column surmounted by a statue of the hero. the North side is the National Art Gallery. Here may be seen masterpieces of both ancient and modern schools of painting. Here is the Ansidei Madonna of Raphael, considered by some the most wonderful picture in the world. The elegant repose of the figures, and the divine beauty of the Madonna and Child is perhaps unsurpassed in Art. It is valued at \$480,000. Here are also the great paintings of Turner, the greatest landscape painter of all times. In pitiful haste we glance from Botticellis, Correggios, and Titians, to Van Dycks, Rubens, and Murillos, and finally leave this immense treasure-house of Art in utter dismay.

From the sublimity of the Italian Madonnas we turn to the zoological garden where it is said one may see monkeys suspended from his ancestral family tree.

Dinner at seven. Miss C. entertaining as usual. We find ourselves at a very cosmopolitan The other inmates of the table. house are a Methodist minister and his wife from Maine, an Irish priest who spends his holidays in London, a French student who is acquiring the English, a nephew to Miss C., and several other natives. Miss C. knows London quite well and tells us what we must see. In the meanwhile the young Frenchman tries to speak English with the priest and drinks ale. Music. To bed.

Tuesday, August 15 .- To the crypt of St. Paul's where are buried Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Benj. West, Leighton, Turner, and Bulwer-Lytton. Here is also the great sarcophagus of Welling-Immediately under the centre of the great dome lies Nelson in an Italian sarcophagus once made for Cardinal Wolsey.

Thence to Fishmarket St. in Billingsgate, one of the most crowded thoroughfares in London. Only with great difficulty do we press through this entanglement of carts and fish-venders, from which arise the sulphurous fumes of the language for which Billingsgate is proverbial.

Thence to the Tower in Lower London. This old fortress so conspicuous in the history of England covers about 18 acres of ground (including the moat.) The inner wall with its thirteen towers was added by William Rufus. Wm. the Conqueror built the great keep, or White Tower in 1078. It was whitewashed in the reign of Edward III, hence the name. Entering the Lion Gate we soon encounter several of the famous Beefeaters. These overfed, butterball specimens of humanity are of "His Majesty's Royal Bodyguard of Yeoman of the Guard," a corps instituted by Henry VII, who still adhere to their abbreviated shirts, and bandbox hats. They serve as guides. Crossing the moat we find to the left the Bell Tower where the Princess Elizabeth was imprisoned; to the right, on the Thames is St. Thomas's Tower, with the Archway of the Traitor's Gate opening into the Thames directly beneath it. Through this gloomy passage entered such state prisoners as Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey. Opposite is the Bloody Tower in a room of which the young king Edward V and his brother, the Duke of York were murdered at the instigation of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. A brass plate marks the spot where the supposed bones were found in 1644. In the White Tower is the Chapel of St. John, one of the most perfect bits of Norman architecture extant. Directly underneath was imprisoned Sir Walter Raleigh, and there he wrote the history of the world. We next find ourselves in the Armory where there is a splendid collection of weapons and armor of the early days. Here may be seen the armor of Henry VIII, weighing more than a hundred pounds, and the richly decorated coats of mail that once shone in glorious tournaments and on chivalrous deeds. Just North of the beautiful Green, gay with tourists, is the site of the scaffold where Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, Lady Jane Grey and others were beheaded. We cross the Tower Bridge to South London. Here is Sr. Savior's Cathedral, one of the oldest and most interesting churches in London. The nave is Norman, dating from the twelfth century. Its chief interest, however, is its literary associations. Jown Gower, the poet and friend of Shakespeare is buried here. A painted effigy of stone serves as a monument. His head reclines on three volumes of his works, and his feet on a lamb. Massinger and Fletcher, the dramatists, were buried here.

We continue down Borough High St. to No. 85, where stood the Tabard Inn from which the Pilgrims, as related by Chaucer, started on their journey to Canterbury. It is interesting to note that another establishment on the other side of the street contends for the same honor, having even a mosaic on the wall illustrating the fact. Which is which? Now we proceed down a narrow passage to the George Inn. which. with its quaint courtvard and galleries, is a typical old-world It is intensely interhostelry. esting to wander about these picturesque byways of old London. We live in an atmosphere of bygone centuries. Here towering sky-scrapers do not yet throw their deep shadows over eager faces bending forward in strained pursuit of the golden eagle of Commercialism.

To Lower Thames St. where Chancer lived, then to No. 41 Cornhill St. where Gray, the poet was born, and then by the East India House where Charles Lamb was employed, and a youth named John Stuart Mill served as clerk at 20 pounds per annum. Next

we come to the Bank of England. Opposite it is the Lord Mayor's House. Here is also the Royal Exchange. The meeting of the streets at this place is said to be the busiest spot in this restless city. The greatest dexterity is required to cross the streets, and were it not for the little oases of raised stone in the middle of the streets to which one may rush, it would be wellnigh impossible to cross.

From the bank we turn down Threadneedle St. to Crosby Hall, an interesting timber work structure of Mediaeval London, built in 1466. Occupied by Richard when he plotted the murder of the two princes. Subsequently occupied by Sir Thomas More. Once a palace, next a prison, then a Presbyterian Chapel, now an We take a cup of "merry brown ale" to commemorate the We next go slumming visit. through Whitechapel and Blackwall on the top of a bus. London buses with their winding stairs to the seats on the roof have a peculiar charm to an American. To him the roof is preferable. The interior with its narrow entrance and signs of "Beware of pickpockets, male and female," is not so pleasant. These buses never seem to stop. It is remarkable how the London ladies board alight from them moving in spite of the injunction "jumping is against the rulesif you must jump, jump forward."

Wednesday, August 16 .- In the

morning to Lincoln's Inn Fields, an open space with trees and shrubs, once a noted resort for duellists. No. 55 is the house where Tennyson once lived. Thence to Bow St. Police Court, associated with Fielding the novelist, who was once magistrate here. At the corner of Bow and Russell Sts. stood Will's Coffee House, so conspicuous in eightteenth century Literature. To Drury Lane Theatre, and then on the top of a bus down the busy Strand. Nowhere can one get such a splendid view of the intricate mechanism of the great moving metropolis as on the roof of an omnibus. With what wonderful skill the London driver wends his way through this confusion of vehicles! Nowhere does one so easily forget his own infinitesimal littleness as in this seething stream of humanity. We alight and walk along the Victoria embankment to the Westminster Bridge on which Wordsworth stood when he wrote that beautiful sonnet, "Earth has not anything more fair." Thence by the Parliament Houses to Westminster Abbev where we spend several hours in rambling through this exquisite gem of Gothic Art. It is with a sense of awe and reverence that we softly tread about the dim, vaulted aisles among the graves of kings, poets, and sages of ages past.

"Ye sacred reliques which your marble keepe,

Heere undisturb'd by warrs, in quiet sleepe."

In the North Transept lie the great statesmen, Wm. Pitt, Grattan, Disraeli, and Gladstone; in the lofty Nave, side by side, lie Herschel, the great astronomer, and Charles Darwin; but a few steps away lies Sir Isaac Newton, for whose monument Pope wrote these lines:

Nature & Natur's Laws lay hid in Night; God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

In the North Aisle of the Nave, a modern paving stone now marks Ben Jonson's grave. The poet is buried standing on his feet. It is said that he, dying in great poverty, begged but "eighteen inches of square ground in Westminster Abbey" from Chas. I. On a small stone, tight against the wall is inscribed, "O rare Ben Johnson." (note the spelling.)

We wander on to that hallowed spot the Poet's Corner. "In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets." Here lies the father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, from whom the corner derives its origin. Opposite it lie Browning and Tennyson, side by side; but a little way off is the grave of Dryden; adjoining each other are those of Handel, Dickens, Sheridan, and Johnson; near Johnson lies Garrick, the great actor and friend of Johnson. Here are also monuments to Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Gray, Scott, and Burns, and amid all appear the serene features of our own

honored Longfellow. On the monument to Gay is the curious inscription:

"Life is a jest and all things show it.

I thought so once and now I know it."

Now we enter the beautiful Lady Chapel built by Henry VII, and called "the wonder of the world" for its architectural magnificence. Irving says, "Here stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." the burial place of royalty. Here is the tomb of Henry VII, and here are buried Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, and others whose brows once glittered with the crown of England, but now long since turned to primeval dust.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Awaits alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Luncheon. Am amused to find myself feeding on Heinz's baked beans in London. The immortal

Heinz! Can we ever escape the pickle man from Pittsburgh, Pa.? After luncheon to the Tate Art Gallery, and thence to Chelsea, where we visit the Carlyle House. now a memorial museum. rooms contain many of Carlyle's possessions: His library, chair, cane, pipe, and correspondence with Gothe, Bismarck, and the Emperor Frederick. The mistress shows us the drawing room interesting to Americans because "Mr. Hemerson once slept in it." We walk down Cheyne Row. At No. 16, Rossetti lived. At No. 4. George Eliot died.

Dinner at 7. Dinner conversation very interesting. The Priest
discusses Scholasticism with Mr.
H. while Miss C. tells us she loves
Tennyson but can not understand
Browning. How strange! She
also says it has been her great
wish to acquire the art of baking
American pumpkin pie, that chef
d'œuvre of the Pennsylvania German housewife. Am introduced
to English plum pudding.

The evening is spent in the pit at the Criterion Theatre. Ladies to usher us. Tea served between acts. Tea—internally, externally, and eternally.

The Muhlenberg.

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Editorial.

The Glee Club Season.

that our Glee Club has again "made good" during the past season. Although handicapped by the loss of some very good material through graduation and also by the interest taken in athletics last Fall, nevertheless when the time came to make our debut, we were prepared.—

The writer has just forgotten the exact number of paid admissions at Fleetwood, where the Olub made its first bow to an audience, but that is of no account. He will never forget the piano solo by Mr. Barba whose time was measured by an improvised metronome in the shape of a railroad-crossing gong. It had kindly volunteered to mark time for us, and we took to it kindly until we came to the "Interrupted Serenade." For more information on this, go to H. K. Marks. Schnecksville followed closely and but for the billowy platform, passed off without a hitch.

A drenching rain was falling on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 21st, when we set out for Mauch Chunk but this did not seem to effect the attendance at our concert in the evening. And then we went to Hazleton. The name of the hotel escapes me but nevertheless we

had a good time there and sang to one of our largest audiences of the season in the evening. Taking a car of the three-rail system at Hazleton we passed through the beautiful Conyngham valley and arrived in Wilkes-Barre in time for dinner. Between seeing the town, inspecting a mine and giving an impromptu concert underground, the afternoon passed only to rapidly. An audience rivalling in numbers any we greeted this season and in enthusiasm surpassing all, had assembled to hear us. And hear us they did, almost to our limit. This was one of our most successful trips of the year. An Alburtis audience next listened to us, and nothing of note happened there except that one of our members, after many futile attempts, succeeded to provoke a smile on the countenances of some Mennonites assembled in the station. On Monday and Tuesday of the next week we sang at Pennsburg and at Philadelphia.

After a short rest we sang at Siegfried before a crowded house. And then came to Reading. Special interest centered around this concert because it had been two years since we last sang in Reading. But while the audience might have been larger it could not have been more select and appreciative and as a result we gave one of the best concerts of the season at Reading, laying a good foundation for future clubs. Womelsdorf gave us a hearty welcome and we will not soon for-

get it. At least some of us will not. Ask Shimer about it.

Tremont will be remembered for its wonderful piano, its large audience and ask Smith, Miller and Breidenbach for what else. On Thursday, April 19th, we sang at Lykens and in spite of the suspension of work in the mines we were given a full house. people in the coal regions always treat you well and the set-out they gave us after the concert was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The next day, after a long ride, we came to Jersey Shore. again, we delighted a large audience and were given a reception after the concert in which four and five story cakes figured prominently.

At the time the paper goes to press we have only one more concert to give, namely the College concert, but on account of certain disappointments we must, for the good of our treasury, have a few more concerts.

Considering everything we have had a good season and only regret that it will be all over for many of us in a few short weeks.

The Lectures.

HE Spring course of lectures was arranged to present the intimate relations of a College education to different walks in life.

In the selection of the speakers to present these relations the choice has so far been very happy and without reflecting upon what has been presented to us before along this line, it will not be exaggerating things to say that these have been the best offered so far.

Dr. Schaeffer, of Allentown, opened the series by giving us a very able discussion of the Relation of a College Education to the Medical Profession.

A special lecture arranged by the college authorities was given in Christ Lutheran Chapel by Dr. Lewis M. Haupt on "The Isthmian Canal Problem." In every respect the lecture was interesting and suggestive.

On Friday, May 4th we were pleased to listen to an alumnus of Muhlenberg, Dr. E. Shimer, lecture on the Relation of a College Education to Teaching. Those who missed this lecture missed something good.

The remaining lectures in the course are:

"The Relation of a College Education to the Ministry," Dr. John A. W. Hass.

The Relation of a College Education to a Business Career, Mr. Soleliac.

The Inter-Class Track Meet.

OR lack of material we were compelled to give up base-ball this season and the sickness of Mr. Fink, our track trainer, kept us from entering the relay races at Philadelphia, however, all these things will not prevent us from meeting in friendly rivalry on track and field during the commencement week.

The plan is to have a preliminary contest on Monday and to run the finals on Wednesday afternoon. This with a baseball game between a picked team from the College and a team of alumni should bring out the sons of Muhlenberg in large numbers.

Athletic Potes.

Board of the College, some time last month, it was decided to drop the entire baseball schedule for this season, for lack of proficient players and devote that time to a series of inter-class games. The following schedule was drawn up by Manager Krauss:

Senior vs. Junior, Sat., Apr. 28, 2.30 P. M. Senior vs. Sophomore, Wed., May 2, 3.00 P. M. Senior vs. Junior, Sat., May 5, 2.30 P. M. Junior vs. Sophomore, Tues., May 8, 4.00 P. M.

Senior vs. Freshmen, Wed., May 9, 3.00 P. M. Senior vs. Sophomore, Sat, May 12, 2.30 P. M. Senior vs. Junior, Tues., May 15, 4.00 P. M. Senior vs. Sophomore, Wed., May 16, 3.00 P. M. Senior vs. Freshmen, Sat., May 19, 2.30 P. M. Junior vs. Sophomore, Wed., May 23, 3.00 P. M. Junior vs. Freshmen, Sat., May 26, 2.30 P. M. Sophomore vs. Freshmen Wed., May 30, 3.00 P. M. Junior vs. Freshmen, Sat., June 2, 2.30 P. M. Junior vs. Sophomore, Wed., June 6, 3.00 P. M. Sophomore vs. Freshmen Sat., June 9, 2.30 P. M. Sophomore vs. Freshmen Wed., June 13, 3.00 P. M. Junior vs. Freshmen Wed., June 13, 3.00 P. M. Junior vs. Freshmen, Sat., June 16, 2.30 P. M. Junior vs. Freshmen, Sat., June 16, 2.30 P. M.

An inter-class track meet will be held on one of the afternoons in commencement week of this year, at which various members of the respective classes will contend. A silver cup will be given as a prize to that class which captures the greatest number of points and a medal to that individual securing the most points.

We rejoice in the fact that the tennis courts are almost completed and we hope that all those who are skilled in this art as well as those who are not will make a free use of the courts, from which many benefits will be derived.

Intra Muros.

Prof. J.: "How did the students of the Middle Ages treat with Aristotle's philosophy?"

Butz: "He was their shining light."

Prof. J.: "Yes, they used him for their mid-night oil."

Dr. W.: "Rupp, put your hind hands down."

Dr. O.: "What does the word shrive mean."

Wilt: "When a fellow has a hair-cut."

Prof. J.: "Why was this war called the 'War of the Roses'?"

Smith: "Because the white rose stood for the white men and the red for the red men."

Dr. W.: Mr. Bossard, If I had any room on my report for "Dummheiten" you would get "A" and Rudolph "A+."

John E. Albert, '09, spent a very pleasant Easter vacation at the home of Peter N. Wohlsen, '09, at Lancaster.

Marsh, '08, "translating" Greek: "At last—

Prof. Horn: "Mr. Marsh, insert another s in your translation.

Dr. O.: "What other peculiar instance in his career do you remember?"

Stump: "His marriage."

Mr. Peter N. Wohlsen III, '09, reading a High School Journal: "Here one fellow writes on the 'Blindness of Love' and I'll bet he doesn't know what love is, like some of us fellows."

Rudh., '08: "The nurses at the hospital do not speak to anybody in general, but they spoke to me, alright."

Bittner, '07: Starts to jig.

Dr. W.: "It won't do for you, it's too much of a bear dance.

Dr. O.: "What is the first thing you do when you get a book?"

Schoenberger: Read the preface."

Dr. O.: "Thats not what I do. What do you think I do?"

Schoenberger: "Look at the pictures?"

Nickum, '07, hesitates at the verb 'cave.'

Dr. E.: "Didn't you ever hear of 'cave canum." You often see those signs up towards Emaus."

Literary.

MONG the most important and interesting productions of the month we find Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new story entitled "A Diplomatic Adventures." This work represents the eighteenth of this author's productions. doubtedly none of Dr. Mitchell's other books is more delightfully fantastic in conceit or more pleasing to the reader's fancy than this new work. From beginning to end it is filled with most agreeable humor, and the excitement brought forth by the climax is most intense and dramatic. scene is laid in Paris during the Civil War in America. The charactors represented are a pretty girl seeking the protection of a strange gentleman's cab, three Frenchmen of the kind described by Dumas in "The Musketeers," and a couple of clever young Americans. On the whole, this story shows that it could have been written only by a man of great literary ability.

In the person of Rev. E. Beach, a man of experience, and one who has something to say and knows how to say it, we have presented to us a new author. He has recently published the novel entitled "The Spoilers." This is the kind of story that appeals to all persons, and that carries the attention of the reader along with

such interest that one has very little time for analyzing it. Its interest is real and living. This novel would have as great an effect if it were acted on the stage, because it is a good story. In this work events take place in the strenuous, unexpected manner in which real adventures occur.

The story brings us face to face with the real active, adventurous and stirring life of a mining camp, in the far North, and Mr. Beach undoubtedly understands the people of the country in which his story has its setting. "Glenister," the hero of this novel is a barbarian, as to his love of freedom and his joy in battle for its own sake, but he is educated and well versed in the refinements of life. His contact with the rough frontier life has greatly brought out his characteristic spirit. The story has a powerful and stirring climax. Mr. Beach possesses the power of describing the rough ways of life so as to show their forcefulness, without ever exhibiting any trace of vulgarity. It is as a whole a tale that must be placed among the best productions of the year.

A most clever romance has been recently produced by ErvinWardman. It is entitled "The Princess Olga." The characteristic features of this romance are alto-

gether new and unique, and such as would appeal greatly to all readers. Departing from the ordinary setting of the historical novel, this story portrays a coolheaded modern American, placed, for a time, in a predicament, out of which he, however, escapes not by the ordinary methods of the drama but by the ways of real life.

Yet the picturesque setting in a little European principality lends a romantic flavor to the story.

"The Princess Olga" is a true romance and at the same time a modern story of a man's work.

It is a fine portrayal of modern ideals and is sure to win popular favor.

Exchanges.

THE essay on Byron's "Stanzas for Music" in the Delaware College Review is well written but lacks a particular purpose we think. It may hardly be called a criticism, neither does it express very much more than might be drawn from the simple verses themselves. "The Atheist" is a poem worth reading rather for its thought than for its poetical merits.

The Easter number of The Comenian is worthy of commendation. Would we had more Easter numbers! The editorials are particularly strong.

The Swarthmore Prep. School Quarterly comes to us with its usual salt-sea-air effects. "The Spirit of Athletics" is an article written with the proper attitude toward that rarity of the age, id est, Olean Athletics. We also think "To whom Honor is due" will repay reading.

Oh for an Exchange Department in *The Forum!* Were it but to reflect the sins of other institutions!

The Albright Bulletin could increase its present value by more contributions from the student body. "Ruskin on War" is good but is little more than an extract from Ruskin himself. Could Ruskin be otherwise than good.

The Death of D'Ivri, in The Hill School Record, is a story as Poesgue as was "The Strange Case of Mme. D'Vernue in a former issue. These stories, while they are often gruesome, are never uninteresting. We congratulate the writer upon his style in this particular type of the short story, and for the general intensity and sense of impending horror with which he imbues his readers. Also read "The Circus Parade."

SECOND THOUGHTS.

"Go ask papa," the maiden said.

The young man knew papa was dead;

He also knew the life he had led,

So he understood when the maiden said,

"Go ask papa."

"Conductor! Conductor! stop the car!

I've dropped my wig out of the window!"

"Never mind, ma'am, there is a switch just this side of the carbarn."

The little boy came out of the room in which his father was

tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-papa hit h-h-his finger with the h-h-hammer," answered Tommy.

"Well, you should not cry at a thing like that," said his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?" "I-I did," sobbed Tommy.

"Generally speaking, women are — "

"Yes they are."

" Are what ?"

"Generally speaking."

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